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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW
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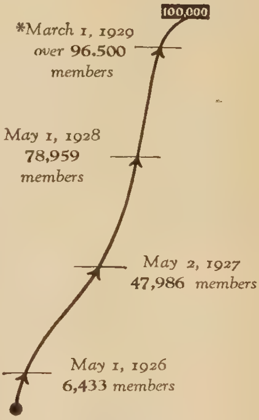

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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

PROHIBITION, LEGAL AND ILLEGAL.

By Howard Lee McBain. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 171 pp. *New York*

Dr. McBain is the Ruggles professor of constitutional law at Columbia, and the author of a number of valuable works on government and politics. The present book is a reworking of lectures delivered at Cornell and the University of Richmond. It presents a comprehensive and excellent review of the legal aspects of Prohibition, and discusses at length the statutes and judicial decisions underlying the current attempt to enforce it. The tale, in the main, is a melancholy one. At almost every point of conflict between the Eighteenth Amendment and the Bill of Rights the Supreme Court of the United States has given the Eighteenth Amendment the right of way. Dr. McBain analyzes some of the leading decisions in detail, and points out their effects, now and hereafter. He believes that the best way to get rid of the intolerable nuisance of so-called Law Enforcement would be for Congress to "adopt the Prohibition laws of the several States as the Prohibition law of the nation, retaining the Volstead Act for enforcement only in those States which refused to adopt Prohibition as a State policy." This would force all the States to adopt Prohibition acts in self-defense, and they could be framed to suit local tastes. Once they were on the books, the Federal Prohibition agent would have to retire. Dr. McBain believes that the Supreme Court would approve such a scheme, and that it holds out the only plausible prospect of release. He is aware, of course, that putting it into execution would present tremendous difficulties, but all other schemes, he believes, are downright impossible. His book is very fair, intelligent, learned and valuable.

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD.

Edited by Horace M. Kallen. *Coward-McCann*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 304 pp. *New York*

This book is made up of a series of lectures delivered at the New School for Social Research in New York. The lecturers are Walton H. Hamilton, Father John A. Ryan, F. J. Foakes-Jackson, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Clarence Darrow, Silas Bent, Max Eastman, Robert Morss Lovett, Joseph Jastrow, John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen. They naturally approach the subject of liberty from widely differing viewpoints. Dr. Dewey discusses it as a philosophical idea, Father Ryan as a theological concept, and Messrs. Chafee, Bent, Darrow and Lovett as a practical matter. Father Ryan's lecture is a frank and straightforward statement of the Catholic position: it is clear and logical, but it is surely not reassuring. Perhaps the most interesting of all the lectures is Mr. Chafee's on "Liberty and Law." He tells the depressing, and, in some of its details, almost incredible story of the raids made upon the constitutional guarantees in the United States since 1917, but he closes upon a note of hope. The very violence of these raids, he believes, has only made the value of liberty more obvious, and in the long run it will be restored. The book is well planned and full of interesting stuff. It needs an index badly, and it would have been the better for a greater documentation.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

By Bernard Faÿ. *Harcourt, Brace & Compan*
$2.75 8⅝ x 5½; 264 pp. *New Yor*

This book is bound to be compared to Dr. Andr Siegfried's "America Comes of Age," published a yea or so ago. It is, in part at least, a better piece of work especially in its historical section. M. Faÿ summarize the political history of the United States with grea shrewdness, and says a lot that is interesting abou such figures as Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson. Bu though he had the collaboration of an American, M Avery Claflin, his discussion of the America of toda is by no means as penetrating as Dr. Siegfried's. Wha he has to say, indeed, is mainly obvious, and when h looks into the future he is very vague. At the end h indulges himself in speculation regarding the probab relations of the United States and Europe hereafte It is difficult to make out what he intends to say. H seems to favor a sort of European federation, but he plainly in doubt that it is feasible. His book, at wors is well written, and shows a civilized attitude mind. It is badly damaged by the lack of an index.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

By Waldo Frank. *Charles Scribner's So*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 353 pp. *New Yo*

Precisely what Mr. Frank is trying to say in th book it is almost impossible to make out. The writi in it is even more confused and obscure than in h previous works. He starts out with a discussion of t "causes and conditions" of America. He seems think that Europe, from which America sprang a to which it still owes intellectual allegiance, has be in a state of "cultural decomposition," especia since the scientists began to have a say about its ide The arch culprits have been such men as Darw Gauss, Freud and Monkowski, of whose general o look on life Mr. Frank says, "No shallower idea e

Continued on page xii

RED TIGER

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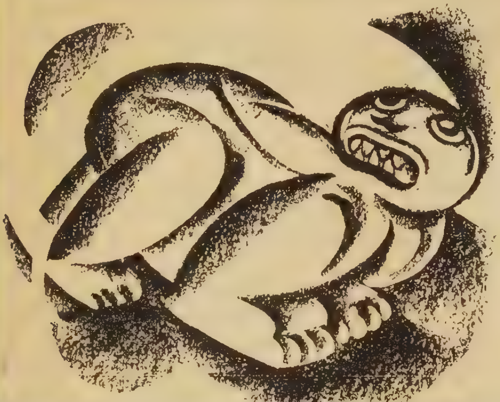

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Continued from page x

wreaked havoc in the human mind. . . . Our fathers who accepted Jonah and the Whale were hard-headed fellows compared to their positivistic sons, who thought that our religious sense was somehow akin with the vestigial tail inherited from the ape." Well, America is imbued with all this poisonous philosophy, and it is raising havoc among us. Somehow it has instilled into us a love of Power and of Success and a worship of Efficiency and of Service, and has made all our arts "reflective, mechanical, apologetic . . . and wholly debauched." What we need is a set of new leaders who will preach to us that blessing of every true civilization, "a sense of the Whole." Our leaders in the past, William Jennings Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson, were men of originality, but the good about them was wholly "poetic." As for Irving Babbitt, "something is in [him] which disqualifies him from leadership," and as for John Dewey, "the one intellectual master in our country," the trouble with him is that "he himself does not *experience* the organic unity of life as emergent from chaos." The one true leader we have, says Mr. Frank, is Alfred Stieglitz, "who has been a great force in the lives of Americans through the fact that *his life* is a sheer articulation of his values." What America needs most now is a full realization of "the concept of the Whole." Strangely enough, it also "needs groups. Groups to capture our chaos as consciousness captures the sense." In short, it ought to take to heart the immortal precepts in the great Indian classics, especially the Digha-Nikaya and the Majjhima-Nikaya of the Buddhist Pali Canon. All this sounds very much like rubbish.

POLITICS & CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

By Raymond Moley. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$2.50 7⅞ x 5½; 241 pp. *New York*

It is an appalling picture of inefficiency and corruption that Dr. Moley presents in this book. One wonders, indeed, after reading it, not that so many crimes go unpunished in America, but that any criminals are punished at all. He has chapters on the prosecuting attorney, on the coroner and sheriff, on the grand jury and on petit juries, and closes with a comparative survey of criminal justice in England and Canada. The central figure in the American system is obviously the prosecuting attorney, usually a political appointee and very often an active and corrupt politician. The office, in most American communities, goes to ambitious young lawyers. It is the favorite stepping stone to higher things. Thus the incumbent is very prone, on the one hand, to grant favors to culprits with influence, and on the other hand, to prosecute the friendless, when he can get *kudos* by it, with relentless ferocity. Dr. Moley's book is well documented and has a good index. He is professor of public law at Columbia.

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT.

By George Seldes. *Payson & Clarke*
$4 9 x 5¾; 465 pp. *New York*

From 1919 to 1928 Mr. Seldes was a member of the Chicago *Tribune* Foreign News Service, and in that capacity covered practically every important story on the Continent in that period. As the present book dealing with his experiences shows, he was a good foreign correspondent, and frequently scored beats. His book is of especial value because of the light it throws on the unreliable sources from which most foreign news reaches this country, and on the cold and even hostile manner in which the American embassies treat American newspaper men. The latter, says Mr. Seldes, frequently aid and abet foreign governments in their censorships, and when faced with the fact of an assault on an American correspondent, their attitude generally is, "He is an American, therefore most probably he is in the wrong." Mr. Seldes draws heavily from his own experiences to prove all his statements. Unfortunately, he is a bit hysterical and verbose in his writing. The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

BIOGRAPHY

LONELY AMERICANS.

By Rollo W. Brown. *Coward-McCann*
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 319 pp. *New Yor*

The eight Americans whom Mr. Brown discusse here are Whistler, Bellows, Eliot, Emily Dickinson Pumpelly, Charles Eliot Norton, Lincoln and Mac Dowell. He has nothing to say about any of them tha is not already more or less common knowledge. Ther is, indeed, far more rhetoric in his pages than soli information. And the rhetoric every now and the leads him into absurd or incorrect statements. F example, he calls Eliot "a superman," and of Emil Dickinson he says that she renounced "the orthodo trappings of Puritanism."

ARTURO TOSCANINI.

By Tobia Nicotra. *Alfred A. Kno*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 236 pp. *New Yo*

The general style of this work is that of an America campaign biography. The author swoons along fro superlative to superlative. Nothing even remotel approaching intelligent criticism of Toscanini offered. Nor are the circumstances of his life, as th

Continued on page xiv

ok of the Month Club choice for April!

RUNK with power, he built an empire, a
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ported by six wives. But the lecher wanted
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

author sets them forth, of any interest. He is obviously a competent conductor, but he is equally obviously a dull man. The translation by Irma Brandeis and H. D. Kahn is appropriately bad.

THE BROWNINGS. *A Victorian Idyll.*
By David Loth. *Brentano's*
$3.75 8⅛ x 5¾; 289 pp. *New York*

This is what is nowadays known as "an imaginative biography." It is full of imagination but contains very little genuine biography. The style throughout is of the kiss-me-quick-dear variety. Here are two samples. (*a*) Elizabeth has told Robert not "to be civil to me when you feel rude." Mr. Loth immediately makes the following comment: "The blend of woman's charm with man's freedom of expression was irresistible, as it always is. Not that Robert ever would be rude, perish the thought! But how sweet to know that he might be and still retain Miss Barrett's friendship. He decided to be frank." (*b*) This frankness developed very rapidly into love, but Mr. Loth, who apparently has got in touch with some eye witnesses, warns us that "by modern standards they starved their love cruelly. A handclasp was beyond all Robert's daring. A kiss was something mentioned in poetry but never attempted in real life. However, they derived a certain pleasure from the realization that their love could thrive on a diet of words. . . . They had never discussed the possibility of having an heir of their own. . . . [They] never even thought of it." There are six illustrations.

THE TURKISH ORDEAL.
By Halidé Edib. *The Century Company*
$4. 9 x 6; 407 pp. *New York*

This second volume of Mme. Edib's memoirs records her activities between the Turkish armistice in October, 1918, and the establishment of the national government in October, 1922. This stirring account of a nation's groping for freedom, with its worshipful attitude toward Mustafa Kemal, is not free of partisanship. There is irony in the fact that the English, whom the author once belabored, have now opened their doors to her. Since 1925, when the present dictatorship was established in Turkey, she and Dr. Adnan, her husband, have been living in England.

FIVE MEN OF FRANKFORT.
By Marcus Eli Ravage. *The Dial Press*
$5 9⅛ x 6¼; 341 pp. *New York*

The five men of the title are the five Rothschild brothers, Salomon, Amschel, Nathan, James and Karl. Mr. Ravage does not tell their stories separately, but in a connected form. As for his style, it is diluted Ludwig. The book is perhaps a little more readable than such things usually are. There are five illustrations.

CRITICISM

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.
By Herbert Read. *Henry Holt & Compan*
$2.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 229 pp. *New Yor*

This is a good book. Mr. Read discusses, first, the elements of composition, such as the sentence, th paragraph and general structure, and, second, th various types of writing. There is nothing of the col lege text-book writer in him. What he says is alway sensible and well written in itself, and his specime extracts from the English classics are excellentl chosen. His parting advice is especially sound: tha no matter how great his mastery of technique, writer is of little merit unless he has something impor tant to say, or, in Coleridge's words, unless he i moved by "a predominating passion."

LYRICAL POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CEN TURY.
By H. J. C. Grierson. *Harcourt, Brace & Compan*
$1.25 7¾ x 5¼; 159 pp. *New Yo*

This is No. 5 of the excellent series of Hogart Lectures on Literature. It begins with Blake and en with Yeats, and is a first-rate survey of what was t most brilliant period in the entire history of Engli poetry. The argument of the book is supported numerous quotations, and on the whole its judgme are the commonly accepted ones. There is, howeve one important exception. Mr. Grierson thinks th Shelley was a far greater poet than Keats, and in fa places him next to Blake. Keats, he contends, w "less soaring and ardent" than Shelley. A br bibliography and an index would have made the bo more useful to the student.

SPOKESMEN. *Modern Writers & American Life.*
By T. K. Whipple. *D. Appleton & Compa*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 277 pp. *New Y*

Professor Whipple, who is a member of the Depa ment of English in the University of California, h brings his critical faculties to bear upon Henry Ada Edwin Arlington Robinson, Theodore Dreiser, Ro Frost, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Carl Sa burg, Vachel Lindsay, Sinclair Lewis and Eug O'Neill. There are bibliographies at the ends of chapters, a general bibliography, and an index.

Continued on page xvi

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Continued from page xiv

HISTORY

THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

By Raymond Recouly. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$4.50 9⅛ x 5¾; 384 pp. *New York*

This history of France from 1870 to the present is apparently intended as a text-book for college freshmen. It is pretty dull and not always trustworthy in its facts, particularly in the second half. M. Recouly is sure that the Great War was brought about by "Germany's preconceived plan, as well as her bad faith," and that the winning of the war was "due to Foch and to Clemenceau." The translation from the French is by E. F. Buckley.

FALSEHOOD IN WAR-TIME.

By Arthur Ponsonby. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 192 pp. *New York*

PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUE IN THE WORLD WAR.

By Harold D. Lasswell. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.25 8¾ x 5½; 233 pp. *New York*

These two volumes offer a melancholy commentary upon human imbecility. Mr. Lasswell shows how the peoples of all the warring nations were bamboozled by their so-called leaders, and Mr. Ponsonby, who is a member of the British Parliament, sets forth at length some of the concrete lies that were told to them. Both books deserve to be put into every public library in America. They are shocking beyond expression, and at the same time hilariously amusing. The Lasswell volume has both an extensive bibliography and an index. The Ponsonby volume, unfortunately, has neither.

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR.

By Sidney B. Fay. *The Macmillan Company*
$9 8½ x 5½; 2 vols.; 551+577 pp. *New York*

This heavily documented and immensely painstaking work is of the first importance. In it Dr. Fay studies at length, not the propaganda literature which swamped the world during the war and afterward, but the basic documents, and from them he tries to unearth the actual facts. His verdict, as might be expected, is one which refutes the main contentions of both sides. The theories which prevailed in the United States between 1914 and 1920 are shown to have been rubbish, but it is also demonstrated that those held by the people of the Central Powers were almost as unsound. Not one of the countries engaged in the war really willed it, but all had some share of the responsibility for it. Meanwhile, historical scholars still differ "very much as to the relative part of this responsibility that falls on each country and on each individual political or military leader." The one thing clear is that Germany was not alone to blame. "The verdict of the Versailles Treaty . . . ., in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound. It should therefore be revised. However, because of the popular feeling widespread in some of the Entente countries, it is doubtful whether a formal and legal revision is yet practicable. There must first come a further revision by historical scholars, and through them of public opinion." Dr. Fay (who is professor of modern European history in Smith College), prints no formal bibliographies, but his two volumes are heavily documented. There are many illustrations, and a good index.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: 1860–1895.

By Norman J. Ware. *D. Appleton & Compan*
$3 8¼ x 5¼; 409 pp. *New York*

Dr. Ware is associate professor of economics at Wesleyan University. His previous book, "The In dustrial Worker: 1840–1860," is perhaps the mos authoritative study in its field. The present volum is just as good. It is comprehensive, well documente and ably written. There is a good selected bibliog raphy, and also an index.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. *Vol. VII*

The Hellenistic Monarchies & the Rise of Rome.
Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock & M. P. Charleswort
The Macmillan Compan
$10.50 9¼ x 6; 994 pp. *New Yo*

This volume covers the decline of Greece and th rise of Rome. It opens with chapters on the gener ideas of the period and the coming of the Celts, an then proceeds to discuss the various Hellenistic kin doms, including those of Africa and Asia, and th early history of Italy. The authors, as in the previo volumes, are mainly Englishmen, but there are al two Frenchmen, one American (Dr. Tenney Fran of the Johns Hopkins), and, for the first time, German. The time covered is an obscure one and off the historian serious difficulties. Not much that authentic is known about the early days of Rom and even less is known about the Greek kingdoms Asia Minor. But whatever has been discovered or c be deduced is set forth at length, and with the us heavy documentation. There are many maps a dynastic charts, and the bibliography and indices admirable.

Continued on page xviii

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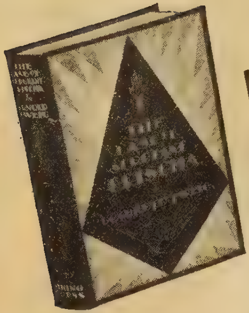

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

JOHN WILKES BOOTH: *Fact & Fiction of Linc*
Assassination.
By Francis Wilson. *The Houghton Mifflin Com*
$4.50 8⅜ x 5½; 322 pp. B

There is little that is new in this book, but it careful summary of the known facts. Mr. Wi wastes a great deal of space refuting the nonsense book called "The Escape and Suicide of John Wi Booth," by one Finis L. Bates, a Tennessee law In that work Bates argues that Booth was not re killed on the Garrett farm in April, 1865, but esc the pursuing soldiers, made his way to the West, finally died by his own hand at Enid, Okla., January 13, 1903. The story is preposterous, and Mr. Wilson shows, is wholly unsupported by plau evidence.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH CIVILIZATION..
By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford
Harcourt, Brace & Com
$12 9¾ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 1332 pp. New

This huge work, which begins with Piltdown and ends with the outbreak of the late war, has m merits. It is admirably planned, it shows a vast l ing, it is enlightened in point of view, and it is well written. Not many English historians Macaulay, indeed, have written as well as Dr. W field-Stratford. He has a vigorous and yet melo style, and it shows constant variety and is info by humor. His concern is not merely with the poli history of the British Isles, but also with the business and thoughts of their people. His most se ing and brilliant chapters deal with such things a rise of the Factory System and the origins and e of the Evangelical Movement. His portraits of s characters in the long story are always vivid sometimes they show a great deal of novel and pu observation. Perhaps wisely, he has refrained documenting his narrative. He has even omitte attempt at a bibliography, but at the end of his s volume there is a good index. The work is of ex dinary interest and value.

CHIVALRY. *A Series of Studies to Illustrate Its Hi*
Significance & Civilizing Influence.
Edited by Edgar Prestage. *Alfred A.*
$6 9¼ x 6; 231 pp. Ne

The nine chapters of this book were, in the form, lectures delivered at King's College, Lond 1925. Six of the lecturers were instructors University of London. The collection, as is us such cases, is very unequal in merit. The o chapter by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, on "Ch

Continued on page xx

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and Its Place in History," is far better than any of others. It is well ordered, extraordinarily comp hensive, and very well written. The other chapt deal with chivalry in France, Germany, Spain a Portugal, with the origins of the institution, with influence upon literature, and with its relations the modern idea of the gentleman. There is a flatul preface by Sir Israel Gollancz on a medieval M dealing with the Black Prince. He also discusses relations between chivalry and medieval Engl poetry. The volume has twenty-four full-page illust tions and a good index.

THE STORY OF THE BALTIMORE & OH RAILROAD, 1827–1927.
By Edward Hungerford. *G. P. Putnam's*
$10 9¼ x 6; 2 vols.; 372—365 pp. *New*

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OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS.
Letters of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois.
Duffield & Co
$3.50 9 x 6¼; 225 pp. *New*

The Marquis de Barbé-Marbois was secretary o French legation to the Thirteen Colonies from 17 1784. During that time he traveled extensively in England and in the South, and was the friend of n all the Fathers, including Washington, Franklin Jefferson. He was apparently a man of great a and strength of character, since Napoleon held h high esteem and created him a senator of the Em While here he wrote numerous letters about the try to his Parisian fiancée, and most of them are presented in book form for the first time. He f married a Philadelphia girl, but that is besid

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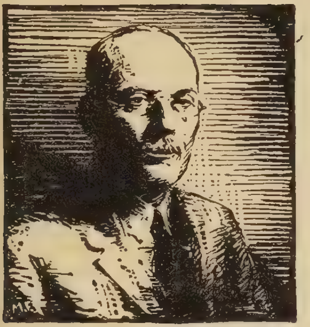

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point. His correspondence with his first fiancée is important historical value; it presents an interesti picture of early American life. The translation is Eugene Parker Chase, associate professor of gover ment at Lafayette College, who is also the author the introduction.

THE SCIENCES

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY MEDICINE.
By Fielding H. Garrison. *The W. B. Saunders Comp*
$12 9¼ x 5⅞; 996 pp. *Philadelp*

This is the fourth edition of a book that promise become one of the great monuments of Ameri scholarship. It would be difficult to overestimate merits. It is not only an almost exhaustive history medicine, with colossal documentation; it is als work of art, charmingly written and full of the eng ing humanism of the author. The present editio completely revised and reset, and is much larger t any of its predecessors. An excellent chapter on historic Medicine and another on Medicine in World War and After have been added, and the au has revived his ingenious and often waggish Quest and Exercises, omitted from all editions since the f The additions in the narrative proper are impor and many. The text has been purged of errors and o sions, the progress of medicine since 1921 is set fort length, and there are many new names in the in *e.g.*, Dick, Banting, Dandy and Blair Bell. Col. G son protests against the inordinate proliferatio medical literature in recent years, but he show sign of being daunted by it. His record comes d to the date of his preface, and nothing of the slig importance seems to have been omitted. But the merit of the book is not its great comprehensiv and accuracy; it is its uncommon literary valu shows throughout the attitudes of mind of a hi civilized man, whose learning is by no means con to his specialty. The thumb-nail portraits of sa men are admirably vivid, and when the a philosophizes it is always amusingly and to purpose. The book is well printed and copiously trated, and has exhaustive bibliographies and inc The lay reader, quite as much as the medical man, find it fascinating reading. The author is a lieute colonel in the Army Medical Corps, attached t Surgeon General's office in Washington.

YOUR TEETH.
By Charles I. Stoloff. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 224 pp. *Ne*

Dr. Stoloff, who is a dentist, here sets fort principal facts about the teeth in the form of a

Continued on page xxiv

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7. Describe as well as you can your spouse's disposition.
8. What things in your married life annoy and dissatisfy you the most?
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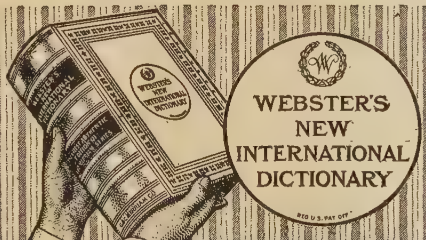

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chism, with many explanatory drawings. He describ the temporary and permanent teeth in detail, and th proceeds to a consideration of the procedures dentistry, including teeth straightening. At the e he offers advice about oral hygiene. He makes mention of the dental syringe, which is probab more efficient for removing particles of food from b tween the teeth than the floss he recommends. He sa little about tooth pastes, some of which are now a vertised in an inflammatory manner. All of them, says, are "but pleasant accessories to tooth-brushing the real work is done by the brush, whose proper u he illustrates. His book is clearly written and shou be useful.

BLUE BLOOD IN ANIMALS *and Other Essays*
Biology.
By H. Munro Fox. *Brentan*
$2.50 7½ x 4¾; 205 pp. *New Y*

The author is professor of zoölogy at the Univers of Birmingham, England. His essays cover a w range and are not very profound, but they at le have the merit of being well written. He discuss among other things, the coloring matter of the blo the determination of sex, the perception of color the lower animals, and the phenomenon of blo relationship. The book is not documented and la an index.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF SOCIETY.
By Carl Kelsey. *D. Appleton & Comp*
$3.50 8 x 5; 526 pp. *New Y*

This is a revision, with considerable extension a work originally published in 1916. The author fi considers the environment of man, then discusses nature of his physical organism, and then proceeds deal with the physical factors influencing his behavi At the end there are chapters on the special proble presented by civilization and on the concept of hun progress. The book is clearly written and cover very wide ground. It shows extensive informat and good judgment. After each chapter there references to authorities and at the end there is index. The author is professor of sociology at University of Pennsylvania.

AT HOME AMONG THE ATOMS.
By James Kendall. *The Century Comp*
$3 7⅞ x 5⅜; 318 pp. *New*

Dr. Kendall (until lately professor of chemistry dean of the Graduate School at New York Univer and now professor of chemistry at Edinburgh) attempts to explain the fundamental facts of chemi for the layman. The book, says the author, "does

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presuppose any familiarity at all with the formal sid
of chemistry—that side, indeed, is suppressed to
minimum throughout." The arrangement is good an
the facts are set forth clearly, but the author damage
his exposition rather than helps it by what he call
"homely analogies and alleged wise-cracks." Ther
are a number of illustrations, some of which reall
illustrate and some of which do not. There are n
bibliographies, but at the end are two indices.

THE RAIN-MAKERS.
By Mary Roberts Coolidge.
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Papgos, Maricopahs, Havasupais, Walapais, Yuma
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ANTHOLOGIES

A COMPREHENSIVE ANTHOLOGY OF AME
ICAN POETRY.
Compiled by Conrad Aiken. *The Modern Libra*
95 cents 6⅝ x 4⅜; 362 pp. *New Yo*

This anthology leaves very much to be desired. M
Aiken says in his preface that his selections are bas
wholly on his own æsthetic judgments; in that ca
one is forced to say that his judgments are ve
strange indeed. He prints four poems by Anne Bra
street and one by Thomas Godfrey, and does not
much as mention "Bacon's Epitaph by his Hi
Man." The latter anonymous poem, written in V
ginia about 1644, is not only more eloquent th
anything Mrs. Bradstreet or Godfrey ever wrote;
is the only poem worthy of serious attention that w
written in America before "Thanatopsis." Again,
what basis can Mr. Aiken justify the complete exc
sion of Robinson Jeffers and Léonie Adams, and
large space he allots to Marianne Moore, Wall
Stevens, John Crow Ransom and Archibald M
Leish? Further, how explain the fact that Sandb
is represented by only one poem, and Louis Un
meyer by one? Does Mr. Aiken mean that the aut
of "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" and "Smoke
Steel" deserves no more attention as a poet than
Untermeyer? And where is Edna St. Vincent Milla
"God's World," unquestionably one of the n

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powerful poems produced by any American in the last twenty-five years? Mr. Aiken is quite right when he says that "American poetry . . . is not yet a great or rich poetry." Triviality and immaturity are in the best of it. Nevertheless, it is far richer than the present anthology would lead one to believe.

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES.

Edited by Raymond Knister. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 340 pp. *Toronto*

There are seventeen stories in this collection, reprinted from magazines in the United States and Canada. The authors include Frederick William Wallace, Morley Callaghan, Merrill Denison, Norman Duncan, Walter McLaren Imrie, Will E. Ingersoll, Stephen Leacock, Leslie McFarlane, Thomas Murtha, Harvey O'Higgins, Sir Gilbert Parker, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Charles G. D. Roberts, Mazo de la Roche, Duncan Campbell Scott, Alan Sullivan and Edward William Thomson. The stories vary considerably in merit. Mr. Knister has written an introduction and there is an appendix containing lists of Canadian short-stories in books and magazines and of books of short-stories by Canadian authors.

LUTE & SCIMITAR.

Edited by Achmed Abdullah. *Payson & Clark*
$2.50 10¾ x 7; 85 pp. *New York*

This anthology of poems and ballads from Central Asia is composed of pieces hitherto unavailable in English. Not a few of them, indeed, have never been written down in the original languages. Mr. Abdullah's translations—they are from the Afghan, the Persian, the Turkoman, the Tarantchi, the Bokharan, the Balochi and the Tartar—are always workman-like, and his historical and philological notes are interesting and valuable. There is a preface by Hervey Allen, but it adds little to the book. The edition limited to 500 copies. Printing and binding are very well done.

THE FUNNY BONE.

Designed by Cynthia Asquith. *Charles Scribner's So*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 303 pp. *New Yo*

This collection of eighteen humorous short stori includes one each by P. G. Wodehouse, E. F. Benso I. A. Williams, George A. Birmingham, Compto Mackenzie, E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, Den Mackail, Stacy Aumonier, J. Storer Clouston, D. Wyndham Lewis, Alfred Sidgwick, Elizabeth Bowe L. P. Hartley, Hilda Hughes, Helen Simpson, Norm Venner, J. B. Morton, and the editor.

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Continued from page xxviii

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By Ambrose Patterson.
The University of Washington Book
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Continued in back advertising section, page

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THE PROGRESSIVES OF THE SENATE

BY A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

WITH the exception of Norris of Nebraska, now dejected and despondent over the hopelessness of is long struggle, and Tom Walsh of ontana, an able man but always vain nd sometimes sentimental, the so-called rogressives in the United States Senate are sorry bunch of weaklings and time-servers. he Liberals of America are always getting ooled, but never have they been worse ooled than by this small, forlorn and easly gang of false leaders.

Brookhart, Blaine, Borah, Frazier, How- ll, Johnson, Dill, La Follette, Shipstead, ye, Wheeler, all come within the cate- ory. There is little intellectual or moral bre in any of them. They pother, trim nd hedge. Borah, Brookhart, Frazier, owell, Johnson and Nye supported the eactionary Hoover in the late campaign nd stumped zealously for him. Young a Follette didn't have the courage to come ut openly for Smith, but contented him- elf with the crafty declaration that he ould not support the Republican platform nd its candidate. Blaine, too, played a easel's game, slinking around the issue y announcing that he had many friends ho were going to vote for Al. Shipstead dulged in his customary two-timing, say- g nothing and manipulating support om all sides; he finally lined up the great ill-owning Republicans of Minnesota, the Democrats, and the radicals, and so got himself reëlected. Norris alone of the crowd had the courage of his convictions. He came out flatly for Al.

Nothing ever so thoroughly showed up the weakness of these alleged Progressives as their course in the campaign. Of what value was their yammering against the Power Trust and their loud demands for its investigation by the Federal Trade Commission when a few months later they supported Hoover, who is violently opposed to their pet cure-all, public ownership, and now has the power to appoint perfectly "safe" commissioners? Of what worth was their denunciation of old Andy Mellon and their threatening darkly to fight his confirmation if Hoover renamed him, when they had already permitted him to get away with his three-billion dollar tax refund? Of what significance was their bawling about the Marines in Nicaragua when they had voted millions for the murderous Prohibition agents and never raised a hand against lynching?

No wonder the Old Guard rolls along so merrily these days and Hoover reigns supreme o'er land and sea! The Old Guard knows that when it comes down to cases the Progressives won't stand up. With the exception of Norris, they all play the political game as deviously as any Old Guarder. Theirs is a Progressivism of face-saving devices. The party bosses trade and deal with them, and have no trouble in handling them. Do Jim Watson and George Moses want an assault made on Al Smith to divert attention from the conduct of Mellon, Hays and Butler in the oil scandals? If so, all they have to do is to rig up Nye for the job, in conjunction with the nauseating Robinson of Indiana. When the last Congress convened and the question of the organization of the Senate by the Republicans rested with the Progressives, Watson and Charley Curtis, then the floor leader, found it easy to arrange a deal whereby the socially ambitious Shipstead and the rest of the sad crew lined up for the reactionary slate—in return for the munificent assurance that they would be "allowed" to vote on the issues of farm relief, Nicaragua and water-power! Naturally, Jim and Charley were very willing to promise them these chances to vote. They knew that they could count on the reactionary Republicans and Democrats to vote them down, and that if this failed the good Cal would do the trick. And the Progressives knew it too.

The principle of attack, of aggressive leadership, of purposeful endeavor is completely lacking among them. The hammering championship of concrete Liberal projects by the elder La Follette is beyond their poor talents. Theirs is a defensive, passive policy, with overtones of the hypocrisy of Borah. Militancy is simply not in them. They sit back, wail a bit, shake their heads, demand investigations, introduce endless and inane resolutions, and then take it out by "voting right." Of course they always "vote right." So, occasionally, does the sly, mischievous Moses. It is even on record that Jim Watson, the noblest buccaneer of them all, has "voted right" in his day—whether by inadvertence or for some deep-laid purpose of his own only he can tell.

"Voting right" gave no vital aid to Couzens of Michigan in his long fight to show up the staggering scandal of the three billion tax refund. Real work and
real ability were needed to grapple wi
the astounding practices and operations
Mellon and his friends, and the Progr
sives shirked the one and lacked the oth
When the challenge of the campaign ca
they all ran out—Norris excepted. Eitl
they climbed on to the party wagon
hind the Great Sham Borah, or they to
refuge in surreptitious sniping, followi
Blaine and La Follette. Early in the ca
paign they started a boom for Norris. Th
began by explaining carefully that th
really had no hope of nominating him, b
proposed to build up a sufficiently stro
support around him to force the selecti
of a candidate acceptable to them. Havi
thus frankly made known their objecti
they promptly proceeded to desert it a
their candidate. Soon Nye, Frazier, Bora
Howell, Brookhart and Blaine were su
porting Hoover or one of the other re
tionaries. When Hoover dragged off t
nomination, all of them, with the exc
tion of Norris and the devious Blaine a
La Follette, dutifully fell in line with
Slemps, Works, Mellons, Hayses, Hilles
Horace Manns and Ruth Hanna McC
micks, and under the leadership of Bo
raised their voices in hosannas.

Yet it cannot be denied: in the Sen
they always "vote right."

II

Despite all the rhapsodical eulogies of
idolizers, the elder La Follette led n
too pure a political life, but he wa
fighting man and he pounded and ha
mered and battled his opponents in a l
manner. There was in him the gusto
swagger of a great actor. He knew l
to dramatize his duels with the ve
gentry. His successor to his seat—by
tue of the fact that he bears his fath
name and happened to be narrowly wi
the constitutional age limit when
father died—affects the hirsute adorn
of a drug-store yahoo and practices
political disingenuousness of a Jim Wat
Once or twice a session he rises in

place and delivers a prepared dissertation decrying the mischievous conduct of some combine or governmental department while assistants pass out voluminous handouts to reporters. Occasionally he introduces a resolution to investigate something or other. But that is about all. His whole attitude is that of one who is playing safe. He never does anything until the lay of the land has been carefully scanned and he has got the support of his huge bevy of advisers.

His belligerency he reserves for the editorials that appear over his signature in *La Follette's Magazine*, a monthly organ established by his father and which he now conducts. Its circulation is confined mainly to Wisconsin, and it is in its obscure columns that he calls down the curse of Heaven upon the wicked trusts and the bad, bad government. The floor of the Senate hears little or nothing about it.

In 1926, after months of bitter struggle, the striking Passaic mill-workers came to him in an endeavor to obtain congressional action of some kind. He failed them. They then resorted to the Hoover-loving Borah, which of course netted them not a whit more. The story in labor circles at the time was that the A. F. of L. bosses had told Young Bob to lay off. Weisbord the Red was leading the Passaic strike and the fatted chieftains of organized labor wanted no assistance given to any cause he was associated with, no matter how just or urgent the need. Here was a chance to rise above principle, and Fighting Bob's son and successor rose. He was a member of the Senate commerce committee, which claimed jurisdiction in the matter. The ultra-reactionary Phipps of Colorado, then chairman of the committee, stalled off consideration of the strike for weeks, and when finally, after a pitiful petition from the strikers, it did take up the question it was behind closed doors. There followed the curt announcement that the strikers had been turned down. La Follette treated the reporters who covered the story as if they were intruding into his personal affairs—and well they may have been.

His record of achievement in other matters has been quite as notable for lack of results. He was named a member of a special committee to investigate the United States Tariff Commission. The committee held hearings for many weeks and then adjourned. Months went by without a report. Finally, Joe Robinson, Al Smith's running mate and a member of the committee, issued a minority report, criticising the Commission, about the time the presidential race got under way. And that ended that.

For years there have been outcries against the administration of the Indian Bureau. The recent disclosures before the Senate Indian affairs committee proved only too conclusively the soundness of these accusations and the need for an airing of the bureau. John Collier, of the American Indian Defense Association, labored for several sessions to induce La Follette, Wheeler, Frazier, and the other Progressives to force an investigation. After long and heart-breaking effort, he finally got action and has been chiefly responsible for whatever success has accompanied the committee's labors. La Follette, on one plea and another, has begged off from front trench participation and taken a passive attitude toward the whole matter.

His friends excuse him on the ground of his indifferent health. But while that may account for his lack of legislative activity, it certainly does not explain his failure to take a straightforward stand, as Norris did, during the Smith-Hoover race, nor does it square with the fact that he has managed to find sufficient strength to make three State-wide campaigns in four years. Neither does it offer any explanation of his hedging on the Senate organization last session, nor explain why such luminaries as Moses, Watson, Curtis and the others of the Old Guard speak of him so affectionately as

Bobby. They didn't applaud and pat his father on the back. Maybe that was because the old boy didn't wear Valentino side-burns. When he tossed his mane they knew that he meant it.

Those on the inside in Washington are aware that Young Bob had to swallow, deeply against his and his family's wishes, the blatant Blaine, the other Wisconsin Senator. The La Follette family wanted to run their own choice, a family friend, against Lenroot. But Blaine, whatever his demagoguery, has courage, and he let them know that he was prepared to fight. And so, despite the fact that Phil, Bob's younger brother (who had been slated as the old Senator's successor, but, because he was not quite of the constitutional age at the time of his father's death, had to be side-tracked for Bob), had expressed publicly violent disapproval of some of Blaine's acts as Governor of Wisconsin, they had to put him on their ticket and go up and down the land proclaiming his merits.

And that was not all. Not only did Blaine make them support him when he ran against Lenroot, but he forced them to choose a man he wanted to head the La Follette State ticket last year and to write the kind of a platform he wanted. The elder La Follette was all set to jettison Blaine, who had flaunted him. Had Old Bob lived they would have had it out in the 1926 campaign, and without doubt Blaine would have got a licking. But Young Bob and the rest of the La Follette family, playing a cautious game, sacrificed the old family friend their father had chosen, and joined up with Blaine.

The old Senator was bold, dramatic and defiant. He was an indefatigable worker. There was a lustiness in his attack and a clarion note in his outcry. He was short of stature, but it was never noticed. His was the façade of a warrior: a leonine head, a fighting jaw and a piercing eye. He was action incarnate. When he tossed his warlock it was no pose. His son and successor carries on the La Follette tradition in name only.

III

Despite the La Follette endorsement—
which was bitterly denounced by some
the leading Wisconsin Progressives—Blai
barely triumphed over Lenroot, who ha
taken part in every imaginable reactiona
deed during the six years of his term. Th
thing that really put Blaine over was
full-page spread in the State papers th
day before election calling upon the ha
assed electors to vote for him if the
wanted nickel beer back. Lenroot trie
to leap on the same bus the next day, bu
it was too late. Blaine had beaten hi
to it, and won by a narrow margin.

Of all the so-called Progressive grou
this Blaine is the most blatant. He
peerless in blatancy, as Borah is in d
plicity. Nothing has ever showed up h
political cheapness so clearly as h
speeches during the debate on the pr
posterous Kellogg anti-war treaty at t
last session. He was against the pac
which was fair enough. It was, in fac
to his credit, for all the other Progressiv
herded by Borah, were for it. But Blai
was not against it because it was a fra
and a sham. He was willing enough
accept the hokum, provided he could a
his particular brand to it. He is Bi
Thompsonish about King George and
government. To him the treaty was
slick British plot, and he proposed o
to right that part of it. That the wh
thing, from end to end, was no more t
pious flub-dub—this fact never got to h
at all. After a saber-rattling declamat
against England (good home-State po
tics, with Wisconsin's large German po
lation), he offered a stupid reservat
that wouldn't have meant anything, e
if it had been accepted.

Blaine is an opportunist. He is
adroit and readily accommodates him
to situations. There is a difference betw
him and Young La Follette, however
has courage. In his last term as Gover
he talked back to Old Bob. If he had
real ability and was less the demago

he might do things with his courage. But he is a village lawyer in capacity and outlook, and the dullest and most tiresome speaker imaginable. He is a member of the Elks, the Red Men, and various other such puerile agglomerations. In appearance he is worthy of being the Exalted Grand Panjandrum of any of them. On a heavy gold chain across his paunch he sports a large Elk's molar, a gift from admiring lodge brothers. Whatever he professes on the rostrum, he always plays the game behind the scenes. He holds no more terrors for the party bosses than one of the Senate pages.

Nye is a country-weekly editor and looks the part. Jim Watson, Moses and Curtis have had no trouble in getting along with him. At the Kansas City convention, from the comfortable and safely sequestered quarters of the Athletic Club, he wrote pieces for Hearst and incited the irate and befuddled farmers to rebellion. He was violently against Hoover and urged the yokels to action. He was for the equalization fee and called upon them to demand its incorporation in the platform. Hoover was nominated and the farmers did not get their plank. Two months later, when Hoover stopped for the usual hometown visit in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Nye and Jim Watson were among the horde of politicians who called on him. Watson, too, had inveighed and cried out against Hoover. Now both were on the wagon.

Nye admitted to reporters that he really didn't think much of Hoover, but said he wasn't going to support Smith, who didn't know anything about the farm problem, and was wet besides. If Hoover would assure him that he had the farmers' nterests at heart, Nye was ready to support him. Of course Hoover gave him that assurance. So the fighting young Progressive from North Dakota rushed back to the cynically waiting gentlemen of the press and issued a declaration acclaiming the goodness of Mr. Hoover's great heart, the brilliance of his mind, and the depth and sincerity of his patriotism.

It is thus not to be wondered at that the Old Guard has no trouble getting along with Nye, and was able to persuade him to make a scurrilous attack on Al Smith when the public lands committee, of which he was chairman, began unearthing things about Sinclair, Hays, Mellon and the rest of the heavy boys.

Much was made of his fight against the confirmation of the astounding Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior under Coolidge. The case was fought out behind the closed doors of the Senate, but his own Progressive colleagues are authority for the assertion that he made a weak and indifferent fight, and that at one time during the debate he actually admitted that he really didn't have any specific charges to make against West. It is because he is so graciously accommodating and so ready to listen to the voice of reason that he is chairman of the Senate public lands committee, although serving only his first term, and a member of the steering committee. He never kicks over the traces, and while he too "votes right," he is awfully nice about it. Like Young La Follette, he once affected low-dangling hair panels on his cheeks, but they have now disappeared, along with his yellow shoes and Podunk Center suit. Society hasn't claimed him as completely as it has the tooth-pulling Swede from Minnesota, Henrik Shipstead, but he is getting on.

Frazier comes within reach of Norris in personal integrity and sincerity, but he needs a big field to turn around in. He must be kept advised as to what it's all about, or he is apt to get muddled and go astray. He just can't figure it out himself. The sponsors of the Indian Bureau investigation which his committee is making have had a hair-raising time of it holding him in line. He means well, but a blast of hot air from a guileful opponent gets him all tangled up and he has to be watched. Frazier looks like a boss butcher and his reaction to the onerous business of governing a great nation is as laborious as one might expect from a boss butcher. But he is far more honest than any others of the Progressive group, Norris excepted. He affects no pose, and Washington society holds no lure for him—possibly because he holds no temptation for it. He is an honest, simple man, which is a good deal more than can be said for most of his colleagues.

IV

Brookhart runs heavily to simplicity. Not infrequently it reaches the intensity of the scatter-brained. That doesn't mean that he hasn't keen wits. He has. The trouble is that they don't seem to help him a great deal, save to lead him to false conclusions. He clearly and intelligently saw the solution of the farm problem, and yet advocated and campaigned for Hoover's election on the ground that his victory would be a sure means to its solution. His gullibility makes him an easy mark for Borah, who when occasion demands uses him as a foil, mouthpiece or deflector, whatever the situation requires. Brookhart, simple man that he is, glories in the resultant public attention.

At the beginning of the last Congress the Progressives organized for the purpose of enacting farm relief legislation. They started off beautifully. Borah graciously joined them and for a few days it really looked as if they were going to do something. But only for a few days—just long enough, in fact, to have their pictures printed under the caption, "Insurgents Organize to Fight For Farm Relief," with Borah in the front row, his arm lovingly about Young La Follette.

This dumb-show out of the way, it developed that while they were all for farm relief, they weren't all for the same kind. Most of them were for the equalization fee. Borah was not. He insisted that the fee was unconstitutional. Anything he is opposed to he excommunicates with the anathema, unconstitutional. For him the Constitution is an exhaustless resource for confuting the unbelieving. this instance he apparently wanted deflate the movement, but without a pearing to do so. So he used the guilel Brookhart. The two would hold conf ences, following which Borah wou casually suggest to the reporters th Brookhart had a statement to give o on the subject of farm relief which coi cided considerably with his own view The result of this manipulation was th in a week's time the rebel band had d integrated into its former individual i effectualness and mediocrity, and Bor went forward with his plans to becor the Great White Father's chief spokesm in the Senate and the bawling oracle the Prohibitionists.

Brookhart went up and down the la beating his breast for Hoover. He st talks "red" and "votes right," but sistent tales come out of the Northw that he has made his peace with t Republican leaders of his State. So credit is given to them by the viol indignation he expressed when the Uni Press made public the secret roll-call the Senate on the confirmation of We Brookhart was listed as voting agai West, but it was said that he had gi someone assurances that he would i oppose the nomination. He did, in fa take no part in the fight against W

Norris is all that he is said to be. and three decades of ceaseless struggle h left their marks on him. He is tell friends that he is through. This is to his last term in the Senate, he says. proposes not to stand for reëlection. him the fight is futile and unavaili He is a fighter of great principle, cour and tenacity, and the weakness and m ocrity of his fellow Progressives is a bi burden to him.

There is nothing about the man t is not inspiring, clean, and noble: his s plicity, his fierce love of justice and erty, his inexhaustible and profound manity and humility, his brilliant ruthless reasoning, his poetic compass is flaming indignation and fearlessness n action, and his utter lack of pose. The ever-ending mystery is how a man as ntelligent and as pristinely honest and ncompromising as Norris ever got elected o the Senate.

Walsh of Montana approaches closest o him in ability and intelligence, but is ot above suspicion of giving heed to olitical expediency and certainly not bove the charge of manipulating situaions to suit his own purposes. His conuct during the oil investigation was ften partisan and egotistical. His examation of Mellon, Hays, Stewart and utler was weak and indifferent. It was ueries written out and sent to Nye by he reporters covering the proceedings hat really dug into the vitals of these entry and produced a full account of heir miserable conduct. Walsh is above uestion in personal honesty, but he is rongly controlled by an arrogant and actless feeling of superiority. His contact ith other Senators, and particularly Proressives, over a period of many years has oubtless given him every reason to despise hem, but therein lies a difference between im and Norris. The latter will suffer and ork with them. Walsh holds himself loof and goes his own way.

Wheeler, Walsh's Montana colleague, is slick politician, despite his far-flung and argely unmerited reputation as a heroic nd persecuted investigator. Wheeler is as emagogic as any of them. In appearance e looks like a Board of Trade boomer, r a smart, well-fed corporation lawyer. le is an old hand at all the political tricks, nd easily plays the game with the party egulars. It was told all over Montana last ummer during his campaign for reëlection hat he was being supported by the big opper interests of the State. How much oundation there was to the story I don't now, but he certainly had a walk-away ght of it as compared with campaigns in hich the copper corporations openly ought him.

Wheeler devotes himself wholly to potshooting. He never makes a speech on the Senate floor, confining his remarks to interruptions of other speakers. His greatest activity is in committee, where he readily plays a partisan game. He has no hesitancy in agreeing to secret committee hearings, although afterwards he will often drop hints of what went on. In a floor fight he is a total loss. He is a miserable speaker, and one of those who never goes to the trouble of preparing himself. Of all the Progressives—next to Norris, who does not seek them, and Borah, who zealously courts them—Wheeler has the best hookup with the reporters. He is always available and will pass out the low-down. He will also coöperate in working up a story. Hence the boys of the gallery like him and he gets a good play when occasion offers.

V

For ponderous bombast the pompadoured dentist from Minnesota, Shipstead, is in a class by himself. He surpasses the entire Senate in this respect, and that is saying a lot, when such geniuses as Bingham of Connecticut and the sonorous Shortridge of California are taken into account. Elected as an out-and-out radical, the most notable achievement of his first term was to assist in putting through a pork-barrel job. This, in fact, remains the sum total of his contribution to the cause of liberty and progress in six years of service in the Senate. I pass over a series of meaningless resolutions, introduced for publicity purposes from time to time and never pushed.

Several years ago, when the Senate was wrought up over Kellogg's stupidities in Nicaragua, Shipstead, as is his wont on such occasions, offered a resolution. He demanded that there be an investigation of the fiscal operations of certain American bankers in the harried Central American country. The foreign relations committee called his bluff by making him chairman of a sub-committee to go into the matter. After due and ponderous preparations the sub-committee convened—with Shipstead the only member present. Sundry Nicaraguans were subpoenaed and told their story, which was scandalous enough. But it was an old tale and the papers gave it little notice after the first day. Whereupon Shipstead, too, lost interest, and the proceedings dribbled out into nothing.

He was first elected in 1922 on the Farmer-Labor ticket, defeating the now happily retired genius of mismanagement in foreign affairs, Frank B. Kellogg. Kellogg, too, was originally a Progressive, but having fallen from that lofty estate he was replaced by the elongated and pontifical pseudo-radical from the dental profession. The latter, after six years of do-nothing, had satisfied not only the Progressives of Minnesota, but also the wealthy mill operators and the Democrats, who withdrew their own candidate to aid his reëlection. Shipstead is entirely satisfactory to the fat boys. There were no such attacks on him in his last campaign as characterized the fight against him in 1922. The word went down the line that he was O.K. and the vote showed that it reached the right places. The Farmer-Laborites, all tangled up in a cat-and-dog scrap among themselves, couldn't afford to quit him and so climbed on to his well-oiled wagon. The Democrats endeavored to trade with him for support for Al Smith. They called off their candidate and backed Shipstead, but he never opened his mouth for Al. The latter lost the State by a wide margin, but Shipstead won hands down.

Thus he was returned to Washington to bask in the plaudits and social rewards of officialdom. The social-political literati and the svelte diplomatic set claimed him for their own. The trained-seal writers did their customary bit, exuding fervid pieces telling all about the brilliance and astuteness of the great man. As a result, he is now more ponderously a stuffed shirt than ever before. The social lobby had to expend no effort to woo him. He met all overtures more than half way.

As a speaker Shipstead is one of the
worst bores in the Senate. He never mak
a speech of his own. His smooth litt
device is to intrude himself into anoth
Senator's argument, particularly if th
speaker happens to be a Norris, a Jim Ree
a Borah, or a Walsh, with the galleri
filled and the reporters watching the stor
Then he will rear his lumbering mass fro
his seat and in his ponderous manner pr
pound a self-answering query. "It is
fact, isn't it, that so and so is such a
such?" he will ask, sonorously and wi
weighty deliberation, almost always si
ply reiterating a point that the speak
has just made.

When, in 1926, the Republicans were m
neuvering to organize the Senate and und
certain circumstances Shipstead wou
have had the balance of power, he ne
came straight out and declared hims
Everyone knew, of course, that he wou
prove true to form and vote with the C
Guard in the end. This is exactly what
did, joining with the other so-called P
gressives in a face-saving device for t
purpose. Questioned by the reporters
to what he was going to do, he inform
them in all seriousness that he would ha
to caucus with himself before decidi
what course the Farmer-Labor party wo
take.

Today he is acclaimed in the tea-a
gossip salons of Washington as a find
the late Henry Cabot Lodge. It is seriou
related that when Lodge spotted Sh
stead upon his arrival in the Senate
demanded him immediately for his o
and had him put on the foreign relati
committee. The truth of the matter
of course, that Shipstead was put on
committee because he couldn't possibly
any harm there, even if he wanted
That was before Watson and the ot
realistic boys were quite sure that he
perfectly safe and innocuous.

Shipstead affects a great air of wis
in international affairs. He used to re
calling on Cal and holding lengthy c
verse with him on world problems.
two had strong bonds of intellectual a

ity. Shipstead likes to relate how they disagreed, but found much in common nevertheless. Even Kellogg's closing months were brightened by the fellowship of this once hated rival. He and Shipstead frequently came together to mull over the great affairs of state. Kellogg's surviving friends say that this friendship was a great solace to him, worn out as he was by sad and insoluble problems.

Shipstead's paucity of achievement, his colossal bombast, his lack of aggressiveness, his ardent playing of the political and social game, are a complete summary of the worth and rôle of the entire Progressive group, with the exception of Norris. Some of them may not be so socially zealous in futility, but they all fit the same general mold. Shipstead is the embodiment of the "liberal" politician, from the cute little Scandinavian accent he affects to the weasel character of his declarations.

Of course, like the others he always "votes right"—for peace, against a big navy, for Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, a power investigation, against the seating of Vare and the confirmation of West. He also introduces with touching frequency many lovely, idealistic resolutions and bills. But to fight and work for them? Not a lick! Not once did he raise his voice in the cruiser fight, in the West contest, or in the water power debate. He let Norris carry the Muscle Shoals burden alone. But when a chance came to grab off a piece of local pork, he shone—and got re-elected. Shipstead wears No. 12 shoes and a No. 16 collar and weighs well over 190 pounds, but his carefully arranged coiffure is never disarranged by indignation, and his tread is always affectedly measured and deliberate. You have to get up close to him to catch his gentle words. He suggests, as a colleague once said of him, a gas-bag without the gas.

But the biggest sham of them all is the principle-peddler from Idaho, the Great God Borah. He has done more to enervate the Progressive cause than all of the others of the group put together—and that is considerable when Blaine, Shipstead, Brookhart and Nye are kept in mind. Borah has seldom taken up a cause, regardless of its merits, without walking out on it. He started out last year to raise a conscience fund to purge and purify the Republican party, and wound up as the chief protagonist of Prohibition and the defender of Hoover. He announced with a great noise that he would make a fight to obtain recognition for Soviet Russia, but has never raised a serious hand to press the matter. He threatened an inquiry into the maze of crooked dealings growing out of the looting of confiscated German property during the war, and did nothing. He assailed the Coolidge administration on its Nicaraguan policy, and yet opposed an amendment to an appropriation bill withdrawing funds for the use of the Marines down there. The list of his welchings is as long as his years of service in the Senate. He cries liberty and defends Prohibition, through streams of blood if necessary, he once told the Senate. And always he takes his holy and heroic stand on the Constitution.

He is a superb example of what Liberalism has come to in America. In him is to be found the perfect fruition of the reformer politician, trampling upon the fundamentals of liberty while thundering for law and order. He has seldom fought zealously for a good cause, or bared his breast bravely in an attack upon a bad one. After more than twenty years in the Senate as a Progressive he has finally come into his own as the friend and confidant of Hoover. He who, in 1922, came to the Liberal leaders and offered to lead a movement against the Harding-Daugherty-Fall gang is now the spokesman for a President who was a member of Harding's Cabinet and has never uttered a word in condemnation of its corruption.

His whole public career is summed up in his two greatest achievements: ratification of the low-comedy anti-war pact and an increase in the tariff on Spanish onions.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

The third room on your left as you enter the south wing of the State Capitol. It is an afternoon in mid-Winter, and three gentlemen, Messrs. Hayes, Loman, *and* Friend, *are sitting at one end of the table. They constitute a quorum of the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, and before them is a large pile of bills, resolutions, and memoranda.*

Mr. Hayes—Well, looking at them don't do no good.

Mr. Loman—It sure don't.

Mr. Hayes—Might as well get busy.

Mr. Loman—A hell of a fine time them other guys on this committee picked to get the flu!

Mr. Hayes—How you say we do? Take up them schoolhouses, or leave them wait till we got a couple other things out of the way first?

Mr. Loman—Leave them schoolhouses till last. They was referred jointly anyhow, and it ain't no use of us wasting no sweat on them till Ways and Means has said what they're goin' to do.

Mr. Hayes—All right, then. Authorizing constable of town of Gale's Island to act as truant officer. Authorizing commissioners of town of Shawville to close certain streets to motor traffic during hours when public schools are in session. Them things don't amount to nothing and here's about forty more just like them. Shoot them right through, hey? Report them favorable and be done with it?

Mr. Loman—Hell, yes.

Mr. Hayes—All set on them, then.

Mr. Loman—Pitch them over to one side. That's a start anyways.

Mr. Hayes—All right, then. Le's get on this here Evolution Bill. Bill prohibitin the teaching of certain doctrines in educational institutions supported in whol or in part by public funds. What do yo say on that?

Mr. Loman—I say that bill ought to bee passed about ten year ago.

Mr. Hayes—That bill hits me pretty goo too. Still, it's pretty important, so guess we better consider it some.

Mr. Loman—What's the use of consider ing? I don't need no considering to kno how I'm going to vote.

Mr. Hayes—How you feel about that, Mr Friend?

Mr. Friend—Hunh?

Mr. Hayes—This here Evolution Bill We're getting ready to report on it no and we kind of want to make sure w got the right idea about it.

Mr. Friend—Hunh?

Mr. Hayes—So if you got anything to sa about it, now is the time to say it.

Mr. Friend—They hadn't ought to ki no cows thouten they pay for them.

Mr. Loman—Now what in the hell has t Committee on Education got to do wi cows?

Mr. Hayes—No, this ain't the Tubercul Cattle Bill. This is the Evolution Bil Or Anti-Evolution Bill, some of the calls it.

Mr. Loman—*Evolution!*

Mr. Friend—I ain't deef.

Mr. Hayes—You read it?

Mr. Friend—Maybe I read it.

Mr. Loman—He ain't asked you *maybe* d you read it. He asked you did you *re* it. Come on. If you ain't deef then like you was awake.

Mr. Friend—What's reading got to do with it?

Mr. Hayes—Well, we're kind of busy this afternoon, Mr. Friend, and it would kind of save time if you had read the bill.

Mr. Friend—I reckon I can read it if I have to. Where's it at?

Mr. Loman—You mean to say you been a member of this Legislature a whole month and attended all the hearings this committee has held and ain't read that bill yet?

Mr. Hayes—Now, Loman, it don't do no good to get sore.

Mr. Loman—No, but what does the taxpayers pay a bum like that for?

Mr. Friend—All right. Where's it at?

Mr. Hayes—Well, Mr. Friend, it's pretty late in the day to start reading the bill now. I reckon the best way is for us to kind of explain to you what's in it. Then you can tell us how you feel about it.

Mr. Friend—I can read. But I ain't all the time bragging on it.

Mr. Loman—I bet you ain't.

Mr. Hayes—Well, lessee. Lessee now. Lessee how I can put it.

Mr. Friend—I never seen such a place in my life. They can't never do nothing thouten some man stands up and starts reading something. All the time showing off how good they can read. Up my way the people ain't got time for all this here reading.

Mr. Loman—They can read them pain killer ads though.

Mr. Hayes—Well, first off, Mr. Friend, you know what this here Evolution is, don't you?

Mr. Friend—Maybe.

Mr. Loman—You say maybe oncet more and maybe you stay where you're sitting and maybe you take a dive in that spittoon.

Mr. Friend—Yeah, I hear tell of it. I hear the preachers talk about it plenty of times.

Mr. Hayes—And you know what it is?

Mr. Friend—Mister, go ahead and do your talking. Don't worry about me. I'll git the hang of it time you git done.

Mr. Hayes—The main idea, the way I get it, is that men is descended from monkeys.

Mr. Friend—Hunh?

Mr. Loman—Dam, it does break my heart to think of the people of this State paying out their money for this.

Mr. Hayes—That men is descended from monkeys.

Mr. Friend—De— . . .?

Mr. Loman—Aw hell!

Mr. Hayes—Descended. You got a father, ain't you?

Mr. Friend—Doggone it, come on and say what you're gitting at. I'm tired of all this here funny talk. All the time using big words. All the time talking and nobody can't tell what it means. Sure I got a father. How you think I got here if I didn't have no father? What you ask me that for anyway?

Mr. Loman—Just to be onry.

Mr. Hayes—Keep out of this, will you Loman? It's hard enough without no help.

Mr. Loman—Why don't you go out there and talk to that tree?

Mr. Hayes—Because the tree ain't on the committee.

Mr. Loman—That's a dam shame.

Mr. Hayes—Mr. Friend, we ain't giving you no funny talk. We're explaining this here Evolution as good as we can, and we'd get along better if you would listen at what we're trying to tell you and quit all the time putting up a bum argument about how we're doing it.

Mr. Friend—I ain't ask you to explain me nothing. Go on and do your talking. I already told you I'll git the hang of it time you git done. I ain't never seen nothing yet I couldn't git the hang of.

Mr. Loman—If you was to get the hang of a manila rope, that would be a fine thing for the people of this State.

Mr. Hayes—All right, you got a father. And you got a grandfather, ain't you? Or maybe had one?

Mr. Friend—All right. All right. Just keep on with your funny talk. All right, Mister, now I'll ask *you* something. If I didn't have no grandfather, how would I have a father? How would my father of got here, hunh? Tell me that!

Mr. Loman—That's a tough one, all right.

Mr. Hayes—Loman, just as a favor to me, will you stay out of this and quit balling it up? All right. You want to get in it, you take him a while. See what you can do.

Mr. Loman—No, thanks. I pass.

Mr. Friend—You can read so good, tell me that.

Mr. Hayes—All right, Mr. Friend, you got a father and you got a grandfather. Now you're *descended* from your *father* and your *grandfather*, you got *that?* And your *father* and your *grandfather*, they're *descended* from *their father* and *their grandfather*, you got *that?* And so are *you* descended from their father and their grandfather, and *so* on and *so* on, you got *that?*

Mr. Friend—I already told you I ain't deef.

Mr. Hayes—And them *Evolutionists* says *men* is *descended* from *monkeys*.

Mr. Friend—You quit hollering at me.

Mr. Hayes—Hollering at you! Goddam it, I'll crown you with a brick in a minute!

Mr. Loman—Who's balling it up now?

Mr. Hayes—Well anyway, I ain't balling it up on purpose.

Mr. Friend—All the time hollering at me. I ain't going to take no more of it.

Mr. Hayes—Mr. Friend, did you hear what I just now told you about how them Evolutionists says men is descended from monkeys?

Mr. Friend—That's better, Mister. That's a whole lot better. You talk to me right, I'll talk to you right.

Mr. Loman—You hear that, don't you, Hayes? Now you know where you get off.

Mr. Hayes—Mr. Friend.

Mr. Friend—Hunh?

Mr. Hayes—Are we talking to suit yc this way? Is this all right, the way I' talking now?

Mr. Friend—But that ain't how you wa talking just now. You was hollering me.

Mr. Hayes—Never mind how I was tal ing just now. Am I talking to suit yc now?

Mr. Friend—And another thing, Miste I'll thank you to quit cussing at me. ain't no mule.

Mr. Hayes—All right, then.

Mr. Friend—I don't allow nobody to cu at me. You just as well understand th right now.

Mr. Hayes—Where was I at?

Mr. Loman—Where you was at was abo them monkeys, but was you going coming I wouldn't like to say.

Mr. Hayes—Oh yeah. Them monkey Now Mr. Friend, have you got it straight about that? About how the Evolutionists says men is descended fro monkeys?

Mr. Friend—Who says so?

Mr. Hayes—Them Evolutionists.

Mr. Friend—Ev— . . .?

Mr. Loman—I swear this is the wo crime I ever seen.

Mr. Hayes— —olutionists.

Mr. Friend—All right, Mister, keep up. Just keep it up. Some day the peo is going to find out how things is run this place. All the time showing off ho good they can read. All the time sho ing off how many big words they kno All the time making speeches and usi big words. I sit in that place over th every night for to help pass the law and then what? I can't never git t meaning of nothing. I can't never the meaning on account of all them words.

Mr. Hayes—Well, it ain't no other wo for these people we're talking abo Mr. Friend, so you just as well learn t one.

Mr. Loman—That's it. Just take a we off and learn it.

Mr. Friend—Why don't they talk so's somebody can understand them?

Mr. Hayes—All right, Mr. Friend, we won't argue about it. We'll just forget that word and go on with what we're doing.

Mr. Loman—What in the hell are we doing anyway?

Mr. Hayes—We'll just say there's some people that says this here, and not bother about no name for them at all. Have you got it straight what they say now? That men is descended from monkeys?

Mr. Friend—But I don't never git the right meaning of nothing.

Mr. Loman—Well, that's tough, but don't let it worry you none. You got plenty of company. If them delegates ever found out what they was voting for stead of getting descended from monkeys they would get ascended up into Heaven. 'Cause God is the only one knows, and even He ain't so dam sure.

Mr. Friend—Monkeys!

Mr. Hayes—That's what we're talking about, Mr. Friend. Monkeys.

Mr. Loman—Monkey-de-monk!

Mr. Friend—Ain't these people in this place got nothing better to do, Mister, than think up a whole lot of devilment about monkeys? Don't they never do no work?

Mr. Hayes—Never mind about whether they work or not, Mr. Friend. Have you got it straight about how men is descended from monkeys? Or supposed to be anyhow?

Mr. Friend—All the time thinking up some new kind of devilment. All the time showing off how good they can read. All the time showing off how many big words they know. Mister, what we talking about monkeys for, anyhow? Why ain't we talking about something that is some good? Why ain't we talking about is Flint Neck going to git their new schoolhouse?

Mr. Hayes—We've been all over that, Mr. Friend. The bills on them schoolhouses was referred jointly to the Committee on Education and the Ways and Means Committee and we're postponing action on them until the Ways and Means takes up the money part, and then we'll consider the Flint Neck schoolhouse on its merits same as all the rest. What we're considering now is the Evolution Bill and I'll appreciate it if you'll get your mind on that so we'll maybe have something to show for our time.

Mr. Friend—Let me tell you something, Mister. I got elected for to git Flint Neck their new schoolhouse and I ain't got no time to set around talking about monkeys.

Mr. Hayes—Loman, what in the hell am I going to do about this?

Mr. Loman—I don't know. I never seen nothing like it in my life.

Mr. Friend—Them people needs that schoolhouse, Mister. They got hard times, and if some of them don't git some money working on the new schoolhouse I don't see how they're going to eat.

Mr. Hayes—Because look here, Loman, if we don't get three to vote on it I ain't so sure we can report the bill out at all. Anyway not without a whole lot of jockeying around on the floor.

Mr. Loman—That's the hell of it.

Mr. Hayes—But how I'm going to keep this up I don't know. I ain't even got past the monkeys yet.

Mr. Loman—If he ain't even got it straight about the monkeys he's going to have a hell of a time with the Bible.

Mr. Friend—Hunh?

Mr. Hayes—Nothing at all, Mr. Friend. We was just talking about how we could explain it to you a little better.

Mr. Friend—You was mumbling about that Bible.

Mr. Loman—*That* Bible! It ain't only one Bible.

Mr. Friend—It weren't my Bible! My Bible was in the house all the time!

Mr. Hayes—Oh my God!

Mr. Friend—And it weren't my still! I already told them it weren't my still! It was on my place but I never knowed nothing about it! It was way down by the creek!

Mr. Loman—Anh-hanh. Anh-hanh.

Mr. Friend—Lemme alone! Quit putting on me about that Bible!

Mr. Loman—Anh-hanh. So you're the guy the Flint Neck Ku Klux was talking about last month, hey? Using a Bible to prop up the pipe with, where it run down from the still to the coil? Anh-hanh. Well, a fine delegate to the Legislature you turned out to be!

Mr. Friend—Lemme alone! It weren't my Bible!

Mr. Hayes—Loman, I swear to God I don't know which is the dumbest, you or this guy or the monkeys. Now look what you done. How the hell am I *ever* going to get this thing through his nut if you go on like this scaring the hell out of him about his still? What do we care if he was running a still?

Mr. Loman—No, but what gets me is a bum like that that gets elected to the Legislature and then they find a still on his place. And propped up with a Bible.

Mr. Hayes—I don't care if it was propped up with a couple of Bibles and a hymnbook. I'm trying to get something done here and if you'll just kindly keep your mouth the hell out of it maybe we'll get done by corn-planting time.

Mr. Loman—All right.

Mr. Hayes—You got a spare handkerchief? Thanks. I ain't sweat so much since I used to pitch hay.

Mr. Friend—Lemme alone! I'm going out of this place! I'm going home!

Mr. Loman—Set down! Set down and quit that blubbering and listen at what Mr. Hayes is telling you or I'll take a poke at you. You hear me?

Mr. Hayes—Now Mr. Friend, I already told you about how them people says men is *descended from monkeys!*

Mr. Loman—*Monkeys—you get it?*

Mr. Hayes—And that there monkey stuff is *all crossed up with the Bible!*

Mr. Loman—*Bible—what you prop up your still with!*

Mr. Hayes—The Adam and Eve pa
'cause men couldn't be descended fr
monkeys and Adam and Eve both!

Mr. Loman—*Couldn't be descended from b*
—you get it?

Mr. Hayes—So this here bill says th
can't teach that stuff no more and th
we throw out all the monkey books a
buy new books in their place and *tha*
all there is to it!

Mr. Loman—That's all. Just buy ne
books and *that's all there is to it!*

Mr. Hayes—So that's the bill *and n*
what do you say on it?

Mr. Friend—Lemme alone! I don't kn
nothing about no bill!

Mr. Hayes—Mr. Friend, listen. It do
make no difference which way you vo
yes or no. 'Cause even if you're in fav
of this here monkey stuff it'll be two
one the other way and all we want y
to do is say yes or no for the record. No
will you please say *one way or the other,*
or no?

Mr. Friend—Lemme alone!

Mr. Loman—Well, Hayes, there you a

Mr. Hayes—Loman, I'm going to rep
this guy to the Speaker. I don't know
anything can be done about it, but I
going to find out. I'm going to rep
him at the night session. You're rig
This here is a right down swindle on
taxpayers. Just think of it! A great m
measure like this here Evolution
being held up by a bum like that!

Mr. Loman—They ought to send him b
to Flint Neck. That's where he wants
go and they ought to let him.

Mr. Friend—I'm agin it.

Mr. Hayes }
Mr. Loman } What was that?

Mr. Friend—I'm agin this here bill. P
ing out a whole lot of money for m
books and——

Mr. Loman—Whoops!

Mr. Hayes—By gosh we're done! H
voted, and he's agin it, and we're do

Mr. Friend—All the time paying
money for books. . . . Reading. . . .
words. . . . Monkeys. . . .

SAPPING DAY

BY JIM TULLY

WE HAD drifted, as casual as the dawn, into a scrawny town in a Western State. It was fringed with mountains, the tops of which were covered with snow and outlined in granleur against the sky. Bright Eyes Thomas was with me.

So long had we been out of touch with civilization that we knew not the day of he week or the month. And neither did we care.

The town had for years been the headquarters of a famous railroad detective. His name was a hissing among yeggs and hoboes.

Different members of the fraternity had hreatened his life many times. We arrived hree days after it had been taken at last. At an age when most boys are in school, he story of the man's death made a trong impression on us.

For over twenty years he had given no quarter to roving members of the underworld.

Months before, while on another coast o coast trip, I was seated at the horse-shoe unch counter of the railroad restaurant in his headquarters town. A hobo, full of iquor and loquacity, was seated near me. He was performing the kind act of buying me food.

A man with a huge sombrero, a Masonic watch charm, a diamond ring on his little inger, and a frown on his dark face, seated himself next to my benefactor. My heart umped fast. I knew from many descripions that it was Arizona Slim, the hated detective. But my friend, being in that tate which admitted even detectives into his company, expanded toward him.

"Join us in some grub, 'bo. Take some Java too; it's colder'n hell wit' the lid off outside. You may as well eat on me."

I nudged my companion.

"I'll buy my own grub," came the rasping answer. "Do you know who you're talkin' to?"

"No," replied the friend of humanity, "and I don't give a damn. I'm Syracuse Jake."

"Git up and walk," was the sudden command.

The heavy woman at the counter now interceded.

"Let them eat, Slim. They're not hurtin' anything, God knows."

I glanced at the detective, at the food, and at the woman.

As if to even the score, she was known in whatever parts of the world American hoboes traveled as a square shooter. She never refused them food, and often gave them money. Many of them repaid her from far places.

Arizona Slim motioned to the door, and pulled a revolver from his pocket.

He looked sternly at the woman.

"I'm a-runnin' this show. They can't hang around here for the Limited. Let 'em work and pay their way."

"But let 'em eat, anyhow," from the woman.

"The less they eat, the sooner they'll work."

"Well, you can't keep 'em from takin' food with 'em," turning to us. "Here boys, I'll wrap you up some doughnuts."

"No, you won't," jerked Arizona Slim. "Let's walk!" He touched our sides with the revolver.

A gust of wind blew snow in our faces as the door opened.

"Well, Slim, your day'll come," the woman's voice followed us.

The Limited was due in about an hour.

For some distance we walked ahead of the detective.

"Keep on a-walkin'. Don't stop, and don't turn around, for if you do I'll put a bullet in your domes."

We walked onward through the whirling snow. My loquacious friend expostulated on the ingratitude of mankind.

"I wanted to feed him, and look what he done."

I stopped him with "Let's forget that; we want the blind baggage of the Limited."

My friend immediately reached a decision. He pulled a dented Ingersoll watch from his pocket.

"He'll beat it back in the warm. Dicks hate the cold like they hate us."

We walked swiftly to an open space along the track.

"The Limited'll come in a little while now." He began to gather wood with, "Help me, kid."

In a short time we had a fire burning.

"Slim'll come out to see what's the matter, and we'll sneak back by a roundabout way an' grab the Limited."

When the Limited left the station we were aboard. As it dashed by the fire we saw Arizona Slim gazing earnestly about.

His death was attributed to many men.

Years before, a yegg had shot at him from ambush, and missed.

The quick-witted detective fell to the earth and lay still. When the yegg walked toward his prostrate body, the detective shot him dead. The exploit covered Arizona Slim with glory.

Once again, under a blistering sun, he heard a shot, and fell to the ground. He lay for two hours, silent as chaos.

No one approached him.

At last he rose.

Two bullets ripped his life away.

II

Knowing that innocent vagrants we often punished for crimes they did n commit, we left the town immediatel and walked nearly forty miles to a wate tank at which it was said that now a then a freight train stopped.

And there we lingered, two days a two nights, worn out but unable to res with swollen feet and sand-whipt eye with cracked lips and dried throats.

The detective's death had incensed t citizens along a thousand miles of railroa

In the country of the enemy, and other railroad within several hundr miles, with sand and sage desolation about us, young in years but old in t ways of the road, we kept to the st right-of-way.

We learned in the next few days th every Mexican laborer would share t last bite of his tortilla with a road kid.

We knew very little Spanish, but were long schooled in the gestures of pai so we made ourselves understood.

We came to the box-car home of Mexican section foreman. Red and pi geraniums rioted in the center of a yello grass-covered yard.

Just married, the man's eldest daugh had gone to live in Amarillo. The fat was overjoyed. She had married beyo her station—a railroad engineer.

Another daughter, our own age, mained at home. Father and child help us to the remnants of the wedding fea

There was a vast quantity of tequi a highly potent Mexican liquor, made fr a species of cactus.

We remained at the house until late t evening.

A cadaverous wanderer strolled into yard. He was tall and gaunt. His che were hollow. His eyes opened and shut rapidly as the ticking of a watch.

Angelina, the girl, arose as he as hoarsely, "How's chances for some gr folks? I hain't eat since mornin'. willin' to pay."

The Mexican, without a word, stood and motioned him into the house. The ge table with its red oil-cloth still ntained enough for several men.

Once he was seated, the stranger's long ns reached for food in all directions. e Mexican handed him a large drink of uila. He swallowed it as though it were ter. His glass was filled again.

We sat about the table as he ate. No one oke. His appetite half satisfied, he finally oked at Bright Eyes and myself.

"Which way, 'boes?"

"West," I answered.

"There's a freight outta here at mid- ght—easy ridin', they say. I'm layin' for it." He extended his glass.

"So are we," said Bright Eyes.

There was upon him a pallor of prison at the elements had not yet obliterated.

He caught my gaze.

"What you lookin' at, kid?"

"Nothing," I evaded.

The liquor made his eyes shine. A fit coughing seized him. It became so olent that the kindly Mexican and his ughter looked at each other in alarm.

I rose with Bright Eyes.

"We'd better be leavin', 'bo," I said, otioning to our benefactor. "He's got go to work in the morning."

The vagabond tried to stand erect. The y of the liquor roared in his head. utching the edge of the table, he finally cceeded.

We thanked the Mexicans and walked wly down the track with our new com- le.

He gasped several times, and held his ht hand to his chest. He walked with nt legs. The upper part of his torso was rown forward. His feet scraped the ound. His eyes blinked constantly. His e was twisted with agony, as though walked barefooted on hot steel.

Ghostlike and ghastly, he was the color a man upon whom was the dust of the ave.

He suddenly grabbed at his temples, and claimed, "Holy God, my head!"

He began to sink. We helped him along the uneven road-bed.

"It'll soon be my turn, kid," he groaned between gasps. "Half a lung left." He threw his head back. His blinking eyes looked at the star-dotted sky. "The other cons, they said, 'You may's well git him—you'll croak before they git you anyhow.'" He breathed heavily, his hands upon our shoulders.

"He got me sent up for five years—breakin' an' enterin'. He said it was me, an' the judge took his word—an' I never did it—never had the nerve to steal—always a workin' stiff. But I said, 'Slim, if I ever git out, it's you or me.' I'd o' been waitin' there yet till he got up."

We listened without surprise or comment. Our creed, early inculcated, was to tell on no man.

We helped him into an empty box-car of the midnight freight.

Exhausted, he stretched his emaciated body on the splintery floor. He was soon asleep.

Early the next morning, the train was surrounded and searched. We were arrested by a group of citizens and placed in the calaboose.

The sun was not visible. Rain threatened.

III

A dozen vagabonds were already in the jail.

"I'll bet they're goin' to sap up on us, 'cause somebody plugged Arizoner Slim," one vagrant said upon our entrance.

Hundreds of men paraded about the small town. They had come from miles around.

We soon learned that we were to be made the victims of a rustic celebration, known in the district as Sapping Day.

Stripped to the waist, we were released from jail that afternoon and made to run the gauntlet.

We had been given no food. "A lean horse runs fast," said a middle-aged rustic.

We were marched to the end of a lane.

Our cadaverous friend coughed often as we marched.

Lined up on each side of the lane, hundreds of men awaited us. They were well supplied with clubs, stones, and long rattan whips.

At a signal we started to run.

On both sides of us were the leering and tobacco-stained faces of rustics, old, middle-aged and young. The lashing of long whips could be heard on naked skin. The hoboes grunted and staggered on. We, the despised and rejected, ran as if it were part of the day's work.

We had not gone far when two old vagabonds fell exhausted to the ground.

A group of rustics gathered about them.

Mud was thrown in their aged faces. They tried to ward off the brutality by holding their arms over their eyes. They were kicked in the sides. Hard hands slapped viciously against their hollow cheeks.

"We'll teach you, damn you, to stay 'way from honest men," a rustic in a rubber collar shouted. As if to better shield themselves from the fury, the two old codgers turned on their stomachs and buried their faces in the mud.

A farmer spat tobacco juice in their ears. They took it in silence.

A vagrant made an attempt to carry one of them with him. He was slammed across the arms with clubs until forced to drop his burden.

Clubs and stones crashed against our feet. Ahead was freedom. How far we knew not. The distance seemed miles: as if we were forced to run through the whole State of Kansas.

With faces set and pain roaring in our heads, we ran on. Weak victims of derision and disaster, we were still strong in endurance of pain.

A flat stone ricocheted from the bleeding shoulders of one runner and struck another. The rustics yelled with delight.

"I'll bet you can't bounce one off their heads," one of them in mud-stained overalls yelled.

"I'll bet I kin," was the answer. second man ran along throwing rocks.

A rope was stretched across the gau let. Some jumped it, others rolled und and others dashed against it. The imp of running bodies upon the hemp spraw the hay tossers on the ground.

They rose in anger and blasphemy.

A rock crashed into the cadaver vagrant's eye. It closed, blue and swoll as suddenly as if a curtain had been pul over it. A whip hissed around his mid Another long lash tied about his neck pulled him to the ground.

Bright Eyes jerked the whip from ab the sick man's neck amid a hail of sto and clubs. He lifted him up. The vagra now blind in one eye, started to run of the gauntlet. A fist crashed into other eye.

"Damn your yap hearts!" he scream

He stumbled and fell to his kn Moaning, his hands tore at his ach and swollen eyes.

A lion's heart beat in his vagab body. Blind as justice, he managed stagger, with feet apart, erect. "Come you rube bastards! I'll eat your God d hearts for turnips!" he yelled.

They closed in about him and rat clubs and stones against his wasted b Manure-stained hands pounded at The blood formed around many abrasi His lips were swollen and large as livers of hogs. His long hair, covered yellow mud, stuck to his head as had been dipped in glue.

Battered, unbroken, unsinkable, a dead victim in the net of circumsta he was still strong enough to de horde of yokels.

"My God, they'll kill him!" an tramp screamed. He started to help. handle of a scythe cracked across ankle. His leg doubled like a jack under him.

Four of us shouldered our way to courageous and cadaverous lunger. A mass of bleeding and puffed pulp, his lashed unknowingly at us.

I jerked his head downward and yelled i his ear, "We're your pals—we'll get ou out of this—come on!" A fist caught e in the back of the neck and crashed y head against the lunger's.

Bright Eyes grabbed his one arm, I nother. Two other vagabonds cleared the ay as much as possible.

Once in the open, we made a pocket in hich he could run. His ears were raw d puffed. His nose was flat and bloody ainst his face. A gullied scar ran across is forehead.

Tequila affects the heart for days after debauch like no other liquid. But still e ran.

At last, coatless, hatless, with bleeding, w, and aching bodies, we stumbled and aggered out of reach of our persecutors. he cadaverous rover was far in the lead.

The rain began to pour in torrents.

Exhausted, we reached an enclosure ade of rotten railroad ties. The roof was omposed of box-car doors, crudely spiked gether. Warped by the sun, and decayed y time, it was now a sieve through hich the rain poured.

IV

e huddled near the sides of this enosure.

The wind-driven rain whistled over the ithered weeds and grass. The sky was e color of wet slate, a dismal black-grey. ater dripped everywhere. It turned red d fell from our naked shoulders. A forrn and bedraggled gathering of vagaonds, we smiled even more forlornly at a ffian who attempted to start a fire.

He struck wet matches against wet ood. He then patted his naked breast keep the blood flowing. Others followed s example.

The rain rattled more heavily on the eve-like roof. It gathered in the footints of animals in the mud. Dead leaves ere plastered to the ground.

The air turned much colder.

The rain turned to hail.

It fell clear and hard as crystals; the wind whistled more sharply.

An ancient cottonwood crashed near the enclosure, as though cut to the ground with silver bullets.

A rift of blue shone momentarily in the dismal grey welter.

Dejected and half naked rascals all, we looked upward as though it were a road in paradise.

"That means it'll rain a month—blue through hail—that's what," a shivering hobo volunteered.

"I wonder if them two old bums that fainted are layin' out in the rain yit," said another.

"No," sneered a third. "The yaps brought 'em umbrellars. They always do that. Why, there ain't nothin' kinder hearted than a yap, 'less it's two yaps."

"Blue through hail," again put in the shivering vagabond. "It done that way the time o' the Big Flood. The Lord, He stood in His gum boots an' says to Moses, 'Bring Noaher in outta the wet—he'll git the anermals damp.'"

"Gosh, you're funny," a voice croaked.

"I may not be funny, but I kin tell when it's goin' to rain a month."

The cadaverous man weakly attempted to push a wet hand through wet, mud-plastered hair. He gasped, "I'd like to know who the hell sent me out to see the world in the rain." He coughed violently.

"Back to Arizona fer you, 'bo," the bedraggled weather prognosticator said. "God's a'callin' another one of His tired hoboes home." Another chortled, "You ain't goin' to see nothing fer a long time, 'bo. Don't you worry none 'bout that."

The hail clattered fiercely on the roof.

"If I ever git to where the sun shines, I'll never leave," the cadaverous derelict grunted between fits of coughing. "I won't die shiverin' like a drowned rat, anyhow."

"Well, if you'll jist be patient boys, I'll drive to the clothin' store in my limmyzine an' bring you all nice new fur coats and silk nighties. I know you boys are cold." An old beggar's mouth twisted in a toothless, sardonic grin.

"Who do you think you're kiddin'?" a voice asked irritably.

"Nobody—but the next time somebody wants to kill Arizona Slim, I wish to Gawd they'd do it while I'm takin' my vacation at Monte Carlo."

The cadaverous man turned closed eyes toward the speaker and coughed again. He held clawlike hands to his heaving, naked chest. Lacerated by life, and torn with suffering, his face was now a mass of wrinkles and wounds.

"I think I'll lay down," he half coughed, "I can stand it no more."

The water sloshed between his shoulders as he stretched out on the wet ground. For a moment he lay with mouth wide open. Then he tried to sit up. There followed a sound as though water gurgled in his throat. He clutched his thin neck as if to keep the last breath from escaping. His bony hands went downward. His body stiffened. His heels struck the ground twice. Then he lay still.

V

Pity strangled the lowest rascal into silence. Not a man moved for a moment. With puffed lips, black and blue eyes, and bloody bodies, they stood with reverence profound.

A monstrous proof of the innate brutality of man, his so-called brother, the dead lunger resembled an ogre, distorted, horrible, nauseating.

The hurt of life surged in my heart. I gripped the arm of Bright Eyes.

The hail peltered. A faraway engine shrieked.

"What a hell of a way to die!" said Bright Eyes with heavy heart.

His words broke the tension.

"What's the difference? You kin see his soul goin' over there now." A withered derelict pointed to a wisp of low cloud through which the hail fell. All looked at the cloud.

"He was goin' to croak where the s
shines—that's how much he *knew*," sneer
the weather prognosticator. "He croak
where his beloved Saviour wanted him
croak—that's what."

"Maybe he'll meet Arizoner Slim a
git a coat to face Jesus in. He can't git
Heaven lookin' that way," decided t
derelict who had pointed at the cloud.

"Jesus'll take him in any old way—
was jist a hobo like us," said a dour fell
who had not spoken before.

"Well, Jesus never run into no Sappi
Day," was the cloud pointer's rejoind

"The hell He didn't," the dour vagra
retorted quickly. "He died among thiev
like him layin' here."

He looked at the dead man's sho
"His kicks are better'n mine."

He removed them swiftly.

A worn dollar bill fell from betwe
the leather and lining of the left sho
Five hands reached for the money. T
weather prognosticator clutched it.

The other rascals stood about, nervo
as sea gulls over food that had vanishe

"Come on—divvy up," demanded se
eral.

"What do you want me to do—tear
in little pieces?" He pocketed the mon
defiantly.

The hail ceased. The wind subside
The sun filtered through clouds that scu
ried.

"We gotta lot o' coats to bum; we bett
beat it," someone suggested.

A mendicant looked ruefully at t
dead wastrel.

"We hadden oughta leave him here
The words were said dolefully.

"What do you mean—leave him her
Do you wanta build a monurment ov
him? He's dead, *ain't he?*"

A river to the east could be heard sur
ing with swollen water.

Far above us, the buzzards sailed in g
rations of beauty.

Without further parley, we left the e
closure and walked under the shini
sun.

MRS. KEMPER

BY RUTH SUCKOW

ISN'T she a bedraggled-looking piece?" That was what Belle Farmer, fat and coarsely vigorous, sitting in the ocal beauté shoppe and having her bobbed ray hair marcelled, said when Mrs. Kemer went past. It was what other people ought but were not brutal enough to say. 'o state such things was, perhaps, the hief usefulness of Belle Farmer in the ommunity.

It did really describe Mrs. Kemper exctly! But she lived in a good house, a hite-painted frame house just outside own, with mowed lawn and flowers and bird-bath. In the living-room, she had ose silk draperies and tapestry-covered urniture, just as in town. The Kempers ad enough so that Mr. Kemper could hire is farming done. They were not counted mong the country people. Mr. Kemper as a director in one of the banks, and they ere good members of the Congregational hurch. They had sent their two boys to ollege.

And besides these material advantages, Irs. Kemper was an Easterner, her speech ad a refined softening of the r's that ounded like culture, and she had taught the high-school before she married Mr. emper. As a matter of course, she had een taken into the principal study club. he was always counted among "the dies" in this little town. Her personality as protected against primitive comment om anyone but a Belle Farmer or a stranger.

She seemed to accept the full protection f her circumstances. In the club she ocasionally put or seconded a motion of her wn accord. She was one of the first to elcome new church attendants, and she brought the arrival of strangers in town to the attention of the minister and his wife. She patronized Essie Whittie, a half-wit and the town's one object of charity, like the other ladies. She did all these things with a certain poise, as if she had told herself that her position gave her the right and the obligation.

And yet she did them with a nervous obliqueness, too. When she made a call, even upon the minister's wife over whom—because she and Mr. Kemper were such well-paying members—she felt a bit of rightful although respectful authority, she rocked too much, one foot always pushing at the floor, and her sallow hands fumbling at the chair arms. When she rose to put a motion in the club, she never got quite away from her chair, never took her hand from the back, and in her voice there was a determination to assert her rightful place prevailing resentfully over a fearful timidity. At first, talking to strangers, although her voice was refined and controlled, she did not look at them; and when she did, with a quick sort of inadvertency or that same determination, both turned away ashamed.

With Essie Whittie, her relations were the most painful of all. A pretense had to be maintained of Mrs. Kemper as patroness and Essie the humble and grateful beneficiary. And yet it was as if Mrs. Kemper was a fraud in that rôle, and both of them knew it. Nervousness fluttered the refinement of her voice, although she sat with great dignity. Other ladies were at their blandest and most assured with Essie. But Mrs. Kemper feared that primitive quality. It took off her protection with a crude contemptuousness and left her a bedraggled-looking piece.

When she entertained the club, the ladies said how nice it was out here in the country. She smiled, with that painful assumption of poise that always diffused an atmosphere of shame about her. Yes, they thought it was nice, she said nervously. She and Mr. Kemper had thought of moving to town, but they really preferred this. She tried to accept praise for the improvements, the furniture and the curtains, with a conviction she could never make quite real. When they praised the refreshments and envied her the country cream, they were all made uneasy by the sense of that pained sickishness underlying her manner. It was as if these things did not really belong to Mrs. Kemper and she could not quite claim credit for them. The guests felt as if they had made a mistake somewhere.

Only when they admired her phlox, her manner brightened. Her other flowers were only so-so—"did pretty well." But she had a genuine knack at raising phlox, and for the warmly fragrant, tufted masses of white and rose and magenta bloom, her smile did for the moment take a pleased credit. "Mrs. Kemper has nice phlox," the ladies occasionally said to each other, and with a relieved gratification, as if they were glad to be able to say that much, at least.

After the ladies were gone, the living-room was warm and disordered and the kitchen full of the best thin dishes, with genteel débris of cake crumbs and melted pink ice cream. An afterglow of hospitality spread through the house in the long low slants of country sunlight that fell now through the west windows. Mrs. Kemper paused in the living-room, momentarily warmed and enlivened, deceived by the polite thanks of the good-byes and the gratification of entertaining into feeling herself one of the ladies. Mrs. Butters, who helped out for all the principal families, was washing dishes in the sunny kitchen. "Well, I think your angel cake turned out real good, Mrs. Kemper," she said. Mrs. Kemper tried to talk with Mrs. Butt about the refreshments and the house, always with that furtive uncertainty, same that she felt with Essie Whittie as if Mrs. Butters were going to see throu her somehow or other.

"Well, I guess here comes somebo wants a little of these refreshments too Mrs. Butters said heartily when Mr. Ke per came to the kitchen door. "You bet set down, Mr. Kemper, before it's all et I don't know, though," she add "whether you deserve any of these go things for not getting back while any the ladies was here."

Mr. Kemper seemed to be surprised Mrs. Butters' good-natured attack, but enjoy it. Mrs. Kemper became more certain and subdued when he entered, a she lost the dignity of her hostess attitu They could cook him a supper, she sa fry him some eggs—

"My goodness, a man that couldn't satisfied with good things like this!" M Butters cried. She knew how the ot families did on club days.

And yet there was something in just h ing Mrs. Butters, in making the arran ments and paying her and sending her h with angel cake, as the other ladies After she had left, the talk died out in kitchen.

"Are you having enough, Arthur?"

"Hm? Oh yes, plenty."

II

She went into the living-room, stoo moment at the screened door, and went out on to the lawn where she i and wandered. She looked across the p ant slope of their land, green as far as could see, and bright under the eve light—the elm trees tall and leafy, an the other side the plain and useful dig of the big barns—looked with a timid fulness;—hurt and resentful, too, as i wished she dared really claim it all.

She was never sure of herself on her ground. She was never certain that she een given the right to take this homelike easantness into her heart. She averted er eyes with that veiled and sickened fear, d turned back to the neat refuge of her rden. She touched with her fingers the ugh stone warmth of the bird bath, alked over the fresh grass, and stood be- de the phlox. She touched these almost ith authority, brushing off a cobweb and sentangling two flower masses—they ere hers, they did well for her. She bent d smelled the warm fragrance, . . . and en she stood, her face lifted and averted, er figure still against the sky of early ening—it was all so quiet, so peaceful d yet living, the green fields and green stures stretching away, and two moths ere in the garden hovering over the sweet- ss of the phlox. If she only dared enter to the heart of the place!

She went back into the living-room. Mr. emper was sitting there. He was trying get something to suit him on the radio. here was a wavering about her figure in e doorway; she overcame it and entered e room. He looked up; then, between acklings of the static, asked her:

"Well, did it go off all right?"

In her careful, refined speech, with a nge of shy gratitude, she told him that it d. But he did not go on to talk to her, or let her talk. He turned off the radio, went rough the kitchen and out of the house. e dared never feel quite sure that he did ot leave a room because she came into it— though his manner was friendly enough, bleak, and he had never hinted at such a ing. She did things to the room—ar- nged the ornaments on the table, exam- ed a rent in a cushion cover—claiming it that way, and unaware of the timidity her manner; unaware most of the time the reason for her halting approach to erything and everybody, for that sickish- ss that underlay and spoiled all her at- mpts at sociability and dignity.

It was quiet at home with the boys both one. Mrs. Kemper dreaded the silent even- gs with her husband. Perhaps he dreaded em, too.

She went into the downstairs bedroom where the ladies had left their hats. But she avoided the reflection of herself in the wide mirror in the evening light. She would not actually take into her consciousness the thin figure in the nicely made Summer dress of good material—not actually accept as herself the sunken chest and protruding stomach, the thin and sallow neck and sallow face and faded hair, to realize that she had been allowed to sink into this dim disguise.

Yet Mrs. Kemper was not so meek as she looked. The ladies in the club had found that out once or twice. She had her sense of dignity. She felt the claims of her refinement and competence and intelligence that could never quite take their due. She was resentful now, standing beside the bedroom window with its sheer curtains and looking out at a bed of tiger lilies, resentful that a never resolved fear kept her from owning this that was hers.

She wandered through the house. It was too late to see to read, too early to turn on the lights. Her footsteps through the empty house had a restless loneliness.

It was darker upstairs. The doors of the boys' rooms were closed. Charles was married and in business for himself. Wilbur was through school and working in Chicago—engaged, his parents thought, although Wilbur hadn't said anything; they weren't sure. Mrs. Kemper went on into her own room. She loved her sons, but never closely. She was undemonstrative with them. Something had always kept her a little apart from them, as if she dared not quite claim them, too. And they were fond of her, but she was in the background.

In her bedroom the light was dim. It gave a strangeness to the familiar furniture . . . so that after coming into the room she seemed to forget just what she had come to do, and stood there. . . .

Sunk into the silence, into the dim light, it seemed as if her self-consciousness was lost and all the old half-forgotten—yet never forgotten—things had their chance to rise and possess her. Her throat and her breast ached with them. She had to remember the lovely figure of her husband's sweetheart, the girl he had been in love with, and whom she could never be quite sure that he had forgotten—she had to see it as it was in the photograph, the breast so rounded and small in the tightness of the taffeta basque, and the round throat, round chin, dark eyes under the fringe of dark hair.

She had to remember all that old history. Some of it was only hearsay to her—the illness and the death, the very personality of Arthur's sweetheart . . . but with irresistible painstaking, she must go over again all the details of it. She herself had come from the East and was teaching in the high-school; and she had been living with her aunt next door to Arthur Kemper; and Arthur had started going with her, and then one night he had asked her to marry him. She had to live again through the tentative delight, the halt, and the long sickening uncertainty.

He had asked her to marry him. When she thought of it, that night after he had asked her, a happiness seemed to grow and grow in her until it was just about to bloom, . . . but it could not, chilled by the fear that he did not love her, did not really want her, had only taken her out of weariness because the other girl was dead. The staying and crushing of the bloom hurt her, so that even now she moved her head a little in pain.

But anger invaded her again. He had married her. He had taken her. They had two sons. She was his wife. She was Mrs. Kemper. Why need she feel this way?—Again she must go over, with that same painstaking minuteness, the evidences that still kept her fear uncertainty. After the wedding, when they were alone together for a moment, he had put his arm around her and said, "Well, I guess it's us two now, Caroline." And when she was so sick, after Wilbur was born, she remembered that one glimpse of him standing uncertain and awkward in his concern, and then driving off twenty miles through the cold for another doctor. And when she been sick again, just a few years ago, the doctor here didn't seem to be help her, he had said himself, "Well, I gu I'll have to take you up to Rocheste And he had kissed her sometimes, even these last years, of his own accord—wh Charles was married (the night after tha and when they got news that her fat was dead. And then once Mr. Welling had said, "I tell you, we fellows that m ried good wives are lucky," and Mr. Ke per had agreed: "That's so, all righ And he was good to her, gave her all needed, had wanted himself to refurn the house, and seemed to be satisfied he . . . She went over every one of these thi to get the full savor out of them. They c vinced—almost—of course he cared for h But there was something needed to co plete them. He had never once said, "I l you."

Again, over the timid sweetness of th memories, there flooded the whole of fear and her resentment. She could ne ask. She feared to end the fear, lest she dispossessed finally and altogether. E in this dusk, she must keep her eyes aver from the faded, drooping image in mirror—the pale eyes sought for reassura but could not ask it, the thin breasts seeched it and sagged in humility, hands trembled and could not reach, and without that word, the eyes had ne dared to brighten, or the breasts to blo the hands had wavered and clenched certainly and never dared to touch. dared not claim her sons because she co never be sure that love had conceived th She dared not take her place among women who had received the certain c secration of that crown. When she loo at the Parkins girl, and Mollie Regus, laws now both of them, an awful e seared her; for although she bore the t they had been taken in desire. She da not look a low and primitive creature Essie Whittie in the eye.

What was she doing in this room? It a strange place. She could not claim terrible intimacy that only increased her solitude. Lonely and restless once more, avoiding the sight of the mirror, of the bed with its smooth counterpane, she went downstairs and out on to the lawn again.

There she had the pleasant sight of the house and the fields and the barn. The feelings of the bedroom were only imaginings. She thought: Why, I have a nice home, two sons, a good husband—all she had ever dreamed of having. . . . She tried to make that statement end the uncertainty. She tried to take the pleasantness of the farmyard in the Summer evening light into her heart and let her heart rest in its peace.

But then she began wandering again. She had forgotten for a moment what she was thinking . . . she paused near the phlox, and touched the bloom. But even that she did not take into her hands. Yes, she had a good home, two sons, a good husband, . . . but she could never take possession of them. All her own treasures were sunk within herself, within this drooping pallor, and could never be loosened — brightness, laughter, tenderness, bloom, . . . she had been a shy girl, prim, and not very pretty, sensitive under the primness, . . . yet she felt that all this was sunk within her, and that she could not possess even herself without the key that had never been laid in her hand.

She wrung her hands with a little secret gesture. Then she moved to the house through her uncertainty.

III

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Kemper drove into town. Mrs. Kemper went into Dodd's Dry Goods to do some shopping. She went timidly through the doorway, in a dim dread; then with dignity enforced over her reluctance, she went up to the counter and asked to see some goods. She had a right, she was Mrs. Kemper, everyone knew that she had means—and who was this clerk but Gertie Evans, a spinster, brittle and bleached? She would insist on the kind of goods she wanted. Other ladies came in. They spoke to her about the church. She was pleased with her purchase. . . . But going out of the store, she turned her eyes away from having to meet her dim and drooping reflection in the window glass, and hurried, shoulders bent, feet moving nervously—the aversion was only a habit, she had forgotten why she felt it, as usually she did forget. The sunshine was pleasant out there on the street and their car was waiting.

People spoke to her. She was Mrs. Kemper. But Mrs. Hallie Davis, looking down from her beauté shoppe, frowned impatiently, resenting that nervous manner and sunken figure—remembering what Belle Farmer had said, and wondering why *she* need look like such a bedraggled piece: a woman who had a nice home, and a good husband, someone to look after her, and not a real trouble in the world.

EDITORIAL

To be a fraud is safer and happier in Washington today than it has been since March 4, 1911. For James A. Reed, after eighteen years in the Senate, has hung up his sword and gone home to Missouri. His achievements, I suspect, are mainly writ in water. The cozeners and quacksalvers, thumbing their noses at his back, emerge from their dark retreats and prepare for an open season for gulls; there are deep, patriotic belches of relief in the very cloakrooms of the Senate itself. But let us not ask for too much. So were Grover Cleveland's achievements writ in water, and so, mainly, were Thomas Jefferson's. It is surely not unusual, under democracy, for a first-rate man to fail.

The stature of such a man as Reed is not to be counted by his successes. The important thing is that he fights. Were there greater gladiators in the Senate in the Golden Age? I presume to doubt it. There were, perhaps, more lordly ones, more dramatic ones, more statuesque and Roman ones, but certainly there was never a more effective one. The forensic talents of the man are really almost unparalleled. He is, for our time, the supreme artist in assault, as his erstwhile colleague Borah is the supreme artist in evasion and escape. His skill is founded upon a profound and penetrating intelligence, and informed by what amounts to a great æsthetic passion. There are subtleties in the art he practises, as in any other, and he is the master of all of them. The stone-ax is not his weapon, but the rapier, and he knows how to make it go through stone and steel.

On the evening of March 3, 1921, wandering about Washington, I happened into the Senate press-gallery. The immortal Harding, with the death sign of the Jesuits already upon him, was to be inaugurated twenty-ninth President of the United States the next day. Wilson was going out; so were many Senators; the Senate chamber was crowded. At nine o'clock or thereabout Reed caught the Vice-President's eye and stepped into the aisle. It was plain at a glance that he was in good form. His shoulders were thrown back; his eyes flashed; his fine head was carried superbly his voice, when he began, was bell-like in its tone. There ensued one of the most terrific speeches it has ever been my fortune to hear. It was short, but it was genuinely stupendous. I hung on it like a yokel fascinated by a Methodist bishop. At the end of it there was a silence as eloquent as the trumps of doom.

The subject was the Wilson "idealism," that shabby sham, by Calvinism out of McGuffey's Fourth Reader. The speech, in form, was a funeral oration upon that "idealism," now going out to make way for the even viler brand of Harding and the Elks. The roar of noble music was in it and the shattering blast of machine-guns It was a philippic of austere and classical cut. There was no easy gloating and no maudlin mourning. Reed exposed no wounds, complained of no atrocities showed no feeling. The thing was simpl a masterpiece of corrosive logic. In half a hour the Wilson flummery was turned inside out, exposed in all its flatulent fraudulence, and kicked out of the house. Was this, too, writ in water? I am fond enough to think not. The speech got no notice in the newspapers next day, for Harding, as I have said, was to be inaugurated, and their space was all given over to his brid flutterings. But the doctrine in it was sound doctrine, and in the long run (so, at least, one may hope) it will prevail.

Was all this the mere flogging of a dea

lion? Obviously, it was not. Reed himself had brought that lion down, and the carcass was his to use as he pleased. He had surely shown no fear of it in the days when it could still roar and grind its teeth. He was, in those days, in the very forefront of the fray, and the fact deserves to be remembered. The decay of Wilson as a universal fee-faw-fum has been helped, of late, by the incautious babbling of his flatterers, but the beginning of the process is to be laid to Reed, and not only its beginning but also a great part of what came thereafter. He was the first to make a headlong assault, openly, relentlessly, and with all arms. He was saying back in 1920 what the historians will probably be saying a century hence, and he was saying it in far more brilliant and scorching words than they will ever muster. Leadership fell into his hands from the moment the great battle in the Senate began; Lodge and the rest, for all their howling, were simply followers. No wonder Wilson died hating him! There are other charlatans, still living, who hate him even more.

II

The reward of such a man is bound to be a sort of ill fame. Frauds hate him, and dullards find him disquieting. In the midst of a democracy based upon false pretenses his instinct for the harsh and horrible fact is essentially anti-social. They will be remembering him in Washington as a killer, and shuddering over the memory, long after they have forgotten what mountebanks he fought and laid low. It is the habit of the town—its prevailing attitude of mind. Nowhere else, not even in New York, is the pervasive humbuggery of American life so plainly visible, or so complacently accepted. When a quack is chased up an alley the whole fabric of capital life is menaced.

I suspect that the fact offers an explanation of Reed's long neglect by the Washington correspondents, those laborious but somewhat ingenuous men. They were years discovering him, though all the while he was before their noses, and they had to be helped out in the end by the Liberal weeklies they distrust and dislike. Officially, by Wilson's bull, he was damned, and so he was damned for them. They could see him only as a blasphemer who flouted Omnipotence—the Omnipotence that they had to stand in awe of, lest their access to it cease to have worth, and their honor pass from them. A Washington correspondent, save when the Devil enters into possession of him, is always a King's man. The whole town is a court, and even the press-gallery is no more than one of its ante-chambers. Thus a regicide gets no countenance at either end of Pennsylvania avenue. And thus Reed had to wait a long while before the gentlemen of the press, and their customers after them, became cognizant that it took more than mere naughty brawling to track down, attack and unhorse the greatest Christian hero since St. Louis, or at all events since Dwight L. Moody.

It seems to me that, even after their awakening, they steadily underrated his abilities, and were blind to some of his most distinguished achievements. There were times, of course, when he staggered and fetched them by sheer forensic brilliance. One such time was when he horned into a Senate investigation that was none of his business and rescued the quaking Hearst from a gang of professional patriots who were butchering him to make a job-seekers' holiday. Another was when, by a series of strokes unmatched for boldness in Senate history, he forced an investigation of the elections in Pennsylvania and Illinois. These great virtuoso pieces made even the press-gallery buzz, and after each, for a space, the correspondents were almost as appreciative of Reed as they were of Coolidge and Andy Mellon. But not for long. In the main, they found him enigmatical and hence dubious. He didn't fit into the patterns that they were used to. His forays often puzzled them; they could see no political sense in many of his manœuvres. They wrote down his presidential candidacy as hopeless long before it was so in fact, and they showed a frank relief when it came to nothing at Houston.

Here, perhaps, I do them an injustice. Maybe they were right. There is, indeed, something inherently improbable and even preposterous about any such man ever becoming President of the United States. The office and its august honors are reserved for the Cagliostros he has spent his life putting to the torture. He would laugh himself to death in the White House. Worse, he would come to despise himself. It is not a place for realists. The wonder is that he survived so long in the Senate. The miracle is surely not to be ascribed to any extraordinary acumen in his fellow Missourians: they show the normal American weakness for charlatans, and have sent a Prohibitionist to Washington to succeed him. The thing must be laid to something in the man himself—some peculiar quirk and combination of his singular abilities. He, too, has his wiles.

III

Inevitably, his passing is bringing forth banal homilies upon the immorality of tearing down without building up. He was, it appears, a purely destructive force, and left no mark upon the uplifting, forward-looking, sin-scotching legislation of his time. Thanks to Rotary and the allied conspiracies against sense, this imbecility has now become a cardinal article of the American code, and the full peer of its brother that it is better to hope for the best than to find out the truth. Reed's career offers refreshing proof that there are still Americans, even in public life, who are too intelligent to succumb to either. No idiot statute to save us all bears his name. He goes out as the complete and perfect anti-Volstead. If his record is one of decrying and uprooting, then nothing that he decried was worthy the respect of any rational man and nothing that he uprooted was fit t stand. One thing, at least, he fought fo and not against, and that was the Bill o Rights. And another: common sense. An yet another: common decency.

It is a great pity that there are not mor like him. The country could use a thousand, and even so, each of the thousan would find a thousand mountebanks i front of him. The process of governmen among us becomes a process of pillage an extortion. The executive power is in th hands of a gang of bureaucrats without responsibility, led by charlatans withou conscience. The courts, succumbing to suc agencies as the Anti-Saloon League, reduc the constitutional guarantees to vanity an nullity. The legislative machine is operate by nonentities, with frauds and fanatic flogging them. In all that vast and obscen mob there are few men of any solid ability and fewer still of any intellectual integrity Reed was one. He had both.

He will be missed in the Senate, but don't think he will be greatly regrette His departure makes life easier for the Ji Watsons and Professor Fesses, the Indian Robinsons and bellowing Tom Heflins, th adding-machine Smoots and sobbin Borahs—for all the rabble of demagogu and soothsayers. Hoover without him wi be far more comfortable than Hoover wit him, and so will all the rogues who gath 'round the throne. Nor is there any sig of public mourning. The American peop have got so used to quacks in high offi that they have come to feel uneasy in th presence of honest men. They will be a noyed, I suspect, by very few of that kidne hereafter. Reed struck back into an earli and more spacious time. He was an a achronistic and disquieting reminder the days when a Senator of the Unite States stood on his own legs and was hi own man.

H. L.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SEX

BY EDWARD SAPIR

WE ARE in the habit of complimenting ourselves on the healthy attitude which is coming to prevail n America toward questions of sex. There s some justification for this, for it is obvious that an attitude that looks upon ex as intrinsically evil, and that seeks to escue it from condemnation by confining t into conventionally fixed and approved hannels, is a repressive and unhealthy one. But I am not willing to grant, for all hat, that the present excited and puzzled ttitude, shifting back and forth in a ingle individual's mind all the way from orthodox acceptance of the restraints of Puritanism to a reasoned religion of promiscuity, is a healthy attitude. The very notion of health implies the presence of a certain balance and of a fundamental urety of the significant outlines of behavior. The most that one can say for the ex mind of radical America is that it s in a state of transition and that a certain willingness to experiment dangerously s in the long run a safer thing than a premature striking of the balance. This may be a just interpretation of the few; of the many, who bless you for a formula or noble weakness, it is but psychology gulled.

A realistic view of actual sex opinion nd sex behavior leads to the feeling that on every hand life is being measurably heapened by an emotional uncertainty in matters of sex, matters that no healthy ociety can long brook uncertainty of. An ndividual can create true personal values only on the basis of those accepted by his ociety, but when nothing is accepted, e has no room for the growth of any values that are more than empty formulæ. The "enrichment of personality" by way of multiple "experiences" proves to be little more than a weary accumulation of poverties. These shibboleths are given the lie by the uneasy eyes of the bored adventurers who drawl them out. Human culture, it seems, is so constituted that the individual dare never face his own organismal responses skeptically. These fundamental responses must somehow be taken care of, by implication, in the patterns of social conduct, and the individual who is constantly being called upon to create such patterns anew never gets beyond the point of struggling with nature. His "freedom" is but the homelessness of the outlaw.

The present sex unrest has been nibbling at more or less reliable information reported by anthropologists from primitive communities. Any primitive community that indulges, or is said to indulge, in unrestricted sex behavior is considered an interesting community to hear from. Such a community is at once equated with "primitive man" in general and has the great merit of bringing us back to that primary and glorious man that wishful romanticists have always been dreaming about.

It does not seem to occur to the readers of excited books about pleasure-loving Samoans and Trobriand Islanders that perhaps these communities are not as primitive as they seem, that there are perhaps other primitive groups that have developed an ideology of sex that is not so very different from that of our happily extinct Victorian ancestors, and that in any event there may be social determinants in such societies that make the question of value in sex conduct of lesser urgency than among ourselves. It is true that many primitive societies allow of erotic and marital arrangements that shock the sensibilities of our conservatives. But what should be denied is that sex conduct is truly unregulated even in these societies. A closer examination shows that the community has certain very definite ideas as to what is allowable and what is not allowable.

As the conception of the permitted and the illicit, however, in such groups is rarely calculated to interest us unless we happen to be objective students of primitive culture, it is not so obvious why we should think of the licence, or approximate licence, that we read into their sex behavior as of any special concern to us. If we cannot sympathetically understand their sex taboos, why do we pretend to understand their freedom from our sex taboos? Obviously they are in no better case than we ourselves. Historical factors have set certain specific bounds to the expression of the sex impulse in these societies, as they have set more or less specific bounds in our own, and a primitive reformer who attempted to break down every possible barrier to the free play of sex would receive small comfort from his fellow-men.

But it is simply not true that sex freedom is the norm for primitive societies. It is, as a matter of fact, very much the exception, and the presence of sex taboos, of institutionalized deferments of sexual gratification, and of all manner of sex ideals, so far from justifying us in wringing our hands at the perversity of mankind, might more rationally be expected to lead to a psychological inquiry into the reason why human beings have so persistently gone out of their way to put obstacles in the way of the immediate satisfaction of the sex impulse. A certain type of historian is ready with his answer. He tells us that these restrictions have merely come in as a
by-product of the conception that wome
are a form of property. This is one of tho
theories that are too plausible to be tru
The institutionalizing of marriage in tern
of property can be amply illustrated
both primitive and sophisticated societi
—this no one doubts—, but we are f
from having the right to take it f
granted that ideas of ownership are t
root of all sex restrictions. We know t
little as yet about the psychological caus
of sexual modesty and secrecy, of the un
versal dread of sex squandering, of t
irresistible drive to hedging sex about
one way or another, but we may be ce
tain that these causes are not of a trivi
nature and that they are not to be abr
gated by a smart and trivial analysis
sex by intellectuals who have more cu
osity than intuition.

For reasons which can only be dim
guessed at, man seems everywhere a
always to have felt that sex was a qui
tessential gratification that it was not w
to secure at too easy a price, that it he
within it sources of power, of value, th
could not be rudely snatched. In sho
mankind has always known that sex need
to be conserved in large part and made ov
into more than sex. Freud's theory
sublimation has always been man's int
tion, and sex has always restlessly striv
to become love.

II

Nothing seems more difficult than to co
vince the all-wise modern that the emoti
of love, quite aside from the momenta
fulfillment of desire, is one of the old
and most persistent of human feelings.
is far from being the secondary or adv
titiously superimposed thing that it is
often said to be. On the contrary, mu
that is generally interpreted as primiti
because unromantic, may well be int
preted as a superstructure imposed up
the sex life by considerations of a re
tively sophisticated nature—economic,
cial, religious, or political.

It may be well at this point to relate a brief story which I collected a number of years ago from the Sarcee Indians of Alberta, Canada. The story goes back to the early days, before the Indians were seriously bothered by the white man's morality or his licence. It will seem all wrong to some, for it is nothing but an old-fashioned love story from anywhere and anytime.

> Here, once upon a time, they were camped in a circle. They were putting up the Sun Dance.[1] This one young man was making love to her; he and the girl had love for each other. Every time that she came in she would sit down close to where the people were singing and her young man would peep in between the lodge-poles which were leaning against each other. And so it was that his face paint would always be left on the poles.
>
> After a while it was said that they were about to go on the warpath, so this young man went to his sweetheart and said to her, "Do not get lonesome for me. We shall see each other again." And then the girl gave him a little of her hair which she had cut off and she tied it up and they kissed each other and parted. Now they went off to war and the girl's heart dropped.[2]
>
> When the Sun Dance was over, the people broke up camp; they were to come together again at this place at a stated time. They moved off in different directions. Now, as to these people who had gone off on the warpath, they were sighted by the enemy, who sat down in ambush for them. When they got in sight of the enemy, they were attacked and all of them were killed.
>
> After a long time the people came together again at the place that had been mentioned, and when they were all assembled the news was brought that those who had gone off to war had all been killed—so it was said. This girl heard about it. And then she went to the Sun Dance lodge and came here to the place where her sweetheart had been in the habit of peeping in. She saw his face paint on the pole against which he used to lean. And then she returned to her people's lodge and, having arrived there, she took a rope. And then she went back to the Sun Dance lodge and climbed the pole which stood in the center of it. She tied the rope to the pole and looped the other end of it about her neck. And then she sang the song which her sweetheart had been in the habit of singing.
>
> After a while a certain one discovered the girl and what she was doing, how she was singing while seated up there on the pole. He spoke of it. They rushed out to her, but before they could reach her she had jumped off and strangled herself with the rope. Though they cut the rope off at once, she was already dead. That is how the girl strangled herself.

This story proves nothing, but it gives pause for thought. It contains all the elements of romantic love and it subjects that romantic love to the final test of all values, which is the test of tragedy. It is not an isolated instance, by any means, though I should not like to be misunderstood as claiming it to be an average or even a typical incident of primitive life or of any other form of life. It is one of those comparatively rare but basically typical examples of the form that a natural value will take in almost any culture if it is supported by an underlying passion which is pure and intense. To speak of frenzy or madness is beside the point, for frenzy is the climactic test of any value.

What is the meaning of this strange passion of love, which crops up at all times and in all places and which the modern rationalist finds it so difficult to allow except as a superficial amplification of the sex drive under the influence of certain conventional ideas and habits? It is as difficult to state clearly what the emotion consists of as it is easy, if one is willing to be but honest for a moment, to comprehend it. The sex nucleus is perfectly obvious and no love that is not built up around this nucleus has psychological reality. But what transforms sex into love is a strange and compulsive identification of the loved one with every kind of attachment that takes the ego out of itself. The intensity of sex becomes an unconscious symbol for every other kind of psychic intensity, and the intensity of love is measured by the intensities of all non-egoistic identifications that have been transferred to it. It is useless to argue that this is madness. In a sense it is, and we have yet to learn of a value or an ideal that is not potential madness.

Why is it, then, that a sentiment which is as much at home in our despised Victorian yesterday as in the obscure life of a remote Indian tribe needs to be discussed with so much apology today? There is a complex of factors which explains the present temper and we need only examine them to make us realize how transitory is likely to be that temper.

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[1] The Sun Dance is the most important communal ceremonial of the tribes of the Plains, and the most sacred object in the ritual is the center pole of the Sun Dance lodge.

[2] The native equivalent for "she was broken-hearted."

First of all, the old Puritan morality, which looked upon the sex act as inherently sinful, is still too painfully near to us, and the revolt which was bound to set in sooner or later has concentrated all of its energies on the annihilation of this notion of sin. Naturally enough, it has had little patience with the arduous task of retaining that in the inherited ideology of sex which was psychologically sound or, at any rate, capable of preservation as a value without violence to nature. What has happened is that the odious epithet of sin has been removed from sex, but sex itself has not been left a morally indifferent concept. The usual process of over-correction has invested sex with a factitious value as a romantic and glorious thing in itself. The virus of sin has passed into love, and the imaginative radiance of love, squeezed into the cramped quarters formerly occupied by sin, has transfigured lust and made it into a new and phosphorescent holiness. Love, a complicated and inevitable sentiment, is for the moment sickening for lack of sustenance.

But the anti-Puritan revolt is much more than a revolt against sex repression alone. It is a generalized revolt against everything that is hard, narrow, and intolerant in the old American life, and which sees in sex repression its most potent symbol of attack. Many young men and women of today who declare themselves sexually free are really revolting against quite other than sex restrictions. They glory in the reputed "sin" because they see it as a challenge to the very notion of repression.

The revolt complex is powerfully strengthened by an insidious influence exerted by modern science. It has been one of the cheerless, yet perfectly natural, consequences of the scientific view of life that nothing in human conduct is supposed to have reality or meaning except in the ultimate physiological terms that alon describe life or are said to describe life t its scientific analyst. If life is nothing bu physiology, how can love be other tha sex, with such immaterial reinterpretations as no hard-headed modern need tak seriously?

Even more important, at least in America, is the great psychological need of th modern woman to extend and make fir her symbols of economic independence Every attitude and every act that challenges the old doctrine of psychic se difference is welcomed, no matter wher it leads. The most obvious differences o motivation between the sexes are passionately ignored and a whole new mytholog has been evolved which deceives only th clever.

The virulence of this reinterpretation o the significance of sex differences is tendin to die down, but we are still suffering fro the psychological aftermath of the feminist revolt. Who has not met the essentiall frigid woman who uses her sex freedom a a weapon with which to feed her ego? An this all too common sacrifice of love an the possibility of love on the altar of a ambition which is essentially insatiabl because it is so much of a compulsion, i met by the complementary need of "fai minded" men to accept the free woman a her word. Hence the cult of pseudo-nobi ity, what Wyndham Lewis so aptly cal the new sex-snobbery, which makes a intellectual fetish of freedom and abolish jealousy by a fiat of the will.

III

The psychological falsity of these attitud and liberations is manifest enough an leads to a new set of most insidious repressions which owe their origin to the subordination of the natural impulse to reason. It is questionable if these new an hardly recognized repressions, these elaborate maskings of the unconscious by th plausible terminologies of "freedom," o "cumulative richness of experience," o

elf-realization," do not lead to an even
ore profound unhappiness than the more
rmal subordination of impulse to social
nvention that we hear so much about.
The truth of the matter is that in the life
the emotions one can make too few as
ell as too many demands, and the life of
ve is naturally no exception to the rule.
en and women who expect too little of
ch other, who are too nobly eager to
ant each other privileges and self-exist-
ces that the unconscious does not really
ant, invite a whole crop of pathological
velopments. The chronic insistence on
e notions of freedom and self-expression
itself contrary to the natural current of
e sex life, which flows away from the
o and seeks a realization for the ego
hich is in a sense destructive of its own
ims. Sex as self-realization unconsciously
stroys its own object by making of it
more than a tool to a selfish end. There
n be no doubt that much modern sex
edom is little more than narcissism,
lf-love. Applied narcissism, in our par-
ular society, is necessarily promiscuity.
A further consequence of an uncritical
ctrine of sex freedom is the lack of true
ychological intimacy between lovers and
tween husband and wife. Abstract free-
m is poor soil for the growth of love.
leads to an unacknowledged suspicion
d watchfulness and a never-satisfied
ging, which in the end kill off the finer
d the more sublimated forms of passion.
e modern man seeks to save the situa-
n by analyzing sex attachment into the
fillment of sex desire plus such intimacy
constant companionship can give.
This is, of course, totally false psycho-
gically. It is merely a feeble synthesis of
sociated elements arrived at by an inade-
ate analysis. The easy physical accessi-
ity of the sexes to each other at an early
, the growth of a spurious "pal" spirit
ween them, with sex itself thrown in as
ribe or as a reward—all this, so far from
nging the sexes together in a finer in-
acy, has exactly the opposite effect—of
ving them essentially strangers to each other, for they early learn just enough to put a more intuitive seeking and longing stupidly to sleep. Is it a wonder that the sexes unconsciously hate each other today with an altogether new and baffling virulence?

In extreme cases—one dreads to acknowledge how frequent these extreme cases are becoming—the constantly dampened, because never really encouraged, passion between the sexes leads to compensation in the form of homosexuality, which, if we are reliably informed, is definitely on the increase in America. This surely is a strange point of arrival for a gospel of delivery from repression, but it is a perfectly explicable one. Love having been squeezed out of sex, it revenges itself by assuming unnatural forms. The cult of the "naturalness" of homosexuality fools no one but those who need a rationalization of their personal sex problems.

In estimating the significance of the social and psychological currents which are running in the sphere of sex today, it is important to do justice to both cultural and personal factors. It is dangerous to ignore either. Our culture of today is not the creation of the moment, but the necessary continuation of the culture of yesterday, with all its values. These values need revision, but they cannot be overthrown by any scientific formula. The intellectuals who declare them dead are very much more at their mercy than they care to know. It is not claimed that all individuals can or should make identical adjustments, but in an atmosphere in which no norms of conduct are recognized and no values are maintained, no man or woman can make a satisfactory individual adjustment.

It is peculiarly dangerous in dealing with the sex problem to let petty verbal analogies do the work of an honest analysis. The problem of jealousy is an excellent illustration of this. Owing to the highly individualistic and possessive philosophy of so much of our life, the image of possessiveness has been plausibly but insidiously transferred to the marital relation, finally to the relation of love itself. Sex jealousy is therefore said to imply possessiveness. As one emancipated young woman once expressed it to me, it would be an insult to her and her husband to expect fidelity of either of them. Yet what is more obvious than this—that jealousy can no more be weeded out of the human heart than the shadows cast by the objects of this world can be obliterated by a mechanism that gives them an eternal luminosity? Every joy has its sorrow, every value has its frustration, and the lover who is too noble to be jealous has always been justly suspected by mankind of being no lover at all. It is not the province of men and women to declare out of their intellectual pride what emotions they care to sanction as legitimate or admirable. They can only try to be true to their feelings and to accept the consequences of the fulfillment or denial of these feelings in the terms which nature sees fit to impose.

The supposed equivalence of sex jealousy to the emotion of resentment at the infringement of one's personal property rights is entirely false. Sex jealousy, in its purest form, is essentially a form of grief, while the combative feeling aroused by theft or other invasion of one's sovereignty is of course nothing but anger. Grief and anger may be intermingled, but only a shallow psychologist will identify them. Perhaps the linguistic evidence is worth something on this point. It is remarkable in how few languages the concept of sex jealousy is confused with the notion of envy. Our use of the English word *jealous* in two psychologically distinct senses has undoubtedly been responsible for a good deal of loose thinking and faulty analysis. It is an insult to the true lover to interpret his fidelity and expectation of fidelity as possessiveness and to translate the maddening grief of jealousy into the paltry terminology of resentment at the infringement of property rights. These crowning psychological absurdities were reserved for the enlightened mentality of today.

IV

We are beginning to understand how m
we are swayed in the unconscious by
scure but potent symbolisms. There i
certain logic or configurative neces
about these symbolisms which it is v
hard to put into words, but which
intuitively-minded feel very keenly.
conduct offers singularly potent examp
of the importance of such symbolisms
of their arrangement in a series of cu
lative values. I refer to the general s
bolism of human intimacy.

Every normal individual is unconscio
drawn toward or repelled by another
dividual, even if the overt contact is
brief and superficial. These feelings
intimacy and withdrawal have their s
bolisms in gesture and expression, wh
differ from individual to individual
tend none the less to take typical fo
under the influence of social forces.
necessity, the most potent symbols of
timacy are those that lead to the touch
and handling of bodies. To put the ma
crudely, we are not in the habit of
bracing people to whom we are indiffe
and of standing frigidly aloof from t
that we are psychologically intimate w
unless, of course, there is a conflict
paralyzes expression.

Now, of all known forms of inti
among human beings the sex relati
naturally the most far-reaching. It n
sarily takes its place in the unconsc
series of symbolisms of intimacy as
most valued and the final symbol of
I do not claim that all human being
equally sensitive to symbolisms of
sort, but there is enough of a psycholo
common ground in most of us to ma
impossible for the normal person to t
gress the unformulated laws of sym
expression beyond a certain point.

It is exceedingly likely, it seems to
that the obscure, though of course
acknowledged, feeling of shame fe
prostitutes and by those who indul
promiscuity is by no means entirely d

he fact that they transgress the social ode, laying themselves open to a convenional censure. It is likely that this shame s also in large part the resultant of an lusive feeling that a natural scale of alues is being transgressed because the xpressions which are their symbols are, y implication, arranged in a psychologially impossible sequence. In a deeply ymbolic sense, then, the prostitute is "illogical," and her only psychological scape is to refuse to identify herself with er body. And it is no mere accident that o many of the protagonists of sex freedom espise their own bodies.

In sober fact the erotic landscape in conemporary America is by no means as epressing as these observations may lead ne to believe. I have wanted to point out he psychological fallacies in the contemorary cult of sex freedom and the ultimate mplications of those fallacies rather than o give an accurate description of contemorary sex life. Sex irregularities, while umerous, are not necessarily as indicative s they seem to be of the deeper-lying set f our erotic philosophy. Unless I sadly isread the *mores* of America, there are any reassuring signs that the reign of o-called Puritan morality is not likely to ome to a sudden end even among the ophisticated and that, while the negative lements of that morality are sure to be cast side by the intelligent and their rigor itigated by all, its essential core will rvive.

Europe may laugh and shrug its shoulers but America can be shockingly stuborn on what she feels to be the fundaentals of life. It would be nothing short f a cultural disaster if America as a whole rrendered to continental European feelg and practice. With religion in none o healthy a state and with the æsthetic fe rudimentary and imitative, America eeds an irrational faith in the value of ve and of fidelity in love as perhaps no ther part of the occidental world needs today.

The moral atmosphere in America is only superficially similar to that of continental Europe. One of the surest signs of the essential difference in outlook is the rapidly increasing divorce rate. Bewailed by domestic moralists and deplored by our European visitors, the ease of obtaining divorce in America is actually an indication of our restless psychological health. Were the institution of marriage and the family actually divorced in sentiment from the sphere of sex indulgence, there would be no reason why a tolerance of marital infidelity should not come to be accepted in America as it has long been in France. But any one who imagines that America can with a clear conscience settle down to the reasonable and gracious distribution of individual pleasures and familial ceremonies that seems to suit the French genius knows very little about the American temper.

The very youthful intellectuals who are clamorous in their determination to "go the limit" are unable in practice to "play the game," for they cannot learn the rules. Do what one will, sex relations in America have a way of calling up romantic images and implications of fidelity that make this country seem a mysterious, an incredible, realm to the emancipated foreigner. Incompatibility of husband and wife of necessity leads more speedily to divorce than in sophisticated Europe. I am leaving Russia out of the picture, for we know too little about the psychological realities of contemporary Russia to speak of it with profit.

Closely connected with this stubborn unwillingness of the typical American to save marriage and the integrity of the family at the cost of erotic honesty is his peculiar unwillingness or inability to make a fine art of sex indulgence. The "kick" of sex freedom in America lies precisely in its being "sin," not an honest way of life. Americans make poor Don Juans. Nor does the graceful and accomplished *hetaira* of French life seem to flourish on our stubborn soil. Many young women have tried the part but even the most successful of our amateurs in the erotic arts seem compelled by the very nature of the culture in which they have been reared to pay a heavy price. Our intellectual mistresses of sin play a sadly pedantic part, their ardors are in the head rather than in the heart zone.

To put it bluntly, the "free" woman of sophisticated America, whether poetess or saleslady, has a hard job escaping from the uncomfortable feeling that she is really a safe, and therefore a dishonest, prostitute. The charge seems unreasonable to the mind, but the spirit cannot wholly throw off the imputation. The battle shows in the hard, slightly unfocused, glitter of the eye and in the hollow laugh. And one can watch the gradual deterioration of personality that seems to set in in many of our young women with the premature adoption of the new sophisticated sex standards.

Psychiatrists have often burned their fingers in this matter and perhaps there is nothing they need to keep more steadily in mind than that in proffering advice in matters of sex they are addressing themselves not merely to intelligence and to desire but to certain obscure and unacknowledged values that cannot be flouted with impunity. If they are of foreign birth and culture, it would be well for them to take a little more seriously some of the "resistances" they encounter and to ponder, on occasion, the possibility that in exploding a personal "complex" they may incidentally be shattering an "ideal." That American men and women coarsen on a fare that seems to agree with the sophisticates of the Old World is both a warning and a reason for optimism. It points the way to a reaction of feeling that Europe will not understand.

V

Americans tend, in the most disconcerti way, to be both realistic and conservati in the matter of sex. That psychologic health demands sex satisfaction at a muc earlier period than the general postpon ment of marriage makes possible is comin to be generally recognized. It is clear, hov ever, that a true tolerance for illicit rel tionships of a promiscuous sort is n likely to become prevalent. Such su gested institutions as the companiona marriage lead one rather to suspect th America is feeling its way toward a loose ing of the institutional rigors and respons bilities of marriage by the growth of ne types of sex relationship.

It is difficult to say just what is like to emerge from the present period of u rest and experimentation, but one thin seems certain. America will not be a doci pupil of Europe, and the sophisticates this country who are taken in by t apparently easy solutions of their Eur pean brethren, whom they so vain admire, are likely to find themselves in strangely unsympathetic clime. That ne institutions of an erotic and marital natu are slowly maturing is obvious. It is n belief that it is no less obvious that the institutions, whatever their forms m be, will not mean a surrender to licen but will have for their object, howe obscurely and indirectly, the saving love and the perpetuation of roman intimacy and of the ideal of fidelity those who are capable of this intima And it is more likely than not that t average American, for a long time come, will have the delusion, if it nothing else, that he is capable of j this experience.

LEARNING HOW TO BE BLACK

BY ALBON L. HOLSEY

EVERY Negro child born in America must eventually and inevitably awake to that consciousness of color which white America has decreed for it. Whether it be born in New England with ts traditions of Abolition, or in Georgia where the lyncher's rope has replaced the overseer's lash, the curse of caste overtakes t with the same relentless and cruel cerainty.

The artifices of Negro parents to stay the day of color consciousness for their chilren show a heroism whose futility makes or real dramas in American life—dramas which run the scale from comedy to tragdy. The intellectual and economic status f these parents determines to some degree he poignancy of the awakening, but in very case it is inevitable, and it oversteps very barrier of protection which parental ondness may erect against it.

The progress of the normal American white child is definitely charted. It is born, weaned, reaches puberty, and finally develops into manhood or womanhood. The Negro child makes the same steps, but with he addition that somewhere between weanng and puberty it discovers that it is a Negro and shoulders its burden of inferirity. Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois was orn in New England and Dr. R. R. Moton was born in the upper South. The one had hat advantage of location and environment which in the hands of a fate less cruel, r more fickle, might have spared him the arly penalty of color; while the other had either choice nor escape. Yet each had is awakening at about the same age. Dr. DuBois in "The Souls of Black Folk" ays:

> It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England. . . . In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting cards—ten cents a package—and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card. . . . Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others.

In "Finding A Way Out," the autobiography of Dr. Moton, he tells his story thus:

> My father went to live with a family of Mortons who were by marriage connected with the Vaughan family. Mr. J. X. Morton, who afterward became a professor at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, had a son, Ernest. Our friendship grew; indeed, [Ernest] left parents and everything else to be with my colored chum Lee and with me, and we, in the same spirit, neglected everything that we could with impunity, in order that the three of us could be together. We fished and hunted together, and engaged in many boyish sports and pranks. Nothing in his possession was too good for us, and nothing in ours was too good for him. As we grew older my father did not wholly approve of this intimacy, and used often to say that we were "too thick to thrive." In the course of time there did come a parting. Ernest went off to school and my chum Lee and I were left on his father's farm. The weeks immediately following his leaving for the Virginia Polytechnic were dull and dreary for us at home. . . . I was anxiously awaiting the Christmas holidays when our friend Ernest would return and we would again have some good times together. . . . At last the day came. Lee and I were at the house when they brought him in the carriage from Rice's Depot. His father and one of his sisters had gone to meet him. He had with him also his room-mate, I think, who had come to spend the holidays with him. They both wore gray uniforms with brass buttons. Lee and I, as soon as Ernest alighted from the carriage, rushed up to shake hands. He not only did not shake hands with us, but his manner was as cold as the north wind that we were breathing. . . . I went into the kitchen with Aunt Viny, the cook. I was feeling bad; so was Lee. Sometimes I wonder if I ever thought quite as seriously on life as I did that night.

The process of my own caste-awakening was like that of the boys and girls a generation ahead of me. Around the fireside in our home I have heard my parents and their visiting friends describe the rock battles, fist fights, and other encounters between the white and colored children of our town. These events occurred in the late sixties and early seventies, when the bitter memories of the Civil War were fresh and hate flamed between the children of the two races. The jeers and taunting songs which precipitated the clashes bore the impress of these war memories. I recall the words of one song which my parents told me that, as children, they sang on approaching a group of white children. They were:

> Abe Lincun was a gent'man,
>   Jeff Davis was a fool,
> Abe Lincun rode a milk white horse,
>   Jeff Davis rode a mule.

The white children retorted with "They hung John Brown's body to a sour apple tree" and the fight was on.

Born and reared in a small town in Georgia, my awakening came early. My environment and the fact that my father worked for white folks left me little time to enjoy the unhampered freedom of being just a boy. My father was janitor at the local white business men's club and once every month the club gave a banquet. On these occasions my father waited on table, and I remember being awakened at night to eat beaten biscuits, chicken salad, and ice cream which he brought home about midnight on such nights. For a long stretch of time—it may have been months or years—chicken salad and ice cream were to me exclusively white folks' victuals.

Quite naturally, I played with the boys in my neighborhood, white and colored, and while it gradually dawned upon me that there was a difference between po' white boys and 'ristercratic white boys, I somehow felt an unexplained pride in playing with all of them. The reasons for my sense of difference, of course, were not yet clear to me. For instance, I had not yet observed the fact that the white childre always came to play with *us*. They cam into our front and back yard and even int our house with perfect freedom, but if w played in their yards at all it was in th back yard, and we never entered thei homes beyond the kitchen. On one occasion, however, I remember being permitted to peep into the living-room an downstairs hallway of one of the 'ristercratic homes. What the occasion was, I d not now recall, but the feeling of aw which swept over me as I walked on th thickly woven carpet and gazed in astonishment at the heavy crystal chandelier and other affluent furnishings is a memor of grandeur whose impression remains unti this day.

II

There were weddings among the colore people in those early days which I remember. They were usually held at the hom of the bride and on some occasions whit people who knew the family came. Th whites always arrived late and as the entered the house, the colored people stoo back as they took the best seats which ha been reserved for them. The same deferential ceremony took place as the royal gues departed, immediately after the bride an groom had been declared man and wif

The same procedure was followed whe some respected old Negro died and th funeral was held at one of our churche Occasionally the white people for who the deceased had worked attended th funeral service. On those occasions th arrived after the colored mourners an friends were seated and were ushered front to the best seats, which were alwa reserved for them. This custom govern the attendance of whites at all Negro functions.

My father waited on table on one occasion when the daughter of one of th 'ristercrats married, and I went along. course, I stayed in the kitchen and on th back porch, but when the wedding par arched down the broad staircase, I reember my father standing on a chair on e porch and holding me high in his arms order that I might get a glimpse of the rocession.

On Sundays, according to parental edict, had to go to Sunday-school. The white cket with the lace collar which was made wear with my Sunday suit, was always nmaculately white and uncomfortably iff with starch. I can never forget that iffness. Sometimes, when my mother gave e last yank at my hat to get it in the roper position on my head, she would dmonish me to be a good boy because you look as nice as any white boy in own." No peacock in all his glory ever rutted with more self-satisfaction than I id on those Sunday mornings as I left our ome with that compliment in my ears.

My Sunday suit and the compliments om my mother made me dizzy with pride, ut according to the prevailing behavior tual this pride was destined to be rudely nitten. A crowd of our neighborhood oys, white and colored, were playing one ay in the street near the home of one of the hite boys whose parents were of the midle class. This particular boy accidentally ut his foot on a piece of broken glass and nmediately all of us stopped playing to llow him home. We colored boys went s far as the gate and stood looking on and lking among ourselves in subdued tones. he injured boy was crying and his other, hearing the noise out front, came the door to inquire what the trouble as. When she looked out and saw the lored boys, she said in a voice loud ough for us to hear: "That's what you et for playing with them niggers. I told ou to quit playing with 'em, didn't I?"

By that time our bleeding little friend as in the house and we could not hear his efense, but we never played with him gain. That word nigger and the contempt ith which that white woman uttered it ave the term a new and dreadful meaning. onfused and resentful, I went straight to y mother and asked her to explain it, and also to tell me why the white boy's mother did not wish him to play with us. She tried to explain, and as she did she wept.

One reason why the colored boys in our neighborhood liked for the white boys to come and play with us was because they protected us from the policemen. We lived in mortal fear of these officers, for they were arch-tormentors and persecutors of Negroes. If one of them saw a crowd of us colored boys playing, he would break up the play and chase us because we were "making too much noise." I ran from policemen so often when I was a boy that even now, though I am past forty, if one walks upon me unexpectedly my first impulse is to take to my heels.

A river ran through our town and across it there was a covered wooden bridge. At each end of the bridge there was a rudely-constructed bench with no back—just a plank nailed to its supports and rubbed smooth and shiny by constant use. About dusk one afternoon, another boy and I crossed this bridge, and as we reached the other side we saw a policeman stretched out upon one of the benches. In a perfectly innocent manner, I said to my companion: "Look at that policeman. Suppose he should go to sleep and fall into the river." The next moment the policeman was on his feet and coming towards me with a vicious, menacing look on his face.

"What's that you said about me, nigger?" he demanded.

Frightened though I was, I managed to repeat my words.

"You are a liar," he replied. "You said you wished I would go to sleep and fall in the river."

No amount of protestation on my part or on the part of my little chum would change the policeman's attitude and he took my name and said he would make a case against me. The next day my father, after giving me a sound thrashing, saw one of the white men for whom he worked and got him to "straighten it out." But that experience with the policeman, while humiliating, was not as disastrous as that of another boy whom I knew, who was somewhat older.

The baseball team of our school was playing a game with a team composed of boys from another school in our town. It was hotly contested and finally ended in a free-for-all fight. There was some cursing and one or two bloody noses. In the midst of the scuffling some one shouted "Police!" and immediately there was running in every direction. Balls, bats, mits were forgotten in the rush to get away. One of my chums had brought his crippled baby brother to the game in a little wagon, (this crippled boy is now a successful lawyer in New York City) and I lingered with him to help him get his brother away. So it happened that we, along with half a dozen other boys, were caught by the two policemen when they rushed up.

There was one boy named Ulysses who was fearless and quick-witted. When the policemen were taking our names and the names of the boys who were fighting, the officer writing the names turned to the other policeman and asked in an undertone:

"How do you spell Ulysses?"

Ulysses overheard the query and spoke up. "I know how to spell it. Let me write it for you."

The next moment the enraged officer had turned and struck the boy with his clenched fist, knocking him to the ground.

In the court the next morning Ulysses was fined twenty-five dollars for "using disrespectful and insulting remarks to an officer while in the discharge of his duty."

That "crime" was so serious it could not be "straightened out" by the white man for whom his father worked. His parents could not raise the fine, so Ulysses went to the chain-gang and I never saw him again.

At fifteen, I was fully conscious of the racial difference, and while I was sullen and resentful in my soul, I was beaten and knew it. I knew then that I could never aspire to be President of the United States, nor Governor of my State, nor mayor of
my city; I knew that the front doors
white homes in my town were not for
to enter, except as a servant; I knew th
I could only sit in the peanut gallery
our theatre and could only ride on t
back seat of the electric car and in the Ji
Crow car on the train. I had bumped int
the color line and knew that so far
white people were concerned, I was ju
another nigger.

III

While the soul of the black boy is bein
thus scourged with the curse of caste, th
white boy is getting a false evaluation
his color—or lack of it—which tends t
implant the seed of unexplained hate, an
take all reality out of human brotherhoo

I must have been ten or eleven years
age when one day, on an errand to th
grocery store, I passed the home of a youn
white man, who was playing with his fir
born, a boy, on his front porch. As I passe
he looked up, and seeing me, held the bab
on his lap in a standing position and poin
ing toward me said:

"Look—nigger. Say 'nigger'."

As far as he could see me and as long
I could hear him this father was repeatin
to that baby the word nigger.

I knew the family by name and by sigh
and covering a long period I saw this sam
boy grow into young manhood. One d
when he was perhaps seventeen years ol
I saw him with a crowd of other bo
tussling and playing pranks on the stree
In the play, this boy jumped to one si
to avoid a playful fist of one of his frien
In so doing he accidentally bumped agai
a passerby. The passerby was an elder
colored man.

Without looking around the white b
said, "Oh, excuse me, please." Then,
turned and saw that the person he stru
was a Negro. Immediately he added, "C
it's a nigger. You go to Hell!"

But in the midst of all these depressi
experiences there were incidents to wh
my memory clings because they helped

o strive for a better life than the one asigned me by my Nordic superiors.

The late Bishop H. M. Turner, outspoken nd fearless leader of the A. M. E. Church, resided at a church conference on a Sunday fternoon when I was still in my teens. he pastor of our church, in which the ieeting was held, announced as the next ymn, "Wash me and I shall be whiter han snow." Bishop Turner was on his eet in an instant, and holding his hand igh above his head, halted the organist.

"That's the trouble with you colored olks now. You just want to be white. Quit singing that song and quit trying to e white. The time has come when we ust be proud that we are black and proud f our race."

For nearly an hour he spoke on and on ike that, with an appeal that stirred his udience to a high pitch. I shall always herish the memory of that meeting.

Another incident which left its imprint n those early years occurred during a isit of Dr. DuBois to our town. He was hen a professor in Atlanta University and ad been invited to deliver an address durng a teachers' convention. He was asigned to our home, and at the conclusion f his visit I went with him to the station o assist him with his baggage. The ticket vindow at the railroad station in a Southrn town is about the last place where a olored person may expect even civil conideration; courteous attention is almost ntirely unknown. On this morning Dr. uBois inquired for a special reduced rate o New York, which, he said, had been ffered by the railroad. Without even lookng up, the ticket-agent curtly replied that e knew nothing about it.

"Look it up," shot back Dr. DuBois vith a tone firm and yet dignified. The icket-agent then turned and for the first ime looked at the doctor. He flushed and ashed, but he looked it up, found that r. DuBois' statement was correct, and old him the ticket.

Upon my return home I related every deail of the experience to my parents and wound up by saying "and he acted just like a white man." That was the first time I had ever heard a colored man give a white man a direct order and survive it.

Finally, I again revert to my experience with the policeman as contrasted with the circumstances which befell Ulysses. My father had white friends who were able to "straighten things out" with the law, but Ulysses was without such friends, and so he went to the chain-gang. Herein lie both the tragedy and the problem of the Negro.

In the South, the black traveler who desires Pullman reservations seldom applies directly to the ticket-agent. He finds a local colored man who in turn can get some white friend of his to "straighten it out" so he may secure the ticket. The Negro motorist who has an accident follows the same plan, particularly if the other car involved was driven by a white person.

Scattered throughout the South is a small group of white people who are willing to "straighten out things" in their communities for the colored people. Some years ago Dr. Will Alexander of Atlanta, Dr. Moton, and a few other white and colored leaders called this group together and organized the Commission on Interracial Coöperation. A ten-year record of the accomplishments of the Commission shows among other things a downward trend in lynching, better schools, and here and there a changing attitude in the courts towards Negro prisoners.

Meanwhile, the most influential colored man in the typical Southern community is that one who can get white people to "straighten out" things for him or for his people. A white man of influence has prestige of his own, but a Negro's influence is measured in terms of his white contacts. So we find Negroes still faced with the necessity of cultivating white folks in order to get by. This eternal struggle to survive collects its deadly toll of the manhood of the race, for only too often it involves tattling, scheming, selfishness, slanderous whispers, and the blood-bought betrayal of other Negroes.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

United Press dispatch from San Francisco:

> Some smokers can't get a cough out of a carload of cigarettes, but Mrs. Clare S. Eddards is trying to get a divorce out of a package. According to her complaint on file here against David C. Eddards, her husband, he became so enraged when he saw her smoking a cigarette that he threw her to the floor, sat on her chest and forced her to eat a package of cigarettes one by one.

The Rev. Dr. John Snape, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, of Los Angeles, as reported by the celebrated *Times* thereof:

> Golfing is affection. The true golfer will love the game—love it as Ty Cobb loves baseball, as Dempsey loves fighting, as Theodore Roosevelt loved politics, as John Wanamaker loved business, as William Colgate loved soap, as Henry Ford loves "Lizzie," as Edison loves invention, as Burbank loved roses, as Charles W. Eliot loved culture, as Lincoln loved America and as Christ loved men. I need not tell you that love is the basic essential of religion and that the man that lacks it is lost in the rough, outside the fairways of God.

The worship of God in Oakland, as described by the *Tribune* of the same lovely town:

> An Oakland pastor tomorrow will borrow from a bakery to illustrate his text. He will speak from the midst of bakery loaves, and at the close of his sermon little bakerettes in white aprons and caps will distribute bread to the congregation.
>
> The Rev. Arthur L. Pratt, of St. Stephens' Methodist Church will speak from the text: "I am the bread of life." Even the music will emphasize the bakery atmosphere. The hymns selected for the service include: "Break Thou the Bread of Life" and "Bringing in the Sheaves."
>
> One hundred loaves of bread contributed by a local bakery will furnish the pulpit decorations. Two pillars of bread, one on either side of the pulpit, will be surmounted by a sign made of loaves of bread, reading: "Bread of Life."
>
> At the close of the service Dorothy Ricketts, Bobbetta Ramsay, June Moore and Ernestine Williams, dressed as bakers, with white caps and aprons, will distribute the loaves to the congregation.

Workings of the Holy Spirit in this grea State, as reported by a lady reader of th celebrated *Nautilus:*

> A few months ago I became much interested in New Thought, since which time I have read with a keen interest the articles contributed to the experience department of *Nautilus*. During all the years of my life I have looked to God for help in the far-off deep blue sky when I should have searched my own soul where He dwells within me.
>
> I have a very dear friend, who said to me one day: "To me, you are everything in perfection, you are the spirit of youth; but your silvery hair of which you have an abundance does not belong to you. I only think of your hair glint and auburn as when you were in youth."
>
> Everywhere I went, my friends would mention my white head of hair till I became averse to hearing it mentioned. I wasn't *old*, only middle aged, and the grayness did not belong to me, I was sure.
>
> I kept the thought of brown hair and youth in all my wakeful hours. When I would stand in front of the mirror with brush and comb, I would see my hair auburn. In a few weeks I could see a decided change. Color and new life came into it, and today, five months hence, it is back almost to its natural color.
>
> I believe firmly our thoughts control our bodies and that we can be what we want to be. —C. M. M., *Calif.*

Want Advertisement in the San Dieg *Union:*

> Ten serious young men to learn fraternal lodge directing, interest in science and philosophy a recommendation. Write P. O. Box 763, S. D.

FLORIDA

The evolutionists are given their deat blow by the learned *Exponent* of Orland

> Human birth requires medical or surgical attendance. The cord between the mother and child must be cut and bound to save the life of both. After the proper handling and treatment, in a few days, the cord comes off at the surface of the child's abdomen, leaving a cicatrix called the navel. This is the Creator's mark of distinction between the human and the animal. None of the animals have it,—not even the man-like apes. When the so-called missing-link between man and the beast is found, an improbability in keeping with other

scientific deductions, we can tell to which kingdom it belongs readily by the absence or the presence of this sign. The foreknowledge of the Creator answered the father of evolution, Darwin, here in advance, and "the man who turned the scientific world up-side down" stands confounded as a mental dwarf in the face of demonstrated truth—that man did not and could not have animal or monkey ancestry!

ILLINOIS

otorcycle Policeman Frank Kreml, f Evanston, favors the Associated Press ith a new one:

> A team of horses hitched to an ice wagon got scared last night and ran away. I was chasing them right through the business section, but they ran like Reigh Count and Man o' War. Finally they got to Sherman avenue and the traffic light turned red against them. You can believe it or not, but those nags stopped dead still.

he Hon. Earl Field, addressing the eardstown Rotarians, as reported by the aily *Illinoian Star*, of the same town:

> Rotary is God-like.

INDIANA

ne of the blessings of the Noble Experi-ent in the great town of Hammond, as evealed by the Chicago *Herald-Examiner:*

> "Let's be neighborly," Mrs. John Stur, of Hammond, suggested.
>
> "O. K.," said John.
>
> So they invited their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Novlick, over for a sociable evening and a sociable drink.
>
> Mr. and Mrs. Novlick had the drink and called the police.
>
> Yesterday the guests testified against their host, and Mr. Stur was fined $100 by Judge Joseph Todd for violating the State Prohibition law and was given six months suspended sentence at the penal farm.

LOUISIANA

rogress of the Noble Experiment among e Creoles, as set forth by the New rleans *Item:*

> Two new State taxes became effective throughout Louisiana on Thursday—the four-cent gasoline tax and the 30-cent malt tax.
>
> Any groceryman in New Orleans who possessed on his shelves or who sold a single can of malt syrup without the required 10-cent stamp for each pound of weight or fraction thereof, committed a misdemeanor under the new law, H. J. Redditt, assistant supervisor of public accounts declared.
>
> And by the same token, any householder in New Orleans or elsewhere in Louisiana who has in his possession a can of unstamped malt is guilty of violating the law and liable to arrest and prosecution, Mr. Redditt said.
>
> Stamps for the malt tax are being sold at the office of the supervisor of public accounts in the New Court Building, Royal and Conti streets. Already several thousand dollars worth of the stamps have been sold and an extra crew of clerks is being maintained to expedite this sale.

MASSACHUSETTS

The Higher Learning in Springfield, as reported by the celebrated *Republican:*

> University extension classes will be resumed in this city tonight. The class in automobile repairing in the course given by Edward H. Goodrich for women will meet at 7.30 at the Technical High-school.
>
> The following week, a new course in automobile repairing will begin. This course will be open to new students as well as to the women who have attended the first series of eight lessons. Miss Ruth Evans will give the final lesson in the present course in physical education for women at 7.30 at the Central High-school. A new course will follow without interruption, beginning next Wednesday.
>
> Tomorrow night the courses in aeronautics and silent reading will be resumed. William Thornton Simpson will meet his class in fundamentals of dramatic technique at 4.30. Prof. Robert Emmons Rogers will give the seventh lecture in his course in "The Twentieth Century Novel" Friday night at 8.15. Saturday morning, Prof. Hubert W. Yount will meet his class in sociology.

MICHIGAN

Stirring hymn appearing on the first page of the *Jaqua Way*, published by the Jaqua Company, of Grand Rapids, "builders of sales literature complete":

A MAN'S THANKSGIVING

God of business men, I thank Thee for the fellowship of red-blooded men with songs in their hearts and handclasps that are sincere;
I thank Thee for the clatter of typewriters in my ears, and for stenographers who are good to look upon;
I thank Thee for upper berths and small-town hotels that make one appreciate the joys of home;
I thank Thee for porters to carry my grips, for taxi cabs, for fast trains and safety razors;
I thank Thee for telephones and telegrams that link me with home and office, no matter where I am;
I thank Thee for competition and its spur to greater achievement;
I thank Thee for the joy of battle in the business arena, the thrill of victory and the courage to take defeat like a good sport;
I thank Thee for hours of despair, loneliness and

heartache that have tried my manhood and not found me wanting;
I thank Thee for hard, relentless toil and the inspiration of creating something worth while:
I thank Thee for my customers and for the power to serve them faithfully and well;
I thank Thee for a wife who knows all about me and still loves and helps me;
I thank Thee for children, friendships, books, fishing, the game of golf, my pipe, and the open fire on a chilly evening.

Amen.

Deep-felt protest of a free American citizen of Detroit, writing in the *News:*

> Having studied Shakespeare for five years, I have often wondered if his work would be as highly spoken of if it had been written by modern writers. Rightly comparing it to some of the modern plays which have been censured and banned from the stage, I am afraid not.
>
> Yet men of brilliant understanding will endorse Shakespeare. And as for his "Macbeth," it cries crime from cover to cover. The modern crime story is tame compared to it. I wonder if the producer of this play would give it to the public exactly as it was originally written? For along with the crime in "Macbeth" there is an immoral strain. But this seems to be characteristic of Shakespeare. And it is for this reason that I am writing this letter.
>
> There are many young Americans who write clean and different plays, struggling to get a start. Yet if they go to some of the prominent men or producers who endorse Shakespeare to consider their work, these men tell them that they have no time to bother with such things.
>
> Maybe some reader can tell me why this is.
>
> Louis C. Graham.
>
> 3896 St. Jean avenue.

MINNESOTA

Scientific handbill circulated in Minneapolis:

> 92 Glenwood Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.,
>
> *To the people of Minneapolis:*
>
> I must register a protest against the doped and adulterated food stuffs which are sold here. I have studied the causes of diseases for more than thirty (30) years and I know that there is no need of having an ache or pain of any kind, excepting mental and those caused by accident, etc. I have had the early symptoms of nearly every thing going, and I have found that they were caused by what I ate, drank or swallowed every time. Sulphate of copper causes diphtheria, iodine causes typhoid fever, etc., etc. I say there is no such a thing as a contagious or catching disease. I do not believe that there is any such a thing as an incurable disease, except in the last stage. If a person is about dead then it is too late. I know that all diseases are avoidable. Today the city water is doped with some stuffs which cause hay fever and much of the bread with a preservative which strikes at the kidneys or small of back.
>
> If the citizens want to donate the use of hall or church I will tell them the truth about diseases: How to avoid or cure them, and I challenge the world to prove that my statements are not true. Or take me at my word and I will prove that nearly all cases of diseases are curable.
>
> *Yours truly,*
>
> Martin S. Felland.

MISSISSIPPI

Obiter dictum of the Hon. Howar Williams, speaking before the Griffit Memorial Baptist Church of Jackson, reported by the celebrated *News* thereof:

> God makes no typographical errors.

MISSOURI

The editor of the Carrollton *Republica Record* does some blabbing:

> Jefferson City, that burg on the south bank of the Missouri river, with the State Capitol on top of the hill and the State Penitentiary at the bottom, has been experiencing one of its periodical clean-ups. The Lord knows and everybody who has been there recently knows it needs it bad enough. On a recent visit to Jefferson City we took a Methodist preacher with us to see a thriving saloon within the shadow of the Supreme Court building. And we noticed that it numbered among its patrons State, county and city officials, including the local police.

NEBRASKA

News item in the Rushville *Standard:*

> C. O. Hagel has had his moustache shaved off. The decaption was made because so much congealed water gathered on his whiskers while he was driving his auto to and fro from Rushville to Pine Ridge that Chas. found it difficult to expectorate.

The *Otoe County Tribune*, of Nebraska Cit hands out a puff to a progressive mortici

> Since the first of the month the Porter Undertaking Parlors have handled three deaths. People in and around Otoe county are finding that Dan Porter is one of the finest young business men to ever put out his card in Nebraska City. Dan's pleasing ways and his impartiality to both rich and poor is winning him more friends day by day. Dan is a real friend in time of need and we are sure that Dan's business is going to increase right along with the number of people with whom he comes in contact, for when you meet Dan you can't help but like him and wish him all kinds of success.

NEW YORK

ie Hon. Charles M. Schwab, LL.D.:

> Idealism rather than dollar-chasing is the motivating force behind big business in the United States.

uman progress at Niagara Falls, as re-
rted by the Associated Press:

> Canadian police announced today that they had discovered a specially constructed set of pulleys with which rum-runners have been transporting liquor into the United States over a 120,000 volt power line across the Niagara river.

ews item from the eminent New York
nerican:

> Stanley Glowka, charged with operating a restaurant at 107½ St. Mark's place without a license, admitted the fact, but offered a novel defense. He said:
>
> "But, Your Honor, I don't run a restaurant. I run a speakeasy and I don't need a license for that."
>
> Magistrate Dodge fined him $5. Glowka paid.

ie Hon. A. P. Waxman, director of pub-
ity, advertising and exploitation for
arner Brothers' Pictures, writing in the
inent *American Hebrew:*

> Let me point out, with all respect, that Jesus Christ used a press agent to exploit His campaign.

OKLAHOMA

ie Legislature of this great State makes
contribution toward the Noble Ex-
riment:

> Officials and members of the House of Representatives under the influence of liquor must stay out of the House chamber. A resolution by Frank Carmichael of Beckham county was put to that effect and it carried by almost unanimous vote in Monday's session. It puts a member under the influence of liquor in contempt of the House.

PENNSYLVANIA

thyrambs on the wrapping paper of a
entifically conducted laundry of the
chanted town of York:

> Ladies, why bend thy willing body,
> And rub thy fingers tender?
> Jam all your washin' in a sack,
> And to the *Laundry* send 'er.
> When thou hast passed to yonder shore;
> And with the angels singing;
> Your man will have another gal,
> A-washin' and a-wringin';
> So then, save thy better self,
> And save him all the trouble.
> He might not get another gal
> Who'd be your exact double.
> So pack your laundry,—troubles and all,
> And have the *Peoples Laundry* call.
>
> PEOPLES LAUNDRY
> AND
> LIKE-NU PRESSING CO.
> *Cleaning, Dyeing & Repairing*
> Phone 5744
> 270 West Market St. York, Pennsylvania
> *We Call For and Deliver*

What it means to be a free American in this great State, as reported by the American Civil Liberties Union:

> Constitutionality of the Pennsylvania Sedition Act, rigidly enforced since it was passed in 1919, has just been upheld by the decision of the State Supreme Court affirming the conviction of three members of the Workers Party, prosecuted under the act for distributing Communist literature. . . . No further appeal is possible as the United States Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of all such State sedition laws. The defense sought to get the facts of the case before the court, believing that the defendants would not come under the provisions of the law. The literature they had distributed *is allowed to go freely through the mails and is passed unchallenged in practically all other States.* Each man has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fined $500.

The art of prose joins hands with science to lift Pittsburgh to a higher level:

> Knowing the needs and necessity of exterminating insects and vermin in this country, we have formed a company known as "Metropolitan Insect Exterminating Co.," located at 314 Law Bulletin Building, 208-212 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, and have employed Mr. J. Albert Odell as manager, whom you all know has done wonders in this line, has been identified in this line for thirty-five years here in Pittsburgh, with the exception of the last ten years and we prevailed on him to give this his undivided time. The reputation he established, while actively engaged in this business, speaks for itself. In addition to insects, he has made a study of how to get rid of rats and mice, and has accomplished this, has experimented with traps, electricity and other devices, but to no avail, by studying their habits, likes and dislikes, has accomplished the impossibility. When left undisturbed in their chosen abode, they increase with almost unbelievable rapidity, and uses unceasingly its highly developed instincts at the ever-increasing expense of the housekeeper, farmer or business establishment harboring it. Once they have intrenched themselves, determined effort is necessary to eradicate them. The task is not a hopeless one, however, and effective measures persistently used will benefit not only the onetime supporter of the pests, but also the com-

munity at large. Up to the present, the effects of mankind to free himself from the ravages of has been practically futile. Thousands of men have spent time and vast sums of money in efforts at extermination, without success. The imperative need of an efficient method to master this peril led me to an extensive study of the nature and habits of them, with the result that I have developed a food that makes short work of rodents on premises. Damage by rats to produce and property in the United States amounts to about $200,000,000 annually. Trying to farm, produce starts when the seed is first planted and continues through the growing season and harvest in the wholesale and retail markets and often in the house of the consumer. Such losses in the aggregate, so affect the ultimate price of foodstuffs that everyone shares them whether he maintains rats on his premises or not. Modern ideas of thrift are opposed to such waste, and the demand for relief is becoming insistent. What is most needed is a constant campaign of education to increase public intolerance of rats, carried on by extensive and sanitation officials and all others interested individual efforts which throughout the centuries have been ineffective in eliminating rats, must give way to organized endeavor. Centuries ago, this gray rodent had its origin in China, and for a time, his activities as a scavenger were a benefit to mankind, but rapid multiplication and destructiveness combined, with his deadly capacity as a carrier of disease, makes him the greatest scourage of our times.

If you will phone Court 2076, or mail the enclosed card, we will have our representative call and advise you how and what to do to keep your place free of vermin, rats, roaches, bed bugs, fleas, ants and all other obnoxious insects, as well as put your place in a sanitary condition that will prolong life and make life worth living, to say nothing of the destruction and annoyance of these pests.

We, professionally, know our business and prescribe for the ailments the same as your family physician would for sickness.

Have men who apply our different remedies, charging nothing for their services.

Will contract to keep your place clean and in good sanitary condition at so much a year and one of our men will call at least once a month and make a thorough examination of your premises.

Our preparations are put up in different sized packages with instructions how to use them for those who wish to do their own work.

Can furnish the best of references on application.

Hoping you will take advantage of our liberal offer by mailing us the enclosed card, or by phoning us, we are,

Truly yours,
Metropolitan Insect Exterminating Co.

TENNESSEE

The Christian women of Nashville consecrate their noses to the Noble Experiment:

Mrs. E. P. Blair, president of the Davidson County W. C. T. U., announced at a meeting of State W. C. T. U. officials celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Prohibition Amendment that members of her chapter have pledged themselves to report as liquor law violators all persons they encounter whose breath bears the taint of alcohol. Included are those met on the street, on a street car or in a private home, she said.

GENERAL

What American philologs think abou as revealed by the programme of the fort fifth meeting of the Modern Langua Association of America:

20. "Epanaphora and Epanorthosis in 'Leaves of Grass.' " By Professor Autrey Nell Wiley of the Texas State College for Women.

[Heretofore the frequency of *epanaphora* and *epanorthosis* in the 'Leaves' and their relation to Whitman's lyricism have not been noted. Initial repetition (*epanaphora*), involving units of even eight words, and extending to a thirty-four line sequence, characterizes 4,000 out of 10,500 lines. Repetition within lines (*epanorthosis*) occurs in 4,397 lines out of 10,500, governing sometimes 50% of the words in a passage.]

21. "Portuguese Intervocalic *N*." By Professor Edwin B. Williams, of the University of Pennsylvania.

[By taking an array of old and modern Portuguese words and their Latin *etyma* displaying intervocalic *n* in all the permutations of the vowels, first, with the first vowel tonic, second, with the second vowel tonic, third, neither tonic but both posttonic, and fourth, with neither tonic but both pretonic, it has been possible to formulate fairly definite rules for the development of *n* in this position. Various anomalies present additional interesting problems.]

22. "The Non-Indicative Function of the -RA Verb-form in the Golden Age in Spain." By Professor Leavitt O. Wright, of th University of Oregon.

[A study of 580,000 lines of typica Spanish prose and poetry from 1044 to 192 shows that the -RA verb-form kept, wit decreasing frequency, an indicative valu until about 1450, when it virtually ceas so to function for almost four centuries, th subjunctive usage proving over one thou sand times commoner in the 200,000 line from 1585 to 1685.]

The round-table discussion [was] fol lowed by a paper: "Is the Use of *Wesan* i the Periphrastic Actional Passive in th Germanic Languages due to Latin In fluence?" A. J. Friedrich Zieglschmidt Northwestern University.

RENAISSANCE IN HOLLYWOOD

BY R. E. SHERWOOD

As one who has written about the movies, and talked about them, at great length, and actually gone to ee them, regularly, for many years, I am ow enjoying myself heartily at the prosect of sensitive souls rushing forth to efend the ebbing silent drama against the welling talkies; for these same souls, a ear ago, noticed the screen only as one vould notice a road-side sign-board, which hut off part of the landscape and added othing of beauty to the rest. They who nce spoke of the movie as the back-house f the drama are now protesting loudly beause the Vitaphone, the Movietone and he Photophone are degrading a noble art!

Formerly, they either ignored the activties on the screen entirely, or else they bserved them, as from a great height, vith a faintly nauseous contempt. Now, if ne may judge from their impassioned outries, they seem to regard the cinema as a irginal muse who has been assaulted on 'arnassus by an unprincipled satyr from he laboratories of the Radio Corporation f America.

Here is a specimen of their complaints gainst the talkies; it is picked from a letter o the movie editor of a New York newsaper and printed by him in his department:

> To try to resonate a film is to protest that the film is not a complete and self-fulfilled art medium, and nobody of sense would say that about the cinema today. . . . In any perfect art medium there are brief strokes which achieve the utmost in imaginative suggestiveness, and piling on extraneous sense-ticklers is then only to distract and annoy, in short to vitiate the fine effect.

I don't know just how that word resoate crept in, but I suppose it is intended o mean, in this new application, to add sound. Its user evidently feels that those who practise resonation are in a class with the novelty manufacturers who insert ornamental clocks into the abdomen of the Venus of Milo. He believes that the lily does not need a new coat of gilt—that well enough might well be let alone.

Since when did the movies, in the minds of such people, become inviolate? Since when did the industry presided over by Adolph Zukor, William Fox, Sam Goldwyn, Carl Laemmle, Joe Schenck and the brothers Warner come to be known as a "complete and self-fulfilled art medium"? I gather that all this has happened since the Vitaphone first caused Conrad Nagel to lisp.

It is not my purpose to defend the talkies, as they have appeared up to the present time; such a defense would be beyond the limits of my capabilities, or of Clarence Darrow's, for that matter. No one is in a position to deny that the machines themselves are still this side of perfection—they groan, squawk, and shriek—or that they have been used thus far with lamentable ineptitude. Most of the talkies that I have seen have combined the worst features of a bad movie and a bad play, and if anyone can conceive anything more awful than that, may he refrain from telling me about it.

Nevertheless, and in the face of all the obvious arguments that may be offered to refute me, I contend that the talkies have come as a veritable blessing, that they are exercising a profoundly salutary influence upon the movie industry and that the revolution which they caused will come to be known, in time, as a memorable Renaissance. They have shaken the insecure and essentially phoney foundations of Hollywood, and beneath the resultant heaps of wreckage lies much of the fat-headed incompetence and stupid conceit that has dominated the movie during the protracted period of its infancy.

When people consider the present upheaval in Hollywood, they think only of its effect on stars who happen to be deficient in elocution. They are either delighted or stunned by contemplation of the possibility that Miss Clara Bow may be lost to the public because her voice doesn't screen well. That, of course, is largely nonsense. What matters infinitely more than the tonal quality of the star's voice, or the perfection of his or her articulation, is the nature of the star's cerebral functions. For every one representative of the Beverly Hills nobility who will be sent to the guillotine in the near future because of faulty diction, there will be a dozen who are decapitated because they lack the capacity to memorize three or four sentences at a time and to retain them for as long as ten minutes.

Nor are the stars the only ex-aristocrats who are now being compelled to exchange their Hispano-Suizas for tumbrils. You will observe among them large numbers of lordly directors, golf-playing scenario and sub-title writers, and even (and herein lies the greatest cause for rejoicing) manicured executives. Their voices don't count, but other qualifications, or the want of them, are becoming of increasing importance.

Consider the director: he is an impressive fellow who gained his experience in stock companies of the lower order or in medicine shows, and then was conducted, by a friendly fate, to the old Vitagraph plant in Brooklyn or the Triangle plant in Hollywood. He has risen to his present eminence largely because he could out-talk and outbluff his betters. He is, in effect, a high-pressure salesman who has been able to sell himself to the illiterate gentlemen by whom he is employed. Although he is not intelligent, he is clever enough to recognize the merit of ideas originated by a Chaplin, von Stroheim, a Lubitsch or a Murnau and to appropriate these ideas and use the as his own. Such frauds can and do exis outside the movie industry; but it is in thi industry, ignorantly conducted and sloppily disorganized as it has been, that they hav reached their highest state of glorification

The director now confronts the talkies He has pooh-poohed them resolutely—ha dismissed them as "a mere toy"—and ha alluded frequently to the good taste of th public and to the deathless art of pantomime; but he now realizes that he mus either demonstrate his ability to mak talking pictures, or return to the medicin shows. He selects the former course, feelin that he will have no difficulty in applyin what he is pleased to term the techniqu of the speaking stage. He learned tha technique in his stock company and medicine show days and is unaware that th speaking stage has undergone any change since then.

The actual production of talkies cramp the director to an uncomfortable exten He has to prepare his scenes in advanc which means that he must exercise a certain amount of intelligent forethought. H must work with actors who know the business and are therefore apt to be smart than he is. Worst of all, he may not tal himself while the scenes are being photographed and recorded; he must sit, mu and impotent, and long for the old tim when he could shout through the megaphone, "Now pull the skirt a little highe sweetheart! Give us just a *little* more of th thigh. . . . No! No! *NO! Cut!*"

It should be apparent that this type film director (and he is *the* type of film c rector) is soon to pass on to other fiel With him will go his by-products, t scenario and sub-title writers, or yes-me The departure of these fawning fello from their fat jobs will be mourned by one but their dependents. Of all the class of laborers in the Southern California vin yards, these have been the lowliest a most ignoble. While the movies have

ped several great directors, many fine
rs, two or three first rate financiers,
a number of meritorious scenic artists,
nicians and even press agents, they
e not, in the thirty years of their ex-
ce, developed more than one writer
is worthy of mention; that lone excep-
is the gifted Miss Anita Loos, and she
this chambermaid's employment as
as she could afford to do so. The
er will now be boosted into a position
mportance that is equal, at least, to
of the director. He will assume the
e privilege of responsibility that is en-
d (or regretted, as the case may be) by
playwright. He will have a great deal
ay about the preparation and produc-
of a picture, and his remarks won't all
ariations of the affirmative yes.

s to the executives, they are either
g out entirely or are being humbled to
tions more nearly commensurate with
talents, because the movie industry
longer its old, easy-going self. It is
rapidly coming under the domination
ose august corporations which control
patents on the Vitaphone, Movietone
Photophone; namely, the General
tric, Western Electric, American Tel.
Tel., and the Radio Corporation of
rica. Whatever else may be said of
e bodies, they unquestionably possess
virtue of competence. If they hire a
to design a new electric toaster, or to
ibute condensers, they do so because
believe him to be the best toaster de-
er or condenser distributor obtainable,
because he happens to be someone's
ew from the old home town in Latvia.
at is why we hear statements from the
lly astute Joe Schenck to the effect
the "talkies are no more than a pass-
hase" and that the public is too smart
e permanently deluded by sound. Mr.
nck is merely venting his rage at the
sion of his own territory by interests
are shrewder and more powerful than
; having planned to get control of the
es himself, he is embittered by the
ght that his disrupted industry is about to become a minor item in the vast scheme of Big Business. Efficiency and economy are entering the movies with the new régime, and waste and extravagance are going out. The very preëminence of Hollywood as a world production center is seriously threatened, and the Golden Calf that Hollywood has worshipped these many years is now being replaced by the gods of Wall Street and Schenectady, N. Y.

One would be inclined to shed tears of sympathy for the old order were this what it might appear to be: another triumph of the machine age, another victory of stuffy babbittry over charming, devil-may-care bohemianism. But it happens to be nothing of the sort. It is no more than the expected victory of a superior form of industrialism over an inferior one.

II

Thus, we have before us the immensely agreeable spectacle provided by a group of morons who, accustomed to fabulous affluence, are now confronted with unemployment, and who are giving out interviews to representatives of the fan magazines, condemning the talkies as hopelessly inartistic. They have seen the end of that which has been, if I understand correctly the meaning of a somewhat esoteric term, a racket.

Who will take their places? Will every dumb-bell who loses his or her job in Hollywood be replaced at once by a mental giant? That, of course, is extremely improbable. There aren't that many mental giants in all creation.

Most of the new directors, actors and writers have been recruited from the Broadway theatre—experience in dealing with the spoken word being now of paramount, universal and first national importance. The movie merchants are in a state of panicky indecision as a result of the unexpected dawn of the Noise Era on the screen, and they are shrieking for help from those who have composed dialogue and recited it out loud. Members of the Dramatists' Guild and of the Actors' Equity Association, saddened by the present epidemic of starvation on Broadway, are now rushing gleefully to Hollywood, engaging in chop-licking exercises as they go. One notices the titles of recent or forthcoming super-features—"Interference," "Coquette," "Show Boat," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Broadway," "The Barker" and "The Front Page"—and realizes that the big celluloid merchants have been buying up all the recent theatrical smash-hits, whether they have any legitimate place on the screen or not.

Some of the newcomers in Hollywood are being encouraged to write original stories for the talkies; but most of them are being put to the wearisome work of adaptation. How the movie people love that word "adapt!" Anything that has been adapted must be good! As an instance of the present tendency: the keen-visioned executives of that mammoth corporation, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, hired George Abbott, in the hope that he would bring to the talkies some of the considerable talent that he has displayed as writer and director of rough and rowdy plays of the "Broadway" type; but instead of assigning him to a story that had been written by himself, or by Ring Lardner or some other native, they set him to work directing a venerable bit of French hokum called "The Bishop's Candlesticks," which was derived originally from an episode in "Les Misérables" and which has seen service as a vaudeville dramalet ever since! And that ruthlessly wise poetess, Dorothy Parker, was lured to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Hollywood for the purpose of writing dialogue for "Madame X!" If they could get him, they would doubtless turn Eugene O'Neill loose on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

All these raids on Broadway are inspired by the belief, prevalent in and out of the movie business, that a talking picture is necessarily no more than a photographic and phonographic recording of a stage play. That, too, is nonsense. The movie is still as independent of the play as it is of the fugue. It has established for itself an
identity of its own, through the med
of such pictures as "The Last Laugh,"
Chaplin comedies and even the news r
and the fact of added talk (instead
printed subtitles) fails to alter this iden
in any essential respect. I saw a talkie
other day in which one of the charact
opening a letter that had been hande
him, read every word of it to the audie
though there was no occasion for hin
do so. On the stage, he would have to
it aloud; otherwise, the audience w
have no way of knowing its contents.
the screen, a close-up of the letter c
easily be inserted into the film, and
literate members of the audience could
plain it to their companions. But the
rector of this picture had forgotten al
the obvious advantages which the mo
enjoy; he was thinking of the "techn
of the speaking stage," as he dimly rem
bered it, and he consequently obeyed
ancient laws of the theatre and observe
limitations. No one had told him
the ancient laws of the theatre are
longer enforced, not even in the the

However, these early bonehead
won't continue at the present rate for
The movie moguls have found thems
in a horribly embarrassing position,
are not entirely responsible for their
mediate actions. That which a man
do when caught with his pants dow
not to be accepted as evidence of wh
will do when those garments have
restored to their rightful position and
buttoned.

The movie people—whether they
Goldwyns and Laemmles of the old
or the Sarnoffs and Owen D. Youngs
new—will learn a great deal in the ye
come. Some of it will be new knowl
but the bulk of it will be a re-learni
old lessons. It will be discovered (and
that if the former white hopes of H
wood don't understand how to writ
rect or deliver spoken dialogue, neith
the bright boys of Broadway unde
the art of expression in terms of pi
that move.

The latter are obsessed with the idea that
alking picture must be all talk—an idea
ich they have brought with them from
e theatre. On the stage, of course, it is
ential that the dialogue be kept going,
ntinuously, it being always difficult and
ually impossible for a playwright, actor
director to invent business which will
ld the audience's interest for more than
ew seconds. On the screen, business has
en developed to such an extent that it is
more eloquent, far more telling, than
e printed or spoken word could ever be.
"The Last Laugh," which told a story
thout the aid of a single subtitle, was
e ideal picture of the past, and it is con-
ivable that someone will produce an ideal
lking picture of the future in which not
e word will be spoken. It will be con-
rned entirely with the activities of char-
ters at moments when, having nothing
say, they say nothing.

Human beings, in reality, aren't always
lking. A man may undergo all sorts of
ventures, actual or imaginary, when he is
one—on the street, in a dark forest, on a
ilroad train. Two men, or a man and a
oman, may be together for hours and
ver say a word to each other, while be-
een them may be all the "conflict" that
supposed to be the very essence of drama.
nsider "The Last Laugh": how many
oken words could there be in that, if it
ere to be made as a talkie? The major
rt of that extraordinary film was devoted
views of Emil Jannings when he was
one, just as much of "The Gold Rush"
is devoted to views of Charlie Chaplin
ndering across the Alaskan wastes, ac-
mpanied only by a bear.

have heard frequently the statement
it the talkies will kill the glorious art of
ntomime as it has flourished in the old-
hioned noiseless photoplay. The word
ntomime is here applied to a form of
matic composition, one quarter or more
which is in the form of heavily explan-
ry subtitles. But it is my understanding
it a scene wherein two characters ad-
ss each other, with moving lips, and
which is punctuated with printed signs telling us exactly what the characters are said to be saying, is not pantomime at all. It is, in my estimation, not much of anything.

The talkies will eliminate the subtitles and (what is better still) the dim-wits who concoct them. When a character in a picture has to talk, his actual words will be recorded, not printed; nor will it be possible to revise those words to such an extent that, in the final film, he is represented as expressing a thought which was not in his mind at the time when the scene was acted before the camera. There will be but scant opportunity for that form of posthumous face-lifting known as re-titling. The spoken words recorded on a strip of film may be cut and edited, as one would blue pencil a manuscript, but they cannot be radically revised.

I know of one picture that was re-titled some six times between its production and its release—the final set of captions being prepared by the General Sales Manager in collaboration with his comely stenographer. An actress who played in this picture had one big emotional scene of which she was inordinately proud; she felt, and with reason, that she had given her all in this episode. The director had told her to denounce the villain vehemently—"This guy has sent your old father to jail, so bawl him out with everything you've got"—and she had done so. She saw the finished picture, as it was shown at one of Mr. Graumann's mosques after the G. S. M. had released it, and discovered that she was represented as saying, in the big scene, simply, "I love you."

Despite the past unpopularity of the printed subtitle, it is now being championed, and by its former detractors, on the ground that however bad it may have been, the loud, tinny talk is worse. The one, final objection to the Vitaphone, Movietone and Photophone is summed up in the words, "They're *mechanical!*" This being undeniably true, what, in the name of all that is profitable, is the moving picture itself? It is now, presumably, an Art—although the camera which records the Art is a machine, as is the projector through which the Art is given to its devotees, and the film on which the Art is printed is a gelatinous substance, coated with an emulsion prepared in chemical laboratories in Rochester, N. Y.

Custom and usage have done a lot for the movie, which has arisen from a nickel novelty to a "complete and self-fulfilled art medium" because people have demonstrated their ability to accept and believe anything in which they are sufficiently interested. The mechanical whirr of the projection machine is ignored; the distant shadows of reality are acquiescently accepted as reality itself. The audience sees walruses fighting for their lives in "Nanook of the North"—cracker orphans fighting for their lives in "Stark Love"—leopards fighting for their lives in "Chang,"—and is moved and stirred and terrified by them, just as it is moved, stirred and terrified by the sight of Jack Gilbert, clad in a doughboy suit, charging bolt upright into the teeth of a German machine-gun nest.

If custom and usage have enabled us to accept one mechanical process with so much implicit faith, I don't see why we should be forbidden, for artistic reasons, to accept another. The invention of the talkie apparatus, which tends to make the camera more nearly complete as a reproductive organ, has always seemed to me to be an inevitable development in the progress of the moving picture, just as color photography and stereopticon photography are inevitable developments of the future. If an art medium is to be ground out through a machine, then there is no earthly reason why that machine should not be as proficient as the Hoovers can make it.

In them can be entrusted the confidence of the great fun-loving public. If the problems that they confront were artistic ones, there might be some question of their ability to solve them; but these are purely mechanical problems, and they are now engaging the attention of the most resourceful engineers in the employ of t
General Electric, the R. C. A. and t
other formidable corporations.

We may well have faith in engineer
They can accomplish anything. They pr
duced a machine that rolled across t
country last fall and gathered some twent
one million votes. They can be counted
to remove the squawks, the shrieks and t
lisps from the talking movies.

III

And then what? When the lisp has bee
cured, and when Mr. Zukor and his bret
ren are producing talkies that are as mer
torious, in their way, as "The Last Laugh,
"The Big Parade," "The Thief of Bagdad
and "The Gold Rush" were in theirs, wh
will become of the tottering theatre? We
nigh ruined already by competition offer
by the film parlors, the dance halls, lone
suburban roads (suitable for evening par
ing), the radio and countless other ali
providing menaces, how will the thea
survive against this new invention, whi
assails the eyes, ears, nose and throat
one and the same time?

Already, the movie industry has gaine
from the talkies, an advantage which
ables it to fight the theatre on its o
grounds. It now possesses, for the fi
time in its history, the power to discri
inate between one type of audience a
another.

In the old days, every picture that
sent forth from Hollywood was rate
failure unless it was designed to appeal
everyone, everywhere. The movie mak
had to please countless millions of peo
in all parts of the world, if they wanted
keep out of the red ink. They had to tic
the sex-hungry flappers in Chicago, an
the same time appease the censors in K
sas; they had to respect the sensibili
of Mexican patriots, British patriots, G
man patriots and Abyssinian patriots; t
had to avoid unhappy endings and inti
tions of expectant motherhood.

The theatrical business, on the o

d, could be organized on a series of erent levels, as the magazine business, automobile business and every other iness is organized. The casual visitor to v York could be reasonably sure of ling one type of play at the Guild Thea- , another at the New Amsterdam, an- er at the Empire and another at the nskys' palace of elegant burlesque in ond avenue. The Theatre Guild could sper by producing plays for its large up of supporters, and the Minskys could ect a reasonable profit from theirs.

he same situation is now possible of lization in the movies. The Messrs. rner, who were the first hardy pioneers use the Vitaphone, have proved that y could make talking pictures at an raordinarily cheap rate (about one-tenth cost of the usual silent film), and that y could make substantial sums of money n though their products might not be wn in the smaller towns, where the atres have not as yet been equipped h the talkie apparatus, or in foreign ntries, where the language is unknown. ey produced the Al Jolson picture, "The ging Fool," at less than the cost of an inary musical revue, and from the pres- ation of that picture in only one thea- in one city they have already retrieved ir original investment. The Warners 't have to worry whether or not the square-heads in Kokomo or the peons in Chihuahua consider "The Singing Fool" good entertainment. They, and all the other film producers, are at last in a position to thumb their noses at the rabble.

This means that pictures can and will be made solely for those smaller but more appreciative groups whom the movie moguls have previously ignored. And for every member of such groups who finds that the screen is beginning to be worthy of his attention, there will be one less customer for the despondent theatrical managers to mulct.

The future of the theatre depends on one consideration: its ability to give its audience something which they can't obtain, more cheaply and more conveniently, in the neighboring cinema palaces. If the Warner brothers can put on a better show than the Shubert brothers can, then the loyal supporters of art will forget that the Shuberts are representatives of that illustrious institution which has harbored the genius of a Shakespeare, a Garrick, a Sheridan, a Booth and a Mae West, and will go to the upstart Warners for their entertainment.

In which event, the Shuberts will do well to abandon their passing shows and welcome into their theatres the Warners' product; which is exactly what, with characteristic sagacity, they are now doing.

TRIAL BY JURY, OR BY JUDGE?

BY STERLING E. EDMUNDS

What is known as the Caraway bill, designed to prohibit to Federal judges the exercise of the power to comment on the evidence and on the credibility of witnesses in criminal cases, has again been introduced in Congress by its author, Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway of Arkansas. And again the bill is denounced by the *American Bar Association Journal* in these words:

> This old Common Law power which the Federal court preserves in its entirety is a jewel which some States have thrown away. That is no reason why Congress should attempt to throw it away. Nor need we hastily assume, for that matter, that Congress *can* do it. That is a question which would arise in case the mistaken effort now under way at Washington should result in the passage of the change proposed.
>
> Those who have studied carefully the administration of justice in our country are generally agreed that one of the reasons why it halts and crime is insolent is the fact that in so many States this old Common Law power of the judges has been taken away. One of the main articles in any well-considered plan for making the administration of justice as efficient as possible must be the restoration of this power to the courts,—if the courts are not prepared to maintain and exercise it on the ground of inherent right.

The Caraway bill made its first appearance in Congress about five years ago, at which time the *American Bar Association Journal* made known its opposition. It may not have been an unrelated fact that, at about the same time "associations for criminal justice" were formed in many States, all of them advocating various changes in criminal procedure in the interest of a "simplified and swifter justice," among which changes was that to empower State judges "to comment on the evidence" after the practice in the Federal courts.

In Missouri such an organization urge
upon the 1927 Legislature a number of pr
posals, among them one ardently adv
cated by the late Chancellor Herbert
Hadley to repeal the act of January 1
1831, forbidding Missouri judges "to su
up or comment on the evidence." The ado
tion of such a change, which the *Americ*
Bar Association Journal advocates, wou
reverse what many far-seeing lawyers co
sider one of the most benign principles e
bodied in the laws of most of the Sta
and tenaciously clung to for many yea
The words of the Missouri statute are:

> The court shall not, on the trial of the issue i
> any criminal case, sum up or comment upon th
> evidence, or charge the jury as to matter of fact
> unless requested to do so by the prosecuting at
> torney and the defendant or his counsel; but th
> court may instruct the jury in writing on an
> point of law arising in the case.

In his argument in behalf of abandoni
this principle Chancellor Hadley said:

> The most important change that we suggest i
> our criminal procedure is that to the trial judg
> be given the powers that he had at Common La
> Under our present system he is made a mere mo
> erator at the trial, with power only to preser
> order in the court-room, to rule in a formal w
> on objections to testimony, and to instruct th
> jury in writing as to the law. At Common La
> the judge was the directing and controlling infl
> ence at the trial. He still occupies this position
> England and Canada and in our Federal court
> He has the right to examine a witness if he thin
> such examination is necessary to elicit the trut
> He has the right to advise the jury upon the fac
> to express an opinion thereon and as to the cre
> bility of witnesses, and to advise them, as he h
> under our system, as to the law. . . .
>
> The fact should be emphasized that to give
> the trial judges in our State courts such author
> would restore the system of jury trial as it w
> established and developed by our English anc
> tors and as it continued in this country fo
> longer number of years than has the perversi
> of the original system which now obtains in so

rty States. We emphasize this point for the fur-
ıer reason that there is now pending in the Na-
onal Congress a bill to take away from the
ıdges of the Federal courts the right to advise
ıe jury in reference to the evidence and the cred-
ility of witnesses. . . .

The restoration of this right to the trial court
as been opposed upon the argument that the pos-
ession of such a power on the part of Federal
ıdges has at times been abused. There is no ques-
ion but what this is true, but any power given
any public official may be abused.

II

this is very well, but we are admonished
the constant assaults on the Federal
l of Rights, as constantly supported in
ent years by the Federal judiciary, that
protecting principle of our system of
f-government in the States should be
htly surrendered in the supposed interest
swifter justice. Instead of accelerating
d coördinating the processes making for
nmary and arbitrary governmental ac-
n it behooves us to retard them wherever
ssible, if we are to escape despotism.

Among the checks instituted in our dual
tem of government to defeat arbitrary
wer none is so vital to the liberty of the
izen as trial by jury, as it has been de-
oped at the hands of the State Legis-
ures. That this system is not perfection,
it under it stern and swift justice is not
vays meted out, are conceded; but it is
ikingly significant, in contrast with the
tory of the Federal courts, that we have
ver had cause to complain of judicial
anny in any of the State courts during
long years in which "comments on
evidence" have been forbidden to their
ges. And none will deny that this has
n the fulfilment of a primary object.

t has been said that by the English Com-
n Law the judge was "the directing and
trolling influence" in criminal trials.
tory reveals that this was only too
gically true. The independence of the
y as sole judge of matters of fact was
n a very early time not recognized by
Common Law.

Iere it must be remembered that while
Common Law is admittedly the system
thus far protecting to the largest degree the Anglo-Saxon principles of civil liberty (in that it evolves from below, and is not a system imposed from above, as is the Roman Civil Law), yet it has ever been engaged in a struggle with governmental power; that its every advance in the protection of free peoples has been achieved only by arduous effort and sacrifice; and that at various stages of its development it has reflected, not civil liberty, but the triumph of governmental power over civil liberty.

Thus the institution of trial by jury has had a very halting growth in the Common Law. It, too, developed in contest with power—judicial power—and, being constantly opposed and checked, it presents at various periods only a caricature of its ultimate beneficence. Nor has this contest ended; nor will it end until man has ceased to find satisfaction in the possession of power over his fellow man.

In the reign of Edward III, we are told, the judge was so far controlling in the trial court, and the jurors were presumed to be so perverse, that they were locked up without fire or food to hasten their agreement in accordance with the "comments on the evidence"; and if they took unduly long, they might be placed in a cart, carried to the border of the county and upset in a ditch. It is not supposed that any one wishes to see this Common Law power restored to the judges.

For a great many years, until it attracted the notice of Parliament in 1667, it was the practice of English judges, at Common Law, to fine and imprison jurors who were courageous enough to ignore their "comments on the evidence" and acquit the intended victims. And, in spite of a resolution of the House of Commons declaring this practice illegal, the court, in the trial of Penn and Mead three years later, imposed a fine of forty marks upon each member of the jury who had voted for acquittal against the instructions.

While this appears to be the last English case in which jurors who ignored "the controlling influence" of the court were fined, Hallam tells us that "the judges, and other ministers of justice, for the sake of their own authority or that of the Crown, devised various means of subjecting juries to their own direction, by intimidation, by unfair returns of the panel, or by narrowing the boundaries of their lawful function."

It was not until Bushell's case in 1670 that Chief Justice Vaughan grudgingly conceded that a jury might render a verdict contrary to the direction of the court without being guilty of any legal misdemeanor. Until that time the intended function of trial by jury as a bulwark standing impartially between governmental power and a desired victim had not been realized.

III

The right of trial by an impartial and unintimidated jury has reached its present stage of effectiveness in our State Courts largely as an incident to the struggle of the press for freedom. Thus Lord Camden, by whose tireless efforts the English press was freed, said in the House of Lords, in 1792:

> I ask your Lordships to say who shall have the care of the liberty of the press. The judges or the people of England? The judges are independent men. Be it so. But are they totally beyond the possibility of corruption from the Crown? Is it impossible to show them favor in any way whatever? The truth is they possibly may be corrupted —juries never can! What would be the effect of giving judges the whole control of the press? Nothing would appear that could be disagreeable to government. As well might an act of Parliament pass that nothing should be printed or published but panegyrics on ministers.

It is an alarming fact that under the Federal government we are approaching a return to the very condition that Lord Camden inveighed against, through the unconstitutional assumption by the Postmaster-General of the powers of a censor, supplemented by our new law of seditious libel, the Espionage Act. In 1919 the Postmaster-General arrogantly informed a Federal court that his exclusion of publications from the mails was "not subject to be
reviewed, reversed, set aside or controll
by a court of law!" And the Federal cou
appear acquiescent.

In the trial of a case under our new se
tious libel law in 1918 Federal Judge V
Valkenburgh assumed to say to a jury:

> It has been stated here freely by counsel upo
> both sides, and by the court, that such right o
> criticism [of government] within proper limita-
> tions, exists. You should draw the distinction
> however, between criticism which is made friendl
> to the government, friendly to the war, friendl
> to the policies of the government, and intende
> to forward and perhaps expedite, and such as ar
> made with the intent of hampering it and paralyz-
> ing the arm of the government in carrying it out

The First Amendment to the Constit
tion, forbidding Congress to pass any la
abridging the freedom of speech and of t
press, is an unqualified inhibition upon
such laws; yet in the hands of the Fede
judiciary it has become but a right to pu
lish "panegyrics upon ministers" in ti
of war. Its peace time application may n
be far distant; and when our Federal jud
have the full care of the liberty of the pr
will it be impossible for an Attorney-G
eral to show them favor when he is ze
ously interested in particular prosecutio
In his volume on "Judicial Reform," Jo
D. Works says:

> Practically, Federal judges are selected by th
> Attorney-General of the United States. All a
> plications for appointment are referred to, investi
> gated by, and reported upon by him, and, whe
> there are a number of applicants, he recommen
> to the President the one selected by him, an
> usually his recommendation is approved and th
> applicant of his choice appointed. The Attorne
> General is also the attorney of the government
> all its litigation before the judges he has selecte
> Not only this, but he assumes and actually exe
> cises the right to investigate and supervise t
> course and conduct of these same judges, and h
> in some instances—whether generally or not
> not known—made secret investigations of Feder
> judges through secret agents and without t
> knowledge of such judges.

We have recently had the spectacle o
Assistant Attorney-General appearing
fore Federal grand juries in various part
the country to exhort them to greater
in returning indictments under a part
larly unpopular law zealously espoused
the government. Are all Federal jud

who look to the Attorney-General for adancement, above sensibility to this ardor manating from Washington? Is it not posible that some of it will find its way into he "comments on the evidence" in such ases? It is perfectly well known that such as been the case.

Judicial power, like all other power, acepts no limitations as final; checks must e constantly reimposed if this natural endency is not to engulf everything. This truth lies at the foundation of our written Constitutions, all imposed in distrust of ower.

Presumably, in the Eighteenth Century, trial by jury in the Common Law contemlated a "jury of the vicinage" where the crime was alleged to have been committed, so that the accused could have the benefit of his known standing and character among is neighbors, and that he might the more asily obtain witnesses. Yet there was nothing resembling a "jury of the vicinage" in the English practice of transporting our Colonial ancestors to England for trial nder various accusations before the Revlution.

It is a striking coincidence that now our ederal courts have largely destroyed the jury of the vicinage" in so-called conspiracy cases, by assimilating an "overt act" to the alleged conspiracy and sancioning prosecution in any distant jurisdicon where that overt act is said to have been committed. Hence a citizen accused of a conspiracy effected in New York, for xample, might now be dragged to Caliornia or Oregon for trial in the Federal Courts.

When our Colonial ancestors were transported to England for trial in this manner, before admiralty courts and before strange and unknown juries, if the charge happened to be seditious libel, so much the worse for them; for it was affirmed by Engsh judges that by the Common Law the jury had no right to pass upon the guilt or nnocence of the accused in such cases. Whether or not a writing was libel, they aid, was a question of law for the court to decide; the jury could merely decide as to the fact of publication.

It can hardly be supposed that anyone, in urging a return to the Common Law power of English judges, wishes to restore this; yet it was a part of the "original" Common Law at the time of the Revolution, nor was it abolished until after the Fox Libel Act was passed in 1792. The English judges were furious over this act, as we learn from a note in Cooley's "Constitutional Limitations":

> In Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors, the author justly condemns the practice followed in spite of the Fox Libel Act, of expressing to the jury from the bench an opinion of the defendant's guilt. On the trial of parties charged with a libel on the Empress of Russia, Lord Kenyon, sneering at the late libel act, said:
>
> "I am bound by my oath to declare my own opinion, and I should forget my duty were I not to say to you that it is a gross libel." Upon this Lord Campbell remarks: "Mr. Fox's act only requires the judges to give their opinion on matters of law in libel cases as in other cases. But did any judge ever say: 'Gentlemen, I am of opinion that this is a wilful, malicious and atrocious murder'"?
>
> For a considerable time after the act was passed, against the unanimous opposition of the judges, they almost all spitefully followed this course. I myself heard one judge say: "As the legislature requires me to give my opinion in the present case, I am of opinion that this is a diabolically atrocious libel."

Although Parliament had tardily put an end to the fining and imprisoning of disobedient jurors, and interposed other checks in defense of trial by jury, subsequent history reveals a continuing record of martyrdom to judicial tyranny through the "right," still jealously retained by the English judges, to "comment on the evidence." In all periods in which government is deeply interested in criminal cases, or in which popular passions are widely aroused, "to comment on the evidence" turns out to be nothing more or less than judicial insistence upon a verdict of guilty.

In the trial of Muir and Palmer, for example, in 1793, for seeking to overturn the rotten borough system in England (they were sentenced to transportation for fourteen and seven years respectively), the jury was told that

> the right of universal suffrage the subjects of this country never enjoyed; and were they to enjoy it, they would not long enjoy either liberty or a free Constitution. You will therefore consider whether telling the people that they have a just right to what would unquestionably be tantamount to a total subversion of this Constitution, is such a writing as any person is entitled to compose, to print and to publish.

It is significant to recall that American public sentiment was so deeply stirred by the outcome of this exercise of the Common Law power of the judge to "comment on the evidence" that an expedition was actually undertaken from this country to New South Wales to rescue Muir. But a different spirit has come over us since that day.

IV

Such, in brief outline, was the posture of judicial power and trial by jury under the English Common Law at the time of the Revolution.

Is it to be wondered at that the individual States of the Union had a far different idea of what the right of trial by jury was and ought to be, and that their Legislatures should have adopted with such marked unanimity the one effective provision against the intimidation of jurors—a prohibition upon the judges to comment upon the evidence in criminal trials?

It is only too true that the judges of the Federal courts do exercise today the power "to comment on the evidence," but it does not appear that it was viewed as proper in those courts at the time of their establishment. In the very early case of Georgia *vs.* Brailsford, coming before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1792, John Jay, the first Chief Justice, instructed the jury as follows:

> It may not be amiss here, gentlemen, to remind you of the good old rule that in questions of fact, it is the province of the jury, in questions of law, the province of the judge, to decide. But it must be observed that by the same law which recognizes this reasonable distribution of jurisdiction, you have nevertheless a right to take upon yourselves to judge of both, and to determine the law as well as the fact in controversy. On this and on every other occasion, however, we have no doubt you will pay that respect which is due to the opinion of the court; for, as on the one hand, it is presumed that juries are the best judges of the facts, it is, on the other hand presumable that the court are the best judges of the law. But still both objects are within your power of decision. . . . Go then, gentlemen, from the bar, without any impressions of favor or prejudice for one party or the other; weigh well the merits of the case, and do on this as you ought to do on every occasion, equal and impartial justice.

There is here seen none of that assumption of power to influence a jury that was soon to develop in the programme of the Adams administration, to strengthen and magnify the Federal judiciary as a Federalist stronghold. The conduct of Chief Justice Ellsworth, Justice Samuel Chase and others later, in prosecutions under the Common Law of England, which they insisted they had power to execute, and under the Alien and Sedition Acts, was fully as violent and tyrannical as any of the spectacles presented in the English courts, not excluding that of Jeffreys himself.

Like their English prototypes, the Federal judges not only chafed at all restraints but constantly reached out for and seize power. They not only assumed to "comment on the evidence," but they institute inquisitions and harangued grand juries To the alarm of the country they asserte that it was their right to, and actually di indict and try under any or all of the precedents and usages of the English Commo Law, whether or not Congress had adopte such precedents in statutory form. As Senator Beveridge said in his "Life of Joh Marshall":

> The judges themselves had invited the attack so soon to be made on them. Immediately after the government was established under the Constitution they took a position which disturbed a large part of the general public, and also awakened apprehensions in many serious minds. Persons were haled before the national courts charged with offenses unknown to the national statutes and unnamed in the Constitution; nevertheless the national judges held that they were indictabl and punishable under the Common Law of England. This was a substantial assumption of power The judiciary avowed its right to pick and choos among the myriad of precedents which made up the Common Law and to enforce such of the as, in the opinion of the national judges, ough to govern American citizens. In a manner tha touched directly the lives and liberties of th

people, therefore, the judges became law-givers as well as law-expounders. Not without reason did the Republicans of Boston drink with loud cheers the toast: "The Common Law! May wholesome statutes soon root out this engine of oppression from America!"

Chief Justice Ellsworth went so far as to ause the conviction of a former American tizen who had become naturalized in rance by holding that, by the English ommon Law doctrine of indelible alleiance, no American citizen could expatrite himself.

V

his course of tyranny by the Federal ourts ran on until 1812, when, in deference a mighty storm of indignation, the Sureme Court reluctantly admitted that all f its fining and imprisoning under the ommon Law had been unconstitutional. hereafter it conceded that

> the legislative authority of the Union must first make an act a crime, affix a punishment to it and declare the court that shall have jurisdiction of the offense.

Justice Story, we are told, was "frantic" ver giving up this strange and undefined retch of power. The Federal courts reined the English judicial conception of ury trial from this period of violence, and ongress has not yet seen fit to correct it, n spite of constant abuse in many jurisictions.

As to what trial by jury actually is in e Federal courts let us read the testimony f Circuit Judge Martin T. Manton, taken om an address before the American Bar ssociation in 1925 on "The Administraon of Criminal Law in the Federal ourts":

> There is always present in the minds of laymen who come to serve as jurymen a thought almost bordering on fear of the presiding judge. They want to please; never to displease. They are always obedient; they are swayed onward in ardor for full performance of duty; they think in terms of justice. That is why we obtain correct decisions, as a rule.

That juries in Federal Courts entertain a eling "almost bordering on fear of the presiding judge" and that they are "obedient" is not unrelated to the excess of power over them exercised by the Federal judge; under such conditions, however, their function as impartial judges of guilt or innocence appears practically to vanish.

To what extent a Federal judge may go in "commenting on the evidence" may be seen in the case of Horning *vs.* U. S., in which the Supreme Court, in 1920, upheld this charge to a jury as merely "regrettable peremptoriness":

> In conclusion I will say to you that a failure by you to bring in a verdict in this case can arise only from a wilful and flagrant disregard of the evidence and the law as I have given it to you, and a violation of your obligation as jurors. . . . I cannot tell you in so many words to find the defendant guilty, but what I say amounts to that.

Again, in the Abrams case in 1918, Judge Clayton of Alabama, sitting in New York, said:

> If it were a case where the defendant were indicted for homicide, and he was charged with having taken a pistol and put it to the head of another man and fired the pistol and killed the man, you might say that he did not intend to do that. But I would have very little respect for a jury that would come in with a verdict that he didn't have any intent.

When that case reached the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Holmes, in a minority dissenting opinion, said:

> In this case sentences of twenty years imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the government has to publish the Constitution of the United States, now vainly invoked by them.

All this, it is plain, is not trial by jury in any true sense. Where such pressure may be exercised upon jurors the jury is superfluous. In his great work on "Constitutional Limitations," Justice Cooley correctly declares:

> A judge who urges his opinion upon the facts to a jury decides the cause while avoiding the responsibility. How often would a jury be found bold enough to declare their opinion in opposition to that of the judge upon the bench, whose words would fall upon their ears with all the weight which experience, learning and commanding position must always carry with them? What lawyer would care to sum up his case if he knew

> that the judge, whose words would be so much more influential, was to declare in his favor, or would be bold enough to argue the facts to the jury, if he knew the judge was to declare against him?

It should be pointed out, finally, that the Federal courts have recently become partakers in the alien doctrine that crime may be punished without indictment or jury trial—in spite of the Fifth and Sixth Amendments—by bringing alleged offenses under the equity process of injunction. If this is constitutional with respect to one class of crimes it may eventually embrace all, and so destroy even the poor remnant of jury trial left in Federal practice.

Thus the present is no time for the States to let down any barrier erected for the protection of self-government and civil liberty; only if they hold steadfast may we hop to reëstablish them in the Federal govern ment.

In the inhibition upon trial judges t "sum up or comment upon the evidence in criminal cases, the Legislatures of th States have endowed the institution o trial by jury with its predestined benef icence as the best human arrangemen thus far devised to protect the citize against the otherwise overwhelming powe of government to crush him. It is not eff cient, but neither is liberty efficient; onl autocracy is.

To abandon this benign principle afte the many years of martyrdom required t win it would be merely to transfer the ol struggle to posterity.

HORSE-CAR DAYS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

NOBODY under twenty-five remembers horse-cars, and few, if any, of thirty. Perhaps most Americans of irty-five never really saw one. But all en and women of forty saw them before ey vanished, and everybody of fifty and remembers them well.

A preserved horse-car is as rare today as whale-oil lamp or a high-wheel bicycle. know of only two actually in existence. ne is in Baltimore. When the street car en dragged it out, painted it up, hitched couple of ice-wagon horses to it, and put original horse-car crew on the platrms, almost the entire Association of mmerce turned out to gape at it with ve and incredulity. Henry Ford has one. thers may be embalmed elsewhere, but I ve not seen the fact recorded. Early wentieth Century gasoline buggies with agon wheels and handles for steering are eserved at the Smithsonian Institution d probably at the older and sturdier autoobile factories, but no government antiarian has seen fit to preserve a horse-car. is, perhaps, is not surprising, for the eet railway men themselves, practical llows to whom any romantic notion is e rat poison, have been content to see em fall apart and be junked.

The reason may be simple. Hundreds of en in the street railway business today ere horse-car men; indeed, the modern ectric railway is built upon the ruins of e horse-car and cable-car. Few men ould think it worth while to preserve a ir of 1888 pants in order to hand their ildren a laugh at their expense, and perps the street railway men have let the rse-cars crumble for the same reason. Changes have been swift in the careers of these men. The horse-cars they used to operate are in the same limbo with the tin train of the boy whose parents have bought him a velocipede.

The horse-car age, crystal clear in the memories of men who take river-bed tubes and continuous six-day air flights for granted today, ran for about forty years—that is, from the early fifties until the late eighties, when the cable-car, closely followed by the electric car, began displacing transit by Dobbin. The story of the horse-car is full of picturesque color, but it remains buried in scattered fragments in hidden scrap books, old trade journal and newspaper files, and musty horse-car convention reports. The old-time horse-car convention, in itself, would be a fit subject for an heroic canvas. Yet a modern bank president's dim picture of his mother signalling to a horse-car driver from the bedroom window to wait for her while she pinned her hat on; an electric transportation mogul looking queerly at his aging hands as though they still felt the tug of the reins; a millionaire's poignant recollection of the gigantic manure pit not far from his boyhood home—such memories and a few scattered volumes on which the dust thickens undisturbed are all that remain of that mellowest of times. Soon there will be only the volumes and the dust.

The first and only text-book on how to build and run a horse-car line was written by Alexander Easton, a Philadelphia engineer, and published in 1859. He called it "A Practical Treatise on Street or Horse-power Railways; with Examinations as to

Their Comparative Advantages over the Omnibus System." Today it reads like Dan Beard's "American Boys' Handy Book," telling how to build a backyard switchback and traps for chipmunks. Yet in those days it was a scientific treatise. Nowhere else were facts, figures and the results of tests contained between book-covers. But as a scientific treatise it was taken very lightly, not only by the omnibus industry whose doom it sounded, but by the horse-railway industry for whose benefit it was written.

The rugged founding fathers of the horse-cars did not want books; they wanted franchises. They did not even want account books. When the officers of the new Third Avenue Railway, organized in New York in 1854, took over the line, they found no books or accounts whatsoever, although the original proprietors of the road were supposed to have bought up five omnibus lines at a cost of $400,000. The more business-like officials of the new company decided to change all that, but to keep their accounts on a simple basis. Thus a typical statement of the road's earnings for a year ran:

From passengers	$405,278.95
From manure, etc.	13,750.75

Frequently, in those early days, the manure receipts meant the difference between a deficit and a profit. This homely by-product loomed especially large on the books of the New York horse-car companies. In the late fifties it produced for four of them—the Third Avenue Railway, the Eighth Avenue, the Brooklyn City and the Sixth Avenue—the splendid sum of $18,000.

But it was upon the dark mysteries of getting franchises out of State Legislatures and City Councils, not upon the simple business of laying tracks in the streets and driving cars over them, that the heroes of the horse-car days wanted light, and there Prophet Easton gave them no light at all. He denounced their "amateurishness," their "want of science," and their "fruitless imitations" in construction and operation, but said nothing about the art c franchise grabbing except that "not to much money or credit should be absorbe for such plunder as lobbying bills." H did not even say what "too much money was, and so he was of little help to promoters whose chief problem was how t get enough.

II

The horse railways were as roundly denounced in the fifties by public, press an pulpit as were the turnpike roads and th steam railroads before them, and the automobiles after them. Boston's first horse-ca company, the Cambridge Railway, running from Bowdoin Square in Boston t Harvard Square in Cambridge, had a har time selling even $43,000 worth of securities in 1855. When it finally raised tha much the contractor agreed to take th money and start to work, getting th balance in stocks and bonds. Of thi $43,000 only $6,000 was subscribed b people willing to gamble on the stock The rest wanted bonds.

The public in all the first big horse-ca cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore—was skeptical of the ne experiment. It meant laying tracks alon the best streets. Steam railroads were sti new and the public's ideas of all railway were gleaned from them. Make way fo such juggernauts in streets crowded w carriages, hacks and omnibuses? Nonsens "It will, I hope," wrote a citizen to Philadelphia paper, "be a long while b fore the citizens of Philadelphia will contented to endure such a nuisance as th railroad is likely to be. Who would belie that any set of men could be found so de perate and so defiant of the sense of th public in this question as to insist up laying a railroad in two of the best stree in the city, viz., Chestnut and Walnut

In Baltimore the public was virtual solid against the new rapid transit. Un 1859 it stuck to omnibuses, which th horse-car promoters, in their sinister prop

;anda, kept calling "rudderless monsters." ll the merchants along Baltimore street xcept two were bitterly opposed to horse ailways. The cars, they believed, would nterfere with traffic. Carriages would up-et, driving over the rails. Where would uilders at work on houses find room for heir material in the streets? The row got nto the courts, and became almost fero-ious. In the end, however, one injunction fter another was vacated, and the laying f tracks began. At a certain curve they ad to come close to the curb in front of a harmacy kept by one Moore, and the nraged pill-roller, declaring they were ncroaching on his property, took the law nto his own hands. He planted an arm-hair in the street and sat defiantly in he path of the track gangs. They dug round him, leaving him atop a little dirt lateau. Crowds gathered and cheered the rave druggist. When he had to go inside o tend store or eat, his wife relieved him n the arm-chair, and when she had to go n, her sister took the post. The street aved in, tumbling the sister into the itch, but with great courage she stayed here with her elbows resting on one of the ron rails, while the delighted neighbors araded around her with flags and banners. inally the company paid Moore $300, and e gave in.

Once a line of track was down and a orse-car running on it, public opinion sually began to yield, for everybody vanted to ride. The horse-car was faster han the omnibus. Its path was fixed, vhile the omnibus lumbered and rocked bout, endangering the carriages of the ich, and, on cobbled streets, made a great acket. The horse-car, on the contrary, ran s noiselessly "as though the street were overed with snow." Strickland Kneass, hief engineer and surveyor of Philadel-hia, wrote hopefully to a City Council ommittee in 1855 that the new lines would prevent the streets being blocked y a double or treble row of coaches, creat-ng an intolerable annoyance to the busi-ess man." Thus the horse-car was offered as a solution of the traffic problem of the fifties.

The public soon began to be impressed and delighted by the fact that the horses would start and stop at the jingle of the bell with no action by the driver. One horse-car, they found, did the work of three omnibuses, thus economizing street space. Brakes stopped the car quickly, and stopped the horses, too, even fractious ones. Old ladies and gentlemen declared they could take their seats or leave them without being pitched on their noses. Drivers of private carriages, weary of bumping on cobblestones, found it delightfully smooth going on the rails.

So this "improvement of the age," as Alexander Easton called it, came and stayed. An active life, full of color and excitement, lay ahead of it. In the early eighties, as we shall see, came the tardy "scientific spirit" and the standardizations whose lack Easton had so deplored. But now the horse-car kings could give their fancy full swing. In every big American city the little cars bobbed along, bells tinkling, hoofs clattering, drivers roaring at the traffic jams. Cheering crowds of boys and men ran behind, hooking free rides. It was as natural for a car to jump the track as for it to stay on, and a couple of good-sized men could lift it back if the passengers got out. In some cities four horses pulled the cars, in others one, in others two. There were no standards, even amongst different companies in the same city.

Drivers were tough fellows, hardy as Arctic explorers, bundled in great coats and shawls, with tall beaver hats or thick hunting caps with ear-flaps. Some kept their faces and chests warm with heavy beards in cold weather, and wrapped their feet in many burlap oat bags, unwrapping them when alighting to help lift the car back on the track, smack a balky horse, or beat up a teamster who wouldn't get out of the way. With their long whips they flicked smartly the legs of boys hanging on behind. Conductors were just as hardy;

they had to be to throw the powerful drunks off when necessary. Riding and "capturing" a horse-car was a great evening sport for gentlemen of the mauve and pre-mauve decades when liquored up.

The horse-car crews were bound by rules to be polite and courteous, and so the problem of throwing off a drunk often called for rare tact and judgment. The New York State Railway Association Model Rules forbade (*a*), throwing him off while the car was in motion; (*b*), throwing him off if he were "only slightly under the influence of liquor"; (*c*), throwing him off if he were "orderly and quiet." The conductor had to weigh all these reservations against the general rule; "Drunken and disorderly persons must not be allowed to ride."

Another nice question was handled in the following model rule for all the New York State horse railways:

> Conductors should never go inside the car or to the front without first counting the number of passengers on the rear platform; and if more are there on his return he should call out "Fares, if you please," without addressing any one in particular.

His next problem would be to get the fares, but the rule book was silent on that. However, if nobody answered his pleasant impersonal observation, and he had the dead-beats spotted, he could look up Rule 9, "Ejecting from cars." Here he read: "The conductor must never eject a person from the car for non-payment of fare unless he has witnesses to sustain him. All ejections must be in a peaceable and gentle manner and no more force used than absolutely necessary. The car must first be brought to a full stop." If, after lining up all the witnesses, getting names and addresses and seeing that everybody had a good view, the conductor then applied gentle pressure to the offending passenger with no result, he could, presumably, increase the pressure peaceably until something snapped.

Drivers were informed by the rule books that "the best way to manage a baulky horse is by kindness"; that they must "speak pleasantly to teamsters or any other persons who may be in the way kindly requesting them to move"; that horses' feet must be examined for loose shoes before starting; that dashboards must be kept clean, and (for drivers of bob-tails or one-man cars) that they must pick up all the change envelopes passengers threw on the floor, and never, under any circumstances leave the car without taking their change boxes.

Plenty of State and city laws and ordinances were passed to prevent any skullduggery on the part of these traction octopuses, and to safeguard the people's rights. In Boston one of the most precious of these rights, in 1857, was that of sleigh-riding in Winter, which, it soon became evident, conflicted with the desire of the horse-car companies to clear their tracks of snow so that their cars could run. The mayor and aldermen took command of the situation by forbidding the horse-car companies to clear their tracks at all so long as sleighing was good. They could operate passenger sleighs and charge fares if they wanted to, but the cars had to wait until the snow melted.

The speed limit in most cities was fiv miles an hour, and outside the "congeste districts" seven miles an hour. Horses ha to be walked around curves, and not gal loped up hills. If a fire broke out and horse-car was near an engine house, th engine had to be hitched to the back of th car and pulled to the fire.

Many thought the cars a menace to pub lic safety, careening through the street as they did. Children would run under th horses' feet. The horseway, as the spac between tracks was called, seemed espe cially attractive to sleepy drunks, wh frequently used it for a bed and sometime woke up with horses or cars or both o their chests. One curious accident hap pened in New York, when a passeng whose feet were cold, despite the heav carpet of straw on the car floor, got ou and ran alongside the car, holding to th grab-handle. "I'll do this for two or thr ocks until my feet get warm," he told e driver. "Then I'll get back on." At the ond block his foot slipped and he fell der the wheels.

New methods of committing suicide alys appeal to people whose inclinations in that direction, and the horse-cars d a vast appeal. The great-grandfathers moderns who throw themselves in front subway trains used to take running ves beneath the feet of car horses. They re not always as certain to be killed, d often it was harder on the horses than the would-be suicide, but it was at st satisfyingly painful.

It was a long time before the communal *res* permitted horse-cars to run on Suny. Occasionally a company would get a pine and sinful mayor or alderman to pose it, and a vicious newspaper to ck it up, but the shocked citizens would e up and bury the idea under a deluge of hteous wrath. But as the times grew generate, the Sunday laws relaxed, and e wicked companies began to roll up ge Sabbath receipts.

III

rd times came with the Civil War. Revues decreased as men joined the armies. ally, the government seized the horses pull artillery and forage wagons, and serve as cavalry mounts. Those were eat days for the brave traction nags, rn down by the monotony of their rk. No longer dragging rumbling little n-wheeled cars at their heels, nor gued by corns and hoofs split on the rp cobbles, they could stretch their mped muscles in the heroic charge, and ell powder burning, and neigh with the ring guns. Certainly among the heroes the horse-car age were the horses who nt to the war in the sixties.

Few of these veterans ever came back. ules and small Canadian horses, hardy l sure-footed, took up their work after war. The business grew and prospered. o trouble came in the form of epidemics of horse diseases. In the Fall of 1872, the dreadful epizootic broke out in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Horses dropped like flies. Companies were forced to announce, "No Cars Will Be Run Until Further Notice, Due to the Epizootic Among Our Horses." Thousands walked. One saw ox-carts, dog-carts and carts drawn by men. Men pulled the fire engines. In Baltimore the Peabody Heights Railway Company told its idle employés they could have the use of the cars for their own benefit. The drivers and conductors thereupon drew the cars themselves and carried passengers at ten cents each. Some companies tried to resume service with oxen, but without success. The feet of the oxen were too tender for the cobblestones, and they would get vicious and try to rush at the passengers.

No one then thought of applying electricity to transportation. Occasionally steam was considered, but the idea was believed to be silly for city cars. The horse-car was still the "improvement of the age." A good horse cost about $125, and until about 1863 it cost only forty cents a day to keep him. Then the cost began to increase and went to sixty cents. He ate about eight pounds of hay and thirteen pounds of corn and oats. With regular food and work and good care, his useful life was at least four years. One year the Sixth Avenue Railway in New York made a record, losing only three out of 398 horses and mules in the year—and those by accident—while eighty of the total number had been at work day and night for six years.

Those were golden days, and they continued into the coöperative and scientific period, which began in 1882 with the dawn of a spirit of brotherhood amongst the horse-car magnates. In that year, at the call of H. H. Littell, superintendent of the Louisville City Railway, horse-car men from all over the country assembled at Young's Hotel in Boston for their first convention. There the American Street Railway Association was formed—the parent of the present American Electric Railway Association.

There was work for this new body to do. The business of carrying people in horse-cars had grown to undreamed of proportions. The despised securities of the first Boston railway, which had sold so slowly in 1855, had long been paying 6% on the bonds, and 9% on the stock. It was the same everywhere. The country had 415 horse-railways, and 35,000 men running them. Every day 100,000 horses trotted, clop-clop-clop, over 3,000 miles of track, enough (as the end-to-enders of the time declaimed), to reach almost from Boston to San Francisco; and rattling along behind the 100,000 horses came 18,000 horse-cars, with straw on the floors, some with stoves inside, and stove-pipes sticking out of the roof; some with fires burning underneath, some with no stoves or fires at all; big horse-cars and little horse-cars; bob-tail and two-man cars; with fresh horses, tired horses, or horses about to drop; with bay horses, gray horses, dappled horses and roans; some big and rangy, some tough and little; some well fed, some under-fed and some scarcely fed at all.

Never before had the horse-car men of the land gathered to swap experiences. For more than thirty years everybody had been going along about as he pleased. But it had become plain at last that there must be a right way and a wrong way to do things. Horse-shoe salesmen were always coming around talking up the Seeley shoe, or the Walker shoe, or the Goodenough shoe. Which was best? How did other companies handle the snow removal problem? Which way should a horse stand in the stable—with his front feet or his hind feet higher? How did so-and-so perfume his manure pits? When the stables caught fire, how could you keep the horses that escaped from scattering all over the town and having to be lassoed in people's back yards before the cars could get started again?

"The object of this association," said the Hon. Moody Merrill, chairman and
keynoter of the convention, and preside
of the Highland Street Railway of Bosto
"is the advance of scientific and practic
knowledge. While ten years ago our ca
were run almost exclusively for the acco
modation of the poorer and middle classe
now the wealthier classes are our most li
eral patrons. A few years ago the cab a
the hack were the only vehicles called
requisition for the lecture, the concert a
the theater, but now the street car
almost exclusively patronized for that pu
pose. Cars can be seen going to and fro
these places of entertainment filled wi
ladies robed in silks, velvets and ermi
and adorned with costly jewels of eme
alds, rubies and diamonds. This change
the character of our patronage deman
continual improvement in our service."

The eloquence of the Hon. Mr. Merr
so moved his fellow horse-car men th
they were able to do little but fall to eati
and drinking. The bill-of-fare of their fi
banquet is interesting in its revelation
how little these rugged, hard-working
boys needed to sustain them in this cri
They had oysters, green turtle soup, stri
bass *en coquille*, fillet of sole *à l'Italien*, s
dle of Southdown mutton, fillet of beef
champignons, Philadelphia capon with ca
flower, terrapin *à la* Maryland, sw
breads with purée of asparagus poi
fillet of chicken with *sauce suprême*,
chaud à la financière, champagne ice, c
vasback duck, larded quails, woodco
omelet souffle, tutti frutti, Charlotte Ru
wine jellies, cream Tortoni, pistachio
ringues, Gorgonzola and cream che
olives, pears, oranges, Hamburg gra
Malaga grapes, nuts, raisins, figs, Fre
fruits, candied fruits, ice cream, she
and coffee. This simple repast was wa
down with Hockheimer, Mumm's E
Dry and Château Rose.

Serious business was put off until the
lowing year. The first report of the c
mittee on buildings was revolutiona
denounced many horse-car stables as H
Hells. It said there was bad ventila
and no sunlight, and declared that sta

ould be well lighted with ample stalls d "escape pipes for the ammoniacal luvia. Then," the report added, "the ances would no longer be against every rse who passes through those doors, as ey were against those ghostly ones who ssed through Dante's gate and, as they ent in, read above their heads 'Who sses here goes into everlasting Hell!' "

The convention seems to have heard the port on Horse Hells in silence, and to ve passed quickly to the Snow and Ice oblem. Every city had it. The horse-r companies wanted to sprinkle salt on eir tracks in Winter to melt the snow, t the public was up in arms against the actice. Those were the days when genmen kept fast trotting horses and trim tters, and it enraged them to come wntown for a swift brush along Main eet, only to find the car tracks salted d the snow melting. Shall the horse-rs ruin sleighing? asked the public, and e car companies retorted, Shall a silly ort ruin the transportation business? The rse-cars were usually beaten in these guments. Health experts declared the lt made horses sick. The chairman of e Boston Board of Health swore that lted car tracks menaced the public health; e quickly melting snow lowered the mperature five to ten degrees and gave destrians violent colds. In Baltimore ere was a popular theory that salted acks spread diphtheria and scarlet fever. ne horse-car men's convention debated e question, and decided that salt was althful to horses rather than injurious.

For hours the magnates discussed horse-oeing—flat shoes and curved shoes; hether to put them on hot or cold; with lks or without calks. Delegate Brayton Providence, R. I., raised a nice point hen he inquired, "When the horse was eated didn't he work without shoes?" it William H. Hazzard, of the Brooklyn ty Railway, floored him with, "So did an, but could you pull a car barefooted cobble-stones?" The convention agreed ith Julius E. Rugg, of Boston, that the trouble with horse-shoeing was "plenty of muscle and no brains," and "too many strong but dumb Irishmen in the game."

There were hot battles over car-heating, and John H. Maxon, of St. Louis, said with fine sarcasm, "There's a certain class of railway men that want their roads to do whatever the people say, and the people themselves, half of them, don't know what they do want. Down our way they want fans in the cars to keep the flies off." He threatened the Northern companies, if they went too far with this stove business, he'd install his fans and make trouble all around.

Mr. Hazzard of Brooklyn rose again to say that in Brooklyn they took out the stoves in the Spring of 1882 because the public kicked about them; then people demanded them back. "One man wrote and said he'd take up a collection to put 'em back. I wrote back and told him to keep the money and buy himself an overcoat. I don't know whether he did or not." This was the stone-hatchet age of Public Relations.

How to get all the fares and out-wit the nickel-snitching conductors—there was another knotty one! Bell-punches, automatic registers, slot boxes—all sorts of things were being used. Apparently there was no device a conductor couldn't beat if he tried. Most roads had detective forces, open and secret. Shocked newspaper cartoonists frequently pictured the honest conductor with a ball and chain on his foot, and a masked sleuth peeping at him around a corner.

It was difficult to please the public. There was, for example, the problem of the manure pits. In the horse-car business there was simply no escape from manure. While it brought in revenue it also brought in trouble. At the New York State convention, in 1887, it was announced that the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York had denounced the manure pits. Banish them, said the society, and ease the burden of the poor. This brought jeers from Henry A. Cassebeer, Jr., vice president of the Steinway and Hunter's Point Railway of Long Island, who invoked the medical principle that the smell of manure is healthful.

"You see the children running around there and playing," said Mr. Cassebeer, "and how healthy they are! Healthier than our own children."

Many agreed, however, that the pits were foul, and disinfectants seemed to be the only cure for the evil. When it came to disinfectants G. Hilton Scribner, president of the Central Park North and East River Railway, had a tale to unfold. He was for a substance called Soluble Phenyle. It seemed that he had lately had a serious stable fire, with 1150 horses burned to death. This was in June, 1887, and the weather was warm and muggy. The New York *Herald*, Mr. Scribner said, began pitching into him not twenty-four hours after the fire. It seemed to think he could get rid of his 1150 dead horses by waving a wand over them. Well, he had taken his time, used Soluble Phenyle, and the *Herald* finally quit.

"But," said the sort of delegate who is always spoiling good arguments, "we want disinfectants for living horses, not dead ones."

IV

Early in the history of these horse-car conventions, the death-knell of the horse-car began to be heard, faintly in 1883, and louder each succeeding year. "I see in the recent subjugation of the subtile and hitherto illusive force of electricity to the needs of man," said President Littell, in Chicago, in 1883, "boundless possibilities for the world's three great requisites of advancement, heat, light and motion." The delegates also listened in solemn silence as C. B. Holmes, president of the Chicago City Railway Company, told them how he ran his new-fangled cable cars: "Twenty-five cents a mile for horses; . . . half of that for cable cars . . . Of course, interest on a heavy investment, but big profits after that." He then talked fo a half hour without interruption. Th horse-car men felt rather sick when h sat down.

A woman got into the business in 1888—Mrs. Mary E. H. G. Dow, a stout, motherly soul with a hundred blue ribbons an silver cups from county fairs for priz jellies, preserved gooseberries and tatting and an uncanny flair for finance. Sh became president of the Dover, Nev Hampshire, Horse Railway. She had outguessed a syndicate of millionaires wh were reaching for the road. Suffragette began booming her for President of th United States. At the 1889 convention President Thomas Cowry, of the Minneapolis and St. Paul Street Railway, read th horse-car's valedictory. "The horse an mule have been our faithful allies," h said. "They have nobly done their shar in enabling us to build up cities and town In return for their faithfulness we propos to emancipate them." A noble gesture, bu it must have meant little to the spirits the 25,000 horses that had passed on ann ally through the Horse Hells to th bourn whence no car horse ever returne The talk that year was all of cable car but the yellowing pages of the repo show old Deacon William T. Richardso of the Brooklyn City Railway, holdin forth at great length and with much an mation in what must have sounded these groping transportation men like voice from a newly dug grave:

"But for me there's nothing like a roa strawberry or steel. . . . The dark is goo of course, or a dun-colored horse, with black stripe down the back and black leg . . . Grays are good, especially the fle bitten gray with little specks—a ve tough animal. . . . Bays are only fair. . Never get a horse with a white hoof especially white fore-hoof. . . . Light hors with dark hoofs are better. . . . Avoid fl footed horses. . . ."

The first electric cars were already service.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Design

MODERNISM FOR SALE

By Lewis Mumford

N January, 1927, when I visited Grand
Rapids, the chief center of furniture
oduction and sale in America, there was
t a single suite of modern furniture in
e current market: it was an obvious
aptation of French work. In the course
two years the whole scene has changed,
least on the surface. In spite of stubborn
istance by manufacturers and sales man-
ers, attempts at modern design have
en made in almost every department of
nishing and decoration.

The initiative in this change has come
iefly from the big metropolitan depart-
ent stores, Marshall Field, Macy, Lord
d Taylor, Wanamaker, Loeser. They
ve held expositions of modern European
d American work on a more or less grand
le, and, willy-nilly, the manufacturers
d the smaller merchants have been forced
join the procession. Even the newspapers
d home-furnishing magazines, which
ve been notoriously apathetic about de-
loping a native modern decoration, can
longer stand on the sidewalks and hoot,
spite of the great vested interest in sell-
antiques and manufacturing "authen-
" reproductions, which they must pro-
t.

What is the total effect of all these ex-
itions and innovations and advertise-
nts? It is a little too early to say; but
can at least show where the dangers
, and call attention to those develop-
nts which give the most promise.

One of the obstacles to modern design
America is the fact that our manufac-
ers are acquainted with every "period"
t their own: having learnt how to use
or-saving machinery to counterfeit the
most laborious handicraft designs, they have no notion that machinery can and should be used for any other purpose. Now, since the 80's a whole succession of architects and craftsmen, beginning with H. H. Richardson and Louis Sullivan, have attempted to build up a solid notion of what constitutes modern design in the decorative arts; but except for sporadic successes in the Middle West, chiefly in the buildings of Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Irving Pond and Barry Byrne, this attempt to work out a method of contemporary design has been without fruit. For a while the furniture manufacturers, between 1905 and 1910, were affected by the so-called Craftsman movement, and as a result produced furniture of logical and competent, if not amiable, design; but this Mission furniture, as it was dubbed, was clumsy in proportion, and it had but one formula for all sorts of needs and purposes.

Had there been competent designers in our furniture factories, had there been a single manufacturer with the taste and conscience of a firm like Heal's in England, they would have built their new designs on this solid, primitive foundation—lightening the construction, changing the dominant colors, doing away with Craftsman clichés like the through mortise-and-tenon joint and undressed leather and fumed oak, and adapting the forms more carefully to economic machine production. Unfortunately the Mission style, though it anticipated our best modern furniture by about twenty years, in direct contrast to the imbecile *art nouveau* movement which swept over Europe at the same time, was supplanted by the snobbery of period designs; and our first crude modern interiors became a popular jest and by-word.

There were various reasons for this débâcle; but one of the reasons that has scarcely been noticed is that Mission furniture had one great defect from the standpoint of the manufacturer: it was very sturdily built and it wore too well. "Period" furniture had the advantage of wearing out speedily, as the result of poor construction which relied far too heavily upon glue, or, in the finer lines of furniture, because of the successive introductions of new styles.

The underlying economic fact which conditions and controls design under modern industry has been analyzed with great acumen by perhaps our greatest economist, Mr. Thorstein Veblen. In a series of works beginning with "The Theory of Business Enterprise" he has pointed out the conflict that exists between business and industry, between salesmanship and productive efficiency, between the desire to obtain a maximum profit and the desire to achieve the most economic expenditure of energy. What is essentially modern in design, the elements of simplicity, directness, economic use of materials, mechanized production, and consequently cheapness, is opposed to the demand for ostentation and financial braggadocio—a demand which the manufacturer cannily uses to increase the turnover of his product.

There is a real conflict here. Our manufacturers of furniture have set as their goal, necessarily a somewhat utopian one, the notion of selling a new suite of furniture to every family in America *every six years!* The notion is crazy, but it provides the basis for current capitalization, and, what is just as bad, for current design. There are, plainly, only two ways in which this goal can be achieved: one of them consists in using poor materials and putting them together badly; the other consists in changing the "style." Both these means are inimical to the development of a genuine modern style; for if this develops at all, it can only be created, article by article, step by step, process by process, as has been done in our bathroom and our kitchen equipment: every inch forward will be a solid gain, and by definition such a style will not change co pletely enough in six years, or in twen years, for that matter, to satisfy the mands of our voracious business men.

As in all departments of machine tec nology, the total plant and equipment n essary to replace from year to year the isting stock of furniture and to take care new increments in population is only small part of the plant needed for the ori inal equipment. Our manufacturers motor-cars have already made this d covery, and we are now witnessing the painful efforts to cope with it by maki new models with spurious improvemen hastening the period of obsolescence, a attempting to cajole those who can affo it into owning two or even three motors a "necessity." These desperate expedien merely emphasize the fact that overexpa sion in machine production results in steady oversupply of commodities: the ternative is to cut down the plant or increase, by one means or another, the mand.

Were income more evenly distribut this could be done by extending the nu ber of users; but beyond a certain poi once the whole population is suppli this ceases to be a possibility. Sooner later every community must face the f that machine-production must be socia directed so as to produce useful, dura commodities and leisure, or a great ma futile commodities, with no gains in eit leisure or wealth except to the mon makers.

This discussion may seem a long w from the problem of form in the indust arts; but on the contrary, it hits it in solar plexus. What the American ma facturer now unctuously calls *art modern* merely another style which will serve purposes of salesmanship without ne sarily producing a single efficient or bea ful form.

A good part of the furniture and sil ware and knick-knacks that are ca modern in America merely exhibit s decorative trick, like contrasting wo an arrangement of cubes and rectangles. is is plainly to be seen in little matters e cigarette lighters, which were authenally modern until the manufacturer iieved the happy idea of adding a touch *art moderne*. With that touch, logic and uty hastily vanished.

Like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* with his se, our manufacturers have frequently ked modern without being aware of it. was indeed interesting to note at the cy Exhibition last year that two of the t rooms exhibited by any country were athroom and a kitchen-dining alcove, th designed by an American, Mr. Kem ber, who had the great advantage of ng able to use those fine objects of instrial art which our manufacturers of ves and ice boxes and bathtubs have n improving steadily for the last twenty rs without any conscious thought of her modernism or art.

There is in the United States a very at danger that instead of our genuine dernism making its way from the bathm and the kitchen into the rest of the use, and so affecting our furniture, our s, our tableware, and finally the total ign of our homes—there is a danger t just the opposite of this will happen, l a so-called modernist art, created with iew to sales-turnover rather than with pect to function and use, will gradually ect the departments of industrial art ich are now sound.

We already have the nauseating period bathroom; and there was more than a hint or two of the same sort of reversion in some of the modernist rooms exhibited this Winter by the group of architects and craftsmen known as the Designers of America. One of these rooms was a bathroom designed by Mr. Varnum Poor. Mr. Poor's plates and jars and vases are among the glories of modern ceramics; no one has, I think, done finer work, even in Europe. This very lovable and personal art, however, seems to me entirely out of place in the bathroom that he designed; and the introduction of Mr. Poor's decorated tiles in that chaste sanctum of American civilization was just as inimical to good taste as the attempt to substitute the machine for the work of the human hand and eye and spirit in their special departments. Mr. Poor's bathroom, it is true, could not be duplicated for mass production; but I fear it will suggest bad ideas to our manufacturers in Trenton, for they doubtless covet the opportunity to change the style of their handsome potteries as often as the furniture makers change the style of furniture.

There, precisely, lies the danger to modern taste and form under our socially unregulated machine production. There can be no sound design, it seems to me, until the economic problem is met; for in the last analysis form does not appear in the designer's studio until it pervades the civilization.

Literature

LITERARY CURRENTS IN CUBA

By Isaac Goldberg

LWAYS, since first the stirrings of separatism brought new life to the Pearl the Antilles, the United States has been aven of safety and a focus of conspiracy Cuban refugees. In the history of the nd's freedom, as in the history of its rature, we have played a continuous l an important part, now with eyes ned greedily toward a possible possession, again with hearts sympathetically attuned to the valiant struggle of a burdened people. The debt is being repaid. Once a Varela took refuge in Philadelphia, a José Antonio Saco counselled union with the United States, a Mendive corresponded with a Longfellow; or a Zenea, a Merchán, a Bachiller y Morales, a Martí, a Varona (this octogenarian still inspires the youth of Cuba with his epigrams), in succession came to these shores and chanted the battlecry of Cuban freedom. Now Havana is a refuge from Volstead, and Cuba restores, as well as it may, the curtailed liberties of its patron republic.

Buchanan's "Ostend Manifesto," aged seventy-five, is more alive than most historians—not to speak of laymen—know. Liberty, among the Cubans, has become almost as much an intellectual as a political concept. Yonder, indeed, literature and politics have always been excellent, too excellent, companions. Poetry readily adopted the function of the moralist, as the novel readily became pliant to the demands of social regeneration. When the hour struck for what some critics have termed the modernist renovation, Cuba was, from historic habit, in the van with such precursors as Julián del Casal and José Martí. Today, after the fervors of the hey-day have subsided, it is still a centre of activity, sociological, literary, æsthetic, artistic. Cubanism burns as brightly as ever, but it is a broader, as it is a less hectic, concept. Once again history turns full circle. Cuba, which exported the poetry of Heredia and Mendive through William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, now imports its United States contemporaries—poets, dramatists, novelists, even critics—quite as fast as they appear.

Today, Modernism—which in all countries ages quickly—in Cuba is old. *El Fígaro* and *Cuba Contemporánea*, magazines that were born of that new day, have yielded to newer groups with newer magazines; the difference between yesterday and today is to be seen, as it is to be seen farther North, in the very format and typography of the contemporary journals. The younger generation, as not always in our own climate, is really young; the Spanish-American is often a revolutionist and a standard-bearer in his 'teens. The sociological and the political elements are still potent in the activities of the intellectual minorities.

The novels of Carlos Loveira (recently deceased) and the plays of José Antonio Ramos centre around political principles rather than cinematic passions. Yet the very preoccupation of the younger m (working chiefly in Havana) with go type, attractive illustrations and origi layout attests an interest that reaches o into the æsthetic.

By the leaders of the youngest groups t latest renewal of the national litera spirit is dated from 1922. Characteristical enough, the first of these intellectual chap had a double origin in poetry and politi a number of the youngsters had been hol ing regular meetings devoted to the prep ration of an anthology of modern Cub poetry, and to plotting "more or less p tonically against the Zayas government as one of the guiding spirits of the mo ment put it to me. Since even poets m eat, the group got into the habit of Sat day dinners, whence they were christen the *minoriá sabática*, or, as we should s the Sabbatical Minority. At their head s ate, wrote and plotted Jorge Mañac Francisco Ichazo, Juan Marinello, Ma Casanovas and José Z. Tallet. Mañach young man of solid and versatile gifts, is be found, indeed, wherever the battle rag He completed his education at Harvard, thoroughly conversant with American stitutions and our experimental youth, has been, I believe, as instrumental as of his fellow countrymen in bringing Cuba the first fruits of our own recent lit ary and intellectual renascence.

Just what the *minoristas* stood for t themselves found it hard to say. The thology, however, that brought them gether seems at last to have achieved p lication in 1926; it was the work of Fe Lisazo and José Antonio Fernández Castro, and took its place easily among finer anthologies in any of the mod tongues.

It was inspired largely by such of own collections as the works on mod French poets by Ludwig Lewisohn and modern Russian poetry by Babette Deut and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Out of Minority group also grew the maga *Social*, edited by the caricaturist, Con W. Massaguer, assisted in the literary rtment by Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring. e confusion over issues—the "new" t, the revaluation of values, the universal- ation of Cuban culture, the reformation the public school system and autonomy r the university students—was bound oner or later to lead to a re-grouping. d thus, after the *minoriſtas* had given eir obstetrical assistance to a number of oks, chiefly Mañach's "Estampas de San istobal," "Glosario" and "La crisis de alta cultura en Cuba," there was the in- itable realignment.

In April, 1927, the new advance was ralded by the appearance of a *reviſta de ance*, a review that takes its name from ch succeeding year of its existence. It is w called *1929*, and is in the capable hands Ichazo, Lizaso, Mañach, Marinello and llet. It is really a publishing house as ell as a review, and has already issued oks or booklets by its various editors, well as by Regino E. Boti, Carlos ontenegro, and Rafael Suárez Solís. *1929* es not represent a definite cleavage from e Minority Group; it is rather the specif- ally artistic arm of that group. Here, too, am sure, the influence of Mañach makes self strongly felt since, in addition to his ities as a lawyer, an organizer, a lecturer, playwright and an author, he serves as ricaturist and as translator from the merican language.

The *reviſta de avance* has done pioneer ork in acquainting Cubans with the new- t developments in the rest of Spanish merica. It is on especially cordial terms ith the vanguard of Mexican liberation. d its editors rejoice to report that it has ade an encouraging list of enemies among e cohorts of academicism, sentimental- n, mysticism, and oratory (that pest of e Latin temperament!), and among the eudo-intelligentsia.

This advance, however, being insuffi- ently advanced for a number of less tem- rate spirits, a yet bolder *grupo vanguardiſta* ade its appearance, with an extremist ogramme that savored strongly of Rus- n influence. By journalistic irony this egg was hatched in the nest of that aged, hyper-conservative daily, the *Diario de la Marina*.

In the literary section of this ancient fortress, in appropriate disguise, loomed the red ranks of Cuban revolt. Add to the programme the element of hot, outspoken propaganda against North American imperialism, and the mission of proletarian redemption, and you have the Grupo Atuei, so named after its magazine. *Atuei*, in its messianic extremism, reverts to the social evaluation of the arts; it conceives of them as the handmaidens of proletarian victory, and stands, therefore, in decided opposition to the æsthetic aims of the Advance Group. *Atuei*, edited by Nicolas Gamolin and Enrique Delahoza, managed to embroil itself with the Machado régime; the government has suppressed it. Yet its sheer courage under fire has won it the esteem of its most determined theoretical opponents. Delahoza, as a poet, will bear watching.

Havana, naturally, is the centre of this ferment; the rest of the island, however, has its educational groups and its local leaders. Matanzas, for example, has a minority cénacle of its own, headed by Fernando Lles and Medardo Vitier. It is regarded by the Havanese *minoriſtas* as rather oldish and academic in temperament, yet Lles and a few others are looked up to as fellows worthy of consideration none the less.

Minor groups exist in Camaguey, Cienfuegos and Sagua. From Santiago, too, I receive the monthly called *Archipiélago*, a bulletin of the Institución Hispano-Cubana de Cultura de Oriente. The institute is but a year old, yet during its short term it has sponsored no fewer than thirty functions, of which all but two were devoted to lectures on philosophical, literary, historical and sociological subjects. At the head of *Archipiélago* are Max Henríquez Ureña and Ricardo Rodríguez Cáceres.

The magazine, which is far more than the mere bulletin that its designation might imply, is at present especially valuable to Hispanists for the outline of Cuban literature which Henríquez Ureña has been publishing in it serially. In addition to articles of local antiquarian interest it prints speeches, selections from the writings of Spanish-American authors, special articles (such as the inevitable one on the Schubert anniversary) and book reviews that cover the Spanish world. It is a cultural, rather than a programmistic, publication; its appearance in its little corner of the world and the breadth of interests attested by its contents are added testimony to the rapidity with which ideas circulate in this scientific, if still superstitious, era.

There will be much discussion, perhaps, for some months to come, about the novelist Loveira, untimely dead. I was for a long time in correspondence with this independent spirit, and was the first to write of him outside of Cuba. He was not a great writer, as he himself knew; he strove to create atmosphere and to elucidate social problems; he was, in a double sense, a "tropical" novelist.

It is significant, in a social as well as in a literary sense, that Raoul Maestri Arredondo, summing up in the *avancis* organ the output of Cuban authors f 1928, should mention with regret Loveira attachment to French standards. Why, as the Cuban critic, did the novelist follo the French naturalists, especially Zol when there were at hand the novelists Russia and the United States? It matte little that the critic, naming those nove ists, compiles such a heterogeneous rost as Dreiser, Tarkington, Dos Passos, Ande son, Lewis and Lewisohn. France, whi not so long ago exercised an artistic heg mony over the South Americans, h yielded ground to Russia on the one han and to the United States on the other. "W South Americans," said a Peruvian once me, half puzzled by the chameleon-li character of so many contemporary write from Mexico to Argentina, "we Sou Americans are so easily Frenchified." It an old complaint that originated in t mother countries, Portugal and Spain, b fore the Conquistadores annexed the sout ern continent. Today the problem h changed; Russification and Americaniz tion have altered the intellectual alignmen

WALT WHITMAN'S POLITICS

BY CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

HE literary remains of very few authors have been ransacked as thoroughly as those of Walt Whitman. It is thus ewhat surprising to discover that a siderable volume of Whitman material remains unpublished. This material was uired after the death of the poet by one his literary executors, Dr. Richard M. ke, of Canada, and since Dr. Bucke's n death in 1902 it has been in the hands his heirs, and is now in the possession his daughter, Mrs. E. Seaborn, of Lon- , Ont.

t consists of a large collection of books, gazines and clippings, of a mass of man- ript notes, made by Whitman on his ding, and of certain drafts of unpublished icles. I have been privileged to go through s collection and shall quote from it here- fter by permission of Mrs. Seaborn and brother, Mr. William A. Bucke.

ts significance becomes evident when it emembered that little has been known herto about Whitman's literary and losophical background. Here, for the t time, one is made aware of the actual ks and articles that he read, and may ow his copious annotations upon them. ddition to this material and the many spaper clippings about himself that he fully preserved, there are a number of letons of poems, drafts of letters, and n extensive prose articles.

ntil a short time ago it was the fashion egard Whitman as a poet who sang in a loud voice about a Democracy which neither understood nor exemplified. It said that he had neither the training the inclination to apply himself to a ous study of the problems of state and society. He was accused of mental slovenliness. He did not have a sufficiently exact knowledge of politics, philosophy or economics, so his critics alleged, to be able to write with clarity on those subjects. It is undeniable that the essential problems and principles of an ideal democracy are dealt with far more vehemently than specifically in "Chants Democratic." Therefore, argued the critics, Whitman spoke entirely from hearsay or intuition.

But this was by no means the case. The mass of new matter that I have mentioned reveals habits so studious that Whitman himself wished to conceal them from the public, who were already too dependent, he thought, upon bookish literature. He took particular pains, therefore, to obscure the origins of his ideas. But most of his conceptions were the logical outgrowth of sustained and detailed study, as appears from an examination of these manuscripts. We find proof that he delved below the surface in a wider range of literary, philosophic, and scientific fields than was ever encompassed by any other American poet of the first rank.

If he had had sufficient opportunity, he would probably have been as scholarly as Emerson or Lowell. That he did not actually become so is due to fortuitous circumstances rather than to any lack of ability or natural inclination. His notes on his own thinking and reading on political subjects, which are carefully preserved among the Bucke memoranda, show in many points at least the rudiments of that preciseness which is essential to the scientific student.

In his observations on the theory and

application of democratic principles of government, Whitman's determination to pursue all things relentlessly to their ultimate essence is clearly seen. He was, until the exploitation of State's rights in the interest of the extension of slavery, a thorough-going Jeffersonian Democrat. Yet he did not take all his doctrine concerning the rights of man from Jefferson. He made a close study of Rousseau's "Social Contract," as is shown by his digest and criticism of his readings in Rousseau, which survives in manuscript. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that he puts an "original contract" at the base of his entire theory of government.

> Every government is a bargain; some are shuffling swindles; many of them vague and without the parties understanding one another. Such are unstable and soon through. Such is not ours. Its intentions and scope and what it is for are minutely premised and its great heart laid bare at the very beginning, as if for fear some future and far distant vein may not know where to come for life-blood. The main arteries of the Constitution that flow out of that organ all have reference to it; and health is reciprocal with themselves and with it.
>
> This honest and novel bargain of government palpably assumes that the contracting parties meet on exactly the same level as of a fresh and open affair, where each one man without any distinction whatever is neither more nor less than another, and the debatable points are not affected by any previous ties.

As a disciple of Jefferson, Whitman naturally advances the Declaration of Independence as the highest formulation of the principle of the rights of man. He says:

> The field is virgin and original, like Adam's paradise. The unanimously agreed upon premises accord with this magnitude and this innocence of the first creation, large and pure as air. This too is a Creation, and it must be started well. Thus it was settled and covenanted as the nucleus of all that should come, that every human being who is born into the world has inalienable rights against any jeopardy from other human beings to his life, his liberty, and his lawful pursuit of happiness, and that to plant, fortify, and regulate these rights, the connection with Britain should be totally dissolved. The American Government was to be constituted. How simple! How vast! In that brief outset was embodied the whole that might follow. The goal is in sight at last. Here, if anywhere in the world, shall be fair play. Equality forever, and each man's doings on the square.

II

The Declaration of Independence, ho
ever, is but the necessary prelude to a f
mal and specific statement of the gene
original contract, as adapted to meet
requirements of the American Comm
wealth, in the Constitution. In his alm
religious veneration for that covenant (
terpreted always as the foundation of
voluntary confederacy, rather than an e
pirically established state with speci
centralization), Whitman seems to prese
something of that belief in the more th
human sources of the American gove
ment which animated its Founders. Tod
we adhere to the obverse side of the ori
nal Great Seal, with its bird of prey gra
ing a sheaf of arrows, and are rath
unmindful that the Seal also possesses
reverse face, with such esoteric symbols
the pyramid and the all-seeing eye, and
flamboyantly mystical legend: *Novus O*
Seclorum. Whitman, apparently sharing
early occult trend, despite his anti-religi
ist pose, postulated a divine origin a
possible explanation of the American
periment.

> Out of this kernel, a brief trial of the loose articl
> of the Confederation, came fitly and swiftly th
> American Constitution, the nearest approach t
> perfection and honesty in a political agreeme
> yet seen in the world. There are countrymen
> ours in several sections of the Republic who pr
> fess to pick out certain parts of that half of th
> compact as either not necessary or not just. F
> myself, however, I am free to say with a candi
> heart, I know not of any such parts. I take th
> edifice as unitary and complete, and always go
> by the front door, and I say that the journeyme
> that built that mighty house were giants, and th
> architects that planned it were gods.

The underlying motive which promp
Whitman to undertake a detailed study
the theory of government was eviden
his intense desire to cope with the probl
of slavery sanely, and to be able to base
arguments upon premises of legal certain
rather than sentiment. His greatest d
culty in approaching the subject from s
an angle, as was the case also with Linco
was to convince the adherents of slav
that the inherent implications of the Am

contract were in favor of its abolition,
that, although each individual State
t by the authority of certain clauses
e Constitution retain it until local op-
should abolish it, the ultimate com-
extinction of slavery as an institution
inevitable. It was his contention that
Constitution should not be used, be-
of its qualified toleration of slavery,
cloak to justify and render more effi-
any system of political economy
h was based upon slavery.

meanest of liars is the American aristocratic
with his paltering and stuttering denial of
plain purports, intentions, allotments, and
iirements of the bargain his government
ated for a dozen years and finally closed and
tically agreed to by the enforcement of the
stitution and Washington being elected for
Presidency.

Vell, what is this American Republic for?
at do the Declaration of Independence and the
stitution mean? Do they mean the copying of
ernment after the old absolute Asiatic or
lified European model? A government as a
tive right in itself? Is caste, is the divine
it, not of one king but many kings, to prevail
America? Do they mean what they them-
es appear to tell in concise and plain words,
lo they mean nothing tangible at all, but are
a font of brevier type, indifferent whether
letters be set up in a bawdy book or the Lord's
ver?

ou know, and the world knows well, what
bargain of this Confederacy and its govern-
t are for, and what their distinct meaning is.
; the meaning and direct purpose of our su-
ne compact, when not impeded by special
e sovereignty (and then always in contempt
heir letter and spirit) that the hopple shall
away from the legs of the slave; that his
st, whether black or white, shall be stained
nore with blood from the necklace of spikes
on; that man can walk the earth untortured
that cankerous anguish with which every
id and sympathetic soul sees his likeness and
fellow degraded among owned brutes.

Vhy, what a miserable sight have we so often
in Congress—learned men grovelling; de-
ng whether our government legalized slavery
liberty. Slavery consistent with American
onal law? Slavery stand under our law! Why,
annot stand under English law, which casts
light on that subject as compared to ours like
oggy night compares with a sunrise in its
est showering arrows of glory. All the grand
iorities of the British judiciary pronounce
ery without uprightness, without foothold
more than a snake, repugnant to the founda-
s of law, and to be declared null and void
never brought before any high court.

the great case of Somerset, four years before
Declaration of Independence, this was the
sion of the judges of England, and it has been unanimously ratified without any exception since. When these colonies broke from the British dominion, slavery here was lawless, and had no foundation in jurisprudence at all. What then has been done since? Have we been kicking and sweating these eighty years since under some ugly dream? Is there no meaning, no truth, no definiteness, in writings, in engagements? Does the British Constitution—that vague we hardly know what—without preamble or any prefatory exposition—that heap without form and on which no man can put his finger—does that illegalize slavery, and the American Constitution, which is precise and compact, make it legal? Does the whelp fall howling and dead under the blows of an English judge and have his full swing, with meat and drink to boot, from the caressing hand of an American judge?

Under the vital part, or lungs, of the American system of government, (our independent State sovereignty), clannish wealth or majorities, or powerful sectarian feeling, have at various times, in their own limits, neglected or palpably offended the letter and spirit of our supreme and national law. For any neglect or offence of this kind, so long as it is confined in States' limits and to their own citizens and does not seriously annoy the operations of the general government, there is no help. It must be left to time and the native good sense of the people. The principle of sovereign State control of State soil and independent management of domestic affairs is one of the most important principles of the compact, and it cannot be contravened by the general government on any pretense whatever that I can think of as likely to arise.

In Connecticut the law has been that debtors unable to pay could be sold by the creditor into temporary slavery to pay the demand. In Maryland the constitution provided for the levying by the State of a general tax for the support of certain priests. In South Carolina no man has been eligible to be elected Governor unless he was worth ten thousand pounds. During the four years antecedent to 1818, the slave trade was provided for by legislative enactment in some States, and nearly 100,000 poor wretches were kidnapped in Africa, and those who lived through the horrors of the passage were landed here and sold. For a long time in New Hampshire, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, no Roman Catholic could be elected or appointed to any high office. In Delaware office holders were required to profess their belief in the Trinity. In some States men and women have been sold to pay their passage at sea. In Pennsylvania offices could not be enjoyed except by people who acknowledged the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. In Massachusetts, too, were very intolerant religious tests.

Some of these undemocratic, un-national un-Americanisms are among dead things and some are still partially among live things. Slavery, the greatest undemocratic un-Americanism of all, is very live. But all of them, the moment they stretch out beyond the lines of the States where they are enacted, melt under the national law like a lump from the ice house brought under the July sun.

III

The constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law was not called into question by Whitman, since he professed adherence in letter as well as spirit to the Constitution as it had been ratified by the whole people. But he did take issue with the enforcement of that law, and he did object to the intervention of Federal authority on its behalf. In his anxiety to scotch the snake, he perhaps forced this point to a degree which is not consistent with the customary logical tone which he assumes when arguing the subject of national versus State jurisdiction.

This determined opposition to the national enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law was a very important element in his thought for many years. Yet it has practically no record in his published work, except in the poem, "A Boston Ballad (1854)", which was written in the heat of his indignation against the committal of Anthony Burns as a fugitive slave in Boston. Even this poem he intended to delete from later editions of his work, but he was constrained to allow it to remain at the urgent request of John T. Trowbridge.

Thus it appears that the manuscript notes which he made of his views in the years preceding the Civil War possess unique significance as a record of a close and comprehensive study of national issues, which for some reason he did not work, at any time, into permanent form.

> One of the covenants of our Constitution binds each State to the observance of the following clause: No person bound to service or labor under the laws of one State, and escaping into another State, shall be made free by the laws of that other State, but shall be delivered up to those to whom the labor or service is due. This immensely overrated clause of Article 4 of the Constitution is in reality simple, unexceptionable, easily understood and not at all inconsistent with the rest, so long as you keep it in its place and due proportion and subordination to the rest. It is not the whole Constitution and primary compact. It should be strictly and faithfully observed by every State as far as its plain meaning goes. It should, of course, be considered in deference to the evident spirit of the rest of the supreme law, and under the control of the head and heart thereof as much as possible. It is not to be taken out and mac
> made the pretext for violating all the rest.
>
> Over and above this part of the covenant, i
> imperatively reserved to each State by the let
> and spirit of the bargain to decide who th
> escaped servants are, and to honorably perfo
> the whole obligation as they perform any ot
> obligation, by due process of law, and witho
> any violent intrusion from abroad. I doubt v
> much whether Congress has any just right
> meddle in this matter at all, it being simply
> agreement between the old thirteen States, wi
> out empowering anybody to enforce it, and l
> many other of the agreements they made, b
> carried out when left, as among gentlemen
> perfect blood, to high-toned honor, which
> always identical with palpable interest. Ho
> ever that may be, I say that the Congress of Th
> States has no right, either from law, Consti
> tion, compact, or any other source whatever,
> the unparalleled audacity of intruding in
> midst of the local communities anywhere, no
> or south, armed police, strangers and irrespon
> ble to State laws, who at their pleasure, with
> trial by our juries, decide in the most summ
> manner which man among us has a right to
> liberty and which has not.
>
> I say that the prerogative to send here
> authority of the President officers paying no
> erence to the sovereign independence of our
> and our courts, who seize with violence on w
> our laws only know, until duly advised dif
> ently, as peaceful Americans, white or bla
> who have made themselves amenable to no p
> ishment whatever under our statutes or custo
> was never delegated to any man or body of
> on this earth, that it violates every atom of
> theory of State rights, and that the people of
> State in the Confederacy would be no true Am
> can freemen if, wherever it be tried on, it do
> fetch up the iron arm of rebellion which we k
> for time of need.
>
> We call God to witness. He has subjected
> to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution
> unacknowledged by our laws, for stopping
> trial by jury, for transporting persons to dis
> places to be tried there (part of second sec
> of article four of the Constitution).
>
> Is this a small matter? The matter of tea
> writing paper was smaller. But this is every
> a large matter. It involves the point whether
> or somebody else shall possess the simplest
> trol of our own house, our own premises. It i
> large that it demands of republicans, every
> man of them, that they speak to these offic
> intruders whenever and wherever they c
> among us, not in the snivel of prayer-meet
> nor with the genteel moderation of North
> Congressmen, but in tones something like
> crack of the artillery at Yorktown:
>
> "What fetches you here? What do you v
> among my haughty and jealous democracie
> the North? I do not discuss any nigger ques
> with you now. This is a vital question of my
> dignities and immunities which I decide at
> and without parley. Have you no better ex
> than to say you won't lay your hands on m
> my woman, or my flesh and blood? I know
> will not, for certain excellent reasons! But th

> ot to the purpose. These streets are mine. There
> e my officers and my courts. At the capital is
> y legislature. The warrant you bring with
> ou, we know it not! It is foreign to my usages,
> to my eyes and ears. Go back to the power
> at sent you. Tell it that, having delegated to
> certain important functions and having entered
> to certain important engagements with our
> other States, we, like all of the rest, have re-
> rved more important functions, embodying our
> vn primary rights, exclusively to ourselves.
> or such insult and intrusion upon those rights
> ou well deserve the penalty of all purchased
> ents of tyranny. When in olden days, in clas-
> cal lands, the officers of the great king, the
> rsian, came with attempts far less degrading
> an these, the proud democracies of Athens and
> parta answered them with the short, quick
> swer of death; though all they asked was a
> tle water and a handful of Grecian earth. As
> r you—while now you go away in peace, re-
> ember to stay away and come no more with de-
> ands like these to my free cities or my teeming
> unty towns, or along my rivers or sea shores."
> But why do I babble here? This hour, this
> oment, while I talk such big words, the police
> the President might march in here and by law
> Congress, passed by votes of my delegates, lay
> eir hands upon my shoulder and in the name of
> e statute and under its penalties order my
> tive assistance to capture some wretched,
> norant countryman of mine, born and bred on
> merican soil, his father or grandfather very
> kely a white man—and this poor unhappy brute
> inted by greater brutes avowedly for no crime,
> it because some Southern or Northern gentle-
> an owns the title deed of him, and he has made
> run for it.

t is evident from the oratorical trend of
note just quoted, that Whitman no
ibt had in mind the delivery of some of
s material in public speeches. It is well
iblished that he expected at one time
make his livelihood by lecturing, and
vas his hope to secure the ear of the
eral public, particularly the laboring
ss, for the promulgation of his ideas in
s way, as well as through his poems.
e character of some of his leading argu-
its is calculated to appeal to the work-
man.

le asserts that slavery is unsound eco-
nically, as well as immoral, since it can-
represent the interests of a majority,
n in the South. He maintains that it is
endent for its toleration and survival
on a vested interest which has been
erited from an older order of society
ed upon a false notion of aristocracy.

IV

Whitman's grasp of this method of meeting the fundamental issue entitles him to respect as one of the clearest-headed thinkers of his day upon the whole subject of slavery. His stand gave ample opportunity for him to set reverberating his favorite theme of the "divine average" as the basis of human society, and he was enough of a politician to appeal to the laborers on the ground of their right to primary consideration.

> The fishes of the sea must not have the whole earth covered with water because that element is necessary to their existence. It might suit them so, no doubt; but their suiting shall never crowd off the life, and the breathing of life, of the millions of beings who exist only on land and breathe air, and cannot flourish where they flourish. Well, no class of developed American workingmen and free men can any more flourish among slavery, than animals with air-breathing lungs can breathe in the depths of the sea. Then let fishes be content with what they have, for two-thirds of the earth's surface is already theirs, and there let them disport themselves, both shark and alligator and whale and the great squid of the North, whose name should be Congressman, President, for he is as muxy as he is big, and can be bitten in twain by a chip of wood.
>
> I will not insult you by suspecting that there is in this place any of that congressional ignorance and depravity which pretends to look on a small fraction of wealthy and selfish men, by the custom of These States owning slaves, as being *the South*. You will understand that there is a democracy in the South. A true democracy, workingmen, common people, farmers who plow their own fields, laborers and immigrants, and they form the body of citizens there just as the same do at the North and West! And these, when they speak the simple and candid truth, make common cause throughout the whole United States.
>
> All free men North and South, not slave owners, all farmers, mechanics, artisans, laboring people, all immigrants, Germans, English, Irish, French, the whole population of the thirty-two States who have no human property, should to the slave-owners and breeders hold this language:
>
> "You ask for your rights. Very well. We have concluded to be in fashion and see whether we have not some rights, too. We are millions. You can easily be counted by hundreds. Your fortunes are made, a very large proportion of them, perhaps, out of our money, passed through the pockets of Uncle Sam. Our territory of Nebraska and Kansas is wanted for our children, or the children of people like us. If you or your children choose to come, of course you have the same right to come that we have, and on the same terms. This vast tract is *ours*—ours, the people's of the whole thirty-two States, North and South, the common people's, the working people's. It is

> not the North's especially, nor the South's especially. Above all, it does not belong to the owners of slaves. Don't you undertake to set yourselves up as the entire South, either. We are not bluffed by such a trick any longer. You are, most of you, very fine fellows, and we like you well enough. But you are only a fraction of the South. And we don't like you quite well enough to swamp ourselves and all the rest of the nation to suit you or anybody. Don't gauge us by the people that have gone from our parts to Washington. We are live men. Stand back! We mean what we say."
>
> I suppose it is plain enough that when we stop the spread of slavery we do no harm to this numerous body of common people. *They* own no slaves. *They* are not great proprietors. They are, many of them, as hard workers and as poor farers as the blacks. The fight is strictly and exclusively a fight where the owners of slaves stand on one side, flanked by whoever they can persuade, bully, or bribe, and a few candid Northern believers in slavery to bring up the rear; while on the other side against them stands everybody else. All white workingmen, South as well as North, are, or ought to be, against them; for the establishment of master and slave makes, as quick as lightning, the odious distinction of an inferior class, composed of all who are not owners of slaves. All mechanics, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tailors, and all other mechanics and laborers of every description are, or ought to be, against them; and as much the Southern ones as the Northern ones.
>
> For this circling Confederacy, standing together with interlinked hands, ample, equal, each one with his grip of love wedged, in life or in death, to all the rest, we must share and share alike. Our old mother doesn't spread the table with a fine dish for one and scraps for another. She teaches us no such mean and hoggish lesson. If there be any good dish and not enough to go completely round it shall not be brought on at all. If every brother and every sister cannot be supplied, or have an equal chance to be supplied, nobody shall be supplied.
>
> Let us bless God that there yet remain common people in the world and that we are not all lawyers. The race of lawyers is very curious. One of this race reminds me of a Chinese metaphor. He is a lantern on a high pole that shines and throws himself very well afar off, but does not see the very ground he stands on.
>
> Do not think you let the wolf into field to seize on one of our herd feebler than the others, while all the rest can be safe and it makes no difference to them.
>
> The main body of our nation, North and South, East and West, possess a patriotic and noble feeling, extremely sensitive and easily alarmed about the union of These States; and like all good and noble feelings, it is susceptible of being played upon. The instincts of the people have unerringly signified their knowledge of a bogus article from solid gold. The men who play the great parts in these dramas have all, without one single exception, been set aside and failed of preferment to the high stations which the world knew they aimed at. Some lag, sour and spavined, in the Senate; some chew the cud of obscure prospect in private stations at home; others have descended to the grave with a bitterness of despai and unachieved hopes more sorrowful than death. We will step lightly over them: the dead are t be treated with forbearance.

But Whitman, far from being confide in the potentiality of the common people demand and protect their own rights ul mately, saw clearly the difficulties of carr ing out the ideal theory of democra which lay at the root of all his argument He realized that a high degree of individu civic consciousness and responsibility mu be set up in order to execute his schen successfully. He was by no means so cha vinistic in his celebration of the hypothe ical democracy of These States as has bee supposed. With curious prevision, he fe a certain apprehension concerning the e ervating power of increasing nation wealth and prosperity. He feared lest m terial superfluity might disintegrate t moral fibre of the nation.

> Let us not suppose that certain States of our Confederacy which have not slaves are to be set up above the others or possess any better average than the others. The plantation States have the hopple, and overseer, and the iron necklace, and the lash; but the Northern States have Judas and all his dough-faced offspring. I think we have sponged long enough on the Pilgrim Fathers and George Washington and the Revolutionary War. They have maintained us for seventy years, and it is time we should strike out for ourselves. I the whole land becoming one vast model plantation, whose inhabitants suppose the ultimate and best ends of man attained when he drives profitable business, no matter how abject th terms, and when he has enough to wear and i not bothered for pork?
>
> I cannot too emphatically remind you that i all countries there always seems to be a settle tendency among the richer classes and high officials towards breaking down by sly stratagem or open force the primary and inalienable right of man. When I review the history of the worl and behold how often they have succeeded, an even now the dark signs in Europe, I do not complain at the many champions of the good ol cause who grow bilious and alarmed. I do no wonder as I look over the broad surface of the se of time that some of the toughest seamen g tired of such storms and frequent dismembermen and defections of the crew. They despair, the expect no better luck, they will try no longer.
>
> Real democracy and great riches are in som sort repugnant to one another. Riches draw o the attention from the principles of democracy which are abstractions, called the rights of ma Riches demand the use of the house for ther

> elves. And men have frequently to choose vhether they will retain one or the other. My wn opinion is that no amount of riches which umbers can calculate will ever make up to any ive man or any live nation for the deprivation f national liberty and equality.

Whitman felt that the incentive neces- ry to preserve the civic virtue must spring m a moral or religious tradition, which realized was not an integral part of the mocratic polity. He believed, that if the periment in a new order were to succeed, moral consciousness must develop com- nsurately with the material advance ich he perceived to be the inevitable tcome of American political economy.

> While under previous conditions of society, Ori- ntal, Feudal, Ecclesiastical, and all past (or resent) Despotisms, through the entire past, here always existed and exists yet an ally and usion with them, and frequently forming the nain part of them, certain institutes, priesthoods, ervid beliefs, &c., practically promoting re- igious and moral action to the fullest degree of which the humanity there under the circum- tances was capable, and often conserving all here was of justice, art, literature, and good nanners—it is clear, I say, that under the Demo- ratic Institutes of the United States, now and enceforth, there are no equally genuine foun- ains of fervid beliefs, adapted to produce similar noral and religious results according to our cir- umstances.

V

e remedy for this shortcoming was to the education and emancipation of each lividual in the state through the expan- n and cultivation of his moral instincts a point where the general good would be active motive underlying and control- g his individual action. This is clearly ought out in Whitman's marginalia upon ranslation of Rousseau's "Treatise on Social Compact; or the Principles of litic Law," which have been preserved, ng with the synopsis of that work ich he prepared for his own use.

> short the whole of this "Contract Social" goes prove (1760?–'70?) that the true government d of course the only one for men of sense is that a *compact* where laws are administered for jus- ce, equal rights, and *inherent liberty*, as opposed all the continental European (especially ench) ideas of government.
>
> Chapter 8: This transition from the state of nature to the civil state produces a marked change in man by substituting in his conduct justice for instinct, and by giving morality to his actions. What is it then, but instinct? cultivated instinct? —Let us reduce this balance of advantages to terms easy of comparison. Man's loss by the social contract is his natural liberty and an unlimited right to all that he may have the power to wrest or acquire. His gain is civil liberty and protection in the ownership of what he earns or possesses. We may also add, as gain, *moral liberty*, which alone renders man truly master of himself—for *obedience to lower appetites is slavery.*

But the main point in Whitman's arrangement was always the reservation of latitude for the greatest possible freedom of the individual. He eschewed any provision for enforcing by means of a central vested authority the highly essential constructive activities necessarily involved in the structure of a political and social state such as he outlined. He felt that many of the functions which are delegated to the judiciary or executive for automatic regulation should be left to individual initiative. Yet he did not seem to favor bringing any force, save a moral one, to bear upon the individual in order to insure his performance of his implied duties. He failed to provide any check for the inevitable delinquencies which must occur in such a system. His scheme for the preservation of the highest conceivable form of democracy was thus impractical in its exclusive emphasis upon the assertion of individuality, which is essentially a disintegrating force, as opposed to government control. Thus, in commenting upon the ninth chapter of Rousseau's "Social Compact," he says:

> Where Rousseau is yet undeveloped is in not realizing that the *individual* man or woman is the head and ideal, and the State, City, Government, or what not, is a servant, subordinate—with nothing sacred about it—nothing in a judge or court either—but all sacredness is in the individual, and the other, at most, is but a reflection of the individual's.

In dealing with the question of the Fugitive Slave Law, it has already been noted that Whitman was forced, by practical considerations, to interpret his fundamental belief in State rights in such a way that the privilege of a State to claim fugitive slaves outside its own territory should be enforced only at the discretion of the local authorities of the other States. In like manner, he proposed, in considering the distribution of wealth, that all economic adjustment should be effected by individual action, rather than through national communistic regulation.

> Every man has a natural right to all that is necessary to him. (Singularly, some of the most important provisions of the specific laws of the Public Lands of the United States are taken word for word, and idea for idea, from Rousseau's "Contract".) Yes, but he must go out where no one has planted stakes before him—Also all wealth, however large, is inviolable, being the result of previous [??] and because society and individual interests are more benefited by leaving it inviolable than by taking any from excessive wealth and giving it to the poor.

Perhaps the most interesting revelation of Whitman's attitude toward governmental policies (in contrast to the present tendency to delegate more and more of the regulation of essential details to centralized authority) is in his statement that special licenses and government regulation of any kind in industry and commerce are contrary to the spirit of America.

> Legislation (inviting examples in high places) is always inclined to be too meddlesome and be perpetually multiplying ordinances and regulations. I recommend the abolition of the entire system of licenses or special permits for any business, no matter what. The control of the government over the business operations of the citizens must be by general laws, bearing equally upon all, and not by special laws, giving one man or set of men the privilege of engaging in an employment which the rest are prohibited from. Every man and woman has the right, free of any special taxes or license, to engage in any avocation or business whatever, responsible afterward to the authorities for his or her malpractice—the cartman or driver, for instance, when he obstructs the public thoroughfares, the physician for gross injuries to a patient, the tavern keeper for any habitual nuisance or infringement on the decorum of the neighborhood.

Obviously, many of Whitman's statements grew out of his study of condition bred by economic and political condition less complex than those of our own times There is little question, however, in th light of the foregoing statements of hi theory of government, that his attitud toward such things as Federal Prohibition and economic regulation of all sorts, woul have been one of violent protest. Certainl there is evidence in these records, whic he made merely for his own use, that h was a keen practical thinker, who cultivated the power to face situations as h found them, and to think through the toward a clear and logical definition, combining ideal elements with sound reaso ing power. In these notes, Whitman appears a student in every sense of the wor a close observer of intellectual theories a well as of life in the concrete, to a degre that is surprising in one who professed t scorn books and reading, and declared, "I libraries I lie as one dumb, a gawk, or unborn, or dead."

AN AMERICAN WRESTLES WITH GOD

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

IKE all children, I was born without a belief in or a knowledge of God. A four-year-old may astound the orld by suddenly improvising a melody the piano, reciting Pindar in the orig- al, doing lightning calculations, or writ- g a passable poem, but that same child ill look at you in a perfectly idiotic anner when you ask it, "Do you believe God?"—unless it has been coached. iild evangelists—the most revolting human abortions—are all made, not orn. They are the machine products of angelistic parents. There is no such ing as a spontaneous religious prodigy. is always a hideous mutilation of child- ood. No such being ever made its appear- ce in a family that was non-religious. f any real knowledge of God, of course, has none.

Thus the child is born, and generally ntinues until puberty, an atheist, or, at ast, an indifferentist. It plays, it makes lieve. It plays at being papa and mamma, t it never plays at being God, or the vil, or Jesus, or Mary. It may have a emendous imagination. It may be in- ntive. It may listen by the hour to fairy les and tales of adventure; but it never agines God or gods. It looks on Sunday- hool or church as a bore, or as a rendez- us for meeting other girls and boys, or a place to dress up. It looks on its ayers at night as a branch of play, or, ain, as a bore.

It is only at puberty that the idea, the eling of God takes form—with sex, ath, good and evil. And even then, with e vast majority of boys and girls, God the last and least important of concepts. The parental notion of the Creator, along with the bag and baggage of the standard creed, is accepted, and then dismissed as something to be used, like the wall fire-extinguisher, only in case of emergency. The interest that a few children, before puberty, show in God is only part and parcel of their intense curiosity. They are merely curious, not religious—and often unconsciously satiric.

"Now I lay me down to sleep. . . . If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen." This was my earliest contact with God. I said it every night for years, following the words as my mother pronounced them. They hadn't the slightest meaning to me. There was even a trace of aversion in me when I hopped into bed and awaited the meaningless formula. My head was full of the game of prisoner's base, or pussy, that I had played in the afternoon, or of Captain Mayne Reid or my real God, Oliver Optic. The prayer finished, I resumed my thoughts about the street boys or the characters in Optic's book, more real at that time then ever God was to Plotinus. I had no curiosity at any time, as I remember, about the meaning or the words of the prayer. It was a duty, like the weekly dose of rhubarb and magnesia.

I remember only one other contact with God until I was fourteen years old. "Remember," said my mother one day, apropos of what I do not now recall, "that God can see you everywhere—no matter where you are."

"Do you mean to say, mother," I asked, "that God can see me if I stand under Schimmel's awning on the corner?"

I now recall the peal of laughter that I heard from her with far more pleasure than I got from my first lesson in the omnipresence of God.

I went to a Jewish Sunday-school (Saturday morning), where we were read to out of the Old Testament with explanations, based on the stories, of the goodness (!) of Jehovah. These readings and lectures left no more impression on me than the Einstein theory on a flea. The class, when it got loose, never spoke of the matter, but went straight to marbles and pussy.

The boys and girls that I played with up until my twelfth year were, as I analyze them now, either vapid or cruel. They were all obscene, either actively or passively, including myself. All of us coming of middle-class, ultra-respectable, church-going people, we inherited our instinct for the obscene. We had in us the germs of sexual perversion, pyromania, greediness, theft, cowardice, all forms of cruelty and exhibitionism. Those that were passive in regard to these matters we regarded as milksops—they were not part of our gang. The most popular girl among us was almost hermaphroditic. She spat, fought like a boy, took a chew of tobacco with us, and was always in our stone-fights. I, with the rest of the boys, had my sling-shot with which to kill sparrows. I tortured mice, and used to help pull the rope on the cattle at the slaughter-house, and watch the men cut the throats of the cows and bulls, delighting in seeing the blood gush forth and the dying struggles of the animals. This was the "divine innocence" of our childhood—and maybe it was just that that Jesus meant when He said we must be as little children to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I do not know.

But the point is this: As a boy, I, along with the others, took my inherited "wickednesses" naturally and with glee. But there was one name never mentioned in all those years either by myself or my pals, male or female, and that was the name of God. Those golden days were deliciousl atheistic. Nor did we ever hear of th Devil, or if we did, the word had n meaning. So it remains, to me, the mos curious and significant of my backward looking experiences that the belief in God the consciousness of God, is not inherited is not instinctive, although every othe psychic attribute—including kindness an good-fellowship—is in the blood an nerves of every child.

II

So there was no inkling, no herald, of th great adventure that was to befall me— the adventure of my soul with the ide of God—until puberty, which came i my fifteenth year. My interest in the universe awoke when I began to blush an stammer before girls. From my twelft year to my fifteenth I accepted God an the inspiration of the Old Testament without any thought about the matter. I ha been told that they were facts, like th Boston Tea Party, the assassination o Lincoln, and the belief that a strip o bacon around the throat would cure a sor throat.

But tumescence begot in me revery, sense of mystery, a vague uneasiness, solitude, apprehensions, glamour, questionings. I fell in love. I began to pity stree beggars. I read the newspapers and pondered. What made me walk? Look! could stop walking whenever I willed! peeped through a street telescope at th moon, and nearly fainted at the overwhelming power of my first cosmic emotion. I did not know what I was doin for an hour afterwards. Space! the Infinite a world hanging in space unsupported!— what was anything? What were we all What was this thing I was living on Something expanded tremendously in me I reeled like a drunken boy through th streets. The hush of a mighty awe fel upon my soul. Human beings whirled before me like ghosts. My girl-love became an ethereal being. I walked on air n immense tear—a stupendous tear, an ıburst tear—seemed to keep my heart om beating.

God! That word dropped into my brain ke a bomb. That word now became the 'ord. Sex-ache and God-ache took pos-ssion of me simultaneously with a de-oniacal fury. All this took place within period of an hour after looking through street telescope for a nickel. That night as the first broken night's rest in my life, healthy, regular life until then. The ext day I went through my work in a gar-store in a trance. The Moon, the niverse, Space, Time, Women, Life, Will -it was a witches' dance, an initiation, dreadfully beautiful Awakening. It was ie Footprint on the sand. I had discovered ie presence of the Being Who was des-ned to become my Friday, Whom I was hate, deny, curse, love, cajole, thump, ismiss, call back, slay, resurrect.

That was my first adventure with the 'orld Spirit, with the Presence; the be-inning of a prolonged and eternal parley, f a perpetual love-hate duel between my-lf and God.

Thenceforward nothing was of any ulti-iate importance, nothing was worth 'hile, compared to the existence or non-xistence of God. All turned on that uestion. Until that was established, all iat was, is or could be was meaningless. was embarked on the Sublime Adven-ire. I was looked on askance—above all, y my parents. "You can never know . . . o not think about such things . . . You 'ill go crazy." But the mystical bud had pened in my brain, and no power, pa-ental, economic or religious, could pre-ent the unfolding of that marvelous ower with its changing perfumes—that ionstrous poppy which breeds ecstatic oisons, kills with rapturous swoons, maciates and dilates simultaneously: 'od.

I now no longer believed in the Old 'estament. The New Testament I had not et opened. I bought a booklet at the 'riendship Liberal League's clubrooms which pointed out one hundred and forty-four contradictions in the Old Testament. I marked them out carefully in an old second-hand Bible that I picked up on the stalls of Leary's Old Book Store. I showed them to my father. "We should not inquire into such things." He feared what I now knew—that God had not actually written the Old Testament. I had the pleasant thrill of fear in this adventure. Had any one adventured there before? I asked myself timidly, knowing nothing of the Higher Criticism. "While I do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, I *do* believe in a God," I murmured to myself over and over in my lonely meditative walks in Fairmount Park. I was afraid to let go of God—a good God, a merciful God.

But how reconcile this belief with that singing, blind boy that an elderly man led down Eighth street every day? His sweet face, twisted in pain, nearly made me faint with pity. He was the symbol of earthly injustice, an enormous question-mark, a challenge to my belief. I hurried by him as though I were guilty of something I could not define. The problem of Evil thundered with iron knuckles on the door of my belief in a good and merciful Father. Maybe the Devil ruled the world! —I swept that aside as monstrous. I feared the personal consequences of such a belief. I might be paralyzed or blinded if I accepted it.

Then came the great event which seemed to be manufactured for me. On May 31, 1889, the dam above Johnstown, Pa., broke and the waters carried away the town of Johnstown and drowned five thousand whirling, plunging, struggling men, women and children. As everything that has ever happened to me, mentally or physically, since puberty is related primarily and fundamentally to the two questions, Is there or is there not a God? and if there is, How does anything I am experiencing modify my conception of Him?, the Johnstown flood and its heart-wrenching details acted with the same power on my imagination and nerves as Voltaire said the destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake in 1754 had acted on him—"from that moment I disbelieved in the goodness of God."

I read all the pathetic details of the brutal "act of God" in the Philadelphia papers. I saw each day the wagons going up and down the streets collecting bedding, clothing and money. I saw at night in my dreams the children wrenched from the arms of their mothers, families obliterated in an hour, and the horrors of death as the waters receded. In my inflamed imagination I could hear the prayers and curses of thousands.

The thundering waters of the Conemaugh washed away forever my belief in a good, merciful, humanized God. My rage knew no bounds. I hurled oath after oath at Him. I consigned Him and His universe to Hell. I declared everlasting war on the Author of the universe. Lucifer, Cain and the Devil looked like saints to me now. I did not turn atheist (I have never been an atheist). I turned God-hater. I was anti-God. The Creative Power was evil! God was more real than He had ever been. But He must be destroyed! Atheists were cowards, just as cowardly as those who affirmed a smiling, beneficent, all-merciful God. I would destroy the belief in a good God and take up the war against Him where Lucifer and the revolting angels had dropped it—for dropped it they had; one could see *that*, I thought, by the way prayers still went up from the churches and synagogues.

Prayers instead of anathemas! I instinctively felt that if I turned atheist my evolution would cease. I might as well turn Catholic. There was too much fight in me to let God go. I had never believed in free will; therefore I had no bone to pick with man. He was a victim. I wept over his ills, his fate. To the degree that I pitied man I cursed God. I shouted my challenges and questions into the spaces. I came to understand the legends of Prometheus and Christ. I felt the need of world-sacrifice. I felt like stopping peopl in the street and telling them the Trut —they *must* know who I was and wha I was here for!

The blind boy was individual evil. H was Man. Johnstown was History, natura and racial. My adventure by 1890 had com to attain cosmic proportions. I was a blac pessimist, furiously anti-God. Death wa a fact. Immortality, like free will, wa the ruse of priests to let God out of bad theological hole. I nearly fainted mor than once at the sight of thousands o the street who lived in mortal error. The walked and talked and acted as if the were going to live for eternity! How t tell them that the grave was the end, tha the universe itself would come to an end that all was futile?

III

The stars began to obsess me as the moo had. I studied astronomy. I knew the name of all the stars. My own nothingness i endless space fed my instinct for suicid Why exist if I was nothing? I wrote mour fully pessimistic poems on the transitor ness of life. And always came back t God, incessantly, like a cat returning t watch a mouse-hole.

I began to read. I literally ate up boo —the Baron d'Holbach's "System of N ture," which satisfied my prejudices b did not satisfy my intellect or my met physical mysticism; Huxley, Spencer, Da win, Ecclesiastes, the Greek tragedie Byron, Locke, Omar Khayyam, To Paine, Bradlaugh, Saltus' "The Philo ophy of Disenchantment," which had powerful effect on me; von Hartman Schopenhauer, Büchner, Buckle, Gibbo Berkeley, Tyndall, Lyall, all the theolo ical writers I could find in the old Me cantile Library at Tenth and Chestn streets, George Henry Lewes, Shelle Humboldt, Wallace, Haeckel, Voltaire

History, physics, philosophy, me physics, poetry, astronomy, fiction—I w looking for a point to assault God, gue Him out of His universes, to find a eapon to drive through His heart and berate Man in an eternal sleep. Men at at time were talking about the mystery f the Northwest Passage, the mystery f the Poles. Baby talk! Here was a boy alking among them—in Fairmount Park —meditating the dethronement of God!

I went into the gallery of the Park heatre at Broad street and Fairmount venue one night to hear Robert G. Inersoll lecture on Voltaire. Pleasing, elouent, true, and worth the quarter I aid. But an agnostic! Pah! Agnosticism as a liberalized form of atheism. "I do ot know!" Why, God was the one thing *did* know! His works, his methods, his xistence were staring you in the face, Mr. ngersoll! God exists—*écrasez l'infame!*, I urled back at Ingersoll.

The core of the matter was that I had ot yet outgrown the God of the Old estament. My rage was the rage of Jehoah Himself, the rage of King David, the ge of Isaiah and Jeremiah. It was pity nd mental torture sublimated to a deastating anger.

At war with God, looking on man as mething that had better be annihilated, e frustrated religious forces in me then ansferred their need of worship and love Nature. At sixteen I became panaleptic. came at about the time of my moon toxication and increased in madness as y rage against God increased. It actually ok the place of sex-rapture. I regarded irls as nuisances, toys, snares of God, way of damnation. (This attitude toard the female has never quite worn off.)

I made every foot of Fairmount Park y own. I watched the waning and the ming of seasons as one watches the sleepg and waking of his mistress. I rolled the grass in ecstatic frenzy. I kissed the ees, I almost swooned in the breezes, lay on the ground staring for hours into e blue of heaven until I was near to ursting with mad pleasure, all of which ad strange sex-implications which trouled my then chaste soul, but which now cause me an ironic grin. The great event of my life then was Springtime, a hallowed miracle. I did not at that time confound God and Nature. But I think it was this early Nature-worship that was the germ in me of that supreme consciousness of Beauty and Power, unstained by ethical conceptions, that finally swallowed the old God in me and incorporated him in a transcendent apotheosis of æsthetic amorality.

From 1890 until the turn of the century my life was occupied with four things—God, books, alcohol and suicide. The three latter were all roads to the first, modes of noosing Him, underground passages to His throne, where I intended to confront Him and demand in the name of all things that had lived and died since the beginning of Space and Time the Why?

I now discovered Pascal and Descartes, and through them returned to Ptolemy's egocentric universe. The stars may not revolve around the earth, but they did revolve around me, for if, as Pascal or Descartes said, the universe is a circle with its circumference nowhere and its centre everywhere, then each one of us is the centre of the universe. Each being is then the measure of all things. I did not revolve around the sun and the stars; they revolved around me!

Following Pascal and Descartes came Emerson and Whitman to confirm my egocentricity in trumpet tones. They lifted me to the pinnacle of extreme individualism. They dared me to dare all things. They dared me to confront God. They gave me back my dignity as a unique being. But while accepting their doctrine of the almighty ego, I rejected—my bitter, militant, ethical sensibility rejected—their smug acceptance of things and the essential goodness of the Oversoul. Egoity, dilated to cosmic proportions, superposed itself on a raging hatred of the temporal order, its futility and imbecility.

It was about 1903 or 1904 that there was a fissure in my brain, a sinister slit in my consciousness. A face, humorous, satanic, ferocious, floated up from the depths of that fissure. It was the Spirit of Tragic Humor. I lost Thee, my Enemy, my Friend, my Torturer and my Consoler, in the billows of my laughter. As my consciousness and my brain halved, I saw myself for the first time as a ridiculous little witling, and God, if I thought of Him at all at that time, as a Scaramouch, a roguish blue-behinded ape. Lucifer died that Narcissus might be born. I guffawed with God, with the gods, for I felt also at this time my monotheism dissolving into polytheism. I forgot Heaven and discovered Olympus. I was a gay Narcissus. I looked into the lake of my mind and saw a clown-face. I found the exquisite uses of my flesh. God incarnated as a bawdy Eros. He winked at me out of the ale-pot. I still thundered at times against Him, but I felt I was cursing a phantom. The sense of evil, the sense of sin, vanished.

Spinoza until then had been but a name. I knew his philosophy only by hearsay, in second-hand expositions. I began to read him. I began to meditate on pantheism, on a God who was the spirit of evil as well as the spirit of good, a God who was Power and Beauty unallied to man-made ethical attributes. I heard the first notes of a transcendental symphony, or, rather, the beginning of a titanic struggle between two opposing and equally powerful forces such as Wagner put into the Overture to "Tannhäuser."

Now the Great Adventure was in full march again! Spinoza and King David were face to face at Armageddon—and Armageddon was in my soul. The Psalmist of Hate and Humility faced the serene eternist of Amsterdam. I passed from bitter curses to ecstatic swoonings. I rocked Heaven with my shrapnel, and recouped my strength by rendering up my soul to the Impersonal Spirit. I celebrated both of my brain armies in a passionate prose-poem to Spinoza and his God.

Then came 1914. Dead was the God of Spinoza in me, dead the God of the ale-pot and the bawdy Eros, during those four years of planetary cannibalism. Th spirit of King David and his immorta barbaric God possessed the world, possessed me, and I hurled anathema upo anathema at Him, reversing the smug attitude of David, but preserving his passio and his rant.

This bearded old Jehovah of the Jews this marvellous creation of the Old Testament poets, would not walk out of m soul. In my Great Adventure He remain my sword of Excalibur. He is the greates and truest of man's anthropomorphic creations. He is the very garment and textur of Reality. He is Mars, the Serpent, th Instinct of Self-Preservation, Big Brothe with a club and sling-shot. He was no born of closet speculations and theologica subtleties, but of direct contact wit reality.

He mirrors the Earth we live upon an its sublime victim—Man. He was built o blood, thunder, lightnings, fear, flood famine, pest, hate, murder, life, death war and covetousness: an epitome of th adventures of the human race on the plane Earth. He was (and is) the perfect mirro of life in all its cruelty, irony, humility hypocrisy, implacability and amoralism No Spinoza, no Nietzsche, no Christ ca dynamite Him out of His heavens, because those heavens that lock in Jehova —the old storm-god of the Midianites— are locked forever in our hearts and brains He is practical, pragmatic, the literal Am of every-day life. He is mud-and blood humanity. He is the Errinye o personal vengeance. Christ may have Second Advent; Jehovah's Second Advent are perpetual. Flatten Him out to a philosophical abstraction in times of peace an prosperity, He will round to form, gathe up His lightnings and His siege-gun when Death stalks the world. Jehovah in a word, is not a God but the Superman

So during the World War I hated Hi and I loved Him. I used to fling anathema at Him. He became confusedly identifie with the God of Spinoza, and both lapse into Satan.

IV

1918 admiration was born like sweet
laby music out of the fantasia of hate,
spair and disillusion. I again heard the
n-phallic pipes of Greek polytheism.
od was laughing at me—impotent sun-
dge of a day! I took the God of Spinoza
d the God of King David and Hellenized
iem. I renounced homogeneous unity
heterogeneous diversity. I carved gods
t of God. I paraphrased the saying of
ethe, that the meaning of Life is life
elf, into The meaning of God is earth-
irits, air-spirits, water-spirits, flower-
irits, star-spirits, individual dæmons,
niliars. The bright, etheric face of Shel-
rose out of the wreck of Spinoza and
ng David. I was in the clutch of mate-
l ecstasy. A mystical atheist!

But polytheism was, after all, only a
erlin garden that I had stumbled on
d loitered in with half-closed eyes and
de-open nostrils on my way to the
ight Tower. I am primarily a creature
intellect, and not of sentiment. The
art is the cloudy crucible of all prob-
ns. The brain is the clarifier. Too long
d I been imprisoned in the crucible.

Near my fiftieth year the ascension to
eyries of the brain began in earnest.
berty dwells on mountain-tops. There
e has unobstructed vision, preternatural
ht, a sudden revaluation of values. My
in is the mountain-top of my soul.
nyself had the Bright Tower within me
these years, obscured and weed-hidden
til now by my emotional judgments,
my "common humanity," by my un-
iscious craving for "salvation"—sal-
tion of my own blowsy ego. All great,
during revelations come from Intellect,
cold, clarified visions of Artists and
nists. And I saluted Goethe, Nietzsche
l Jules de Gaultier.

So at last! Artist and Ironist!—that is
d! Supreme, innominable, immanent
nter, poet, musician, satirist, roman-
, mathematician—that is God! He is
ethereal Beethoven and Shakespeare, a Rodin and Cervantes, a Euclid and Einstein, an Aristophanes and Æschylus, a Wagner and Dostoievsky, an Aphrodite and Zeus. God is all of these—and myself!

God has nothing to do with human beings except as characters in an eternal serial, an eternal dream-tale, an eternal fabulous drama. Good and evil are art-motives. God is superhuman, unhuman, inhuman. He dreams scenarios, of which we are the puppets. Our agonies and prayers are situations. He is Spinoza's God, the Eternal Return of Nietzsche, the Oversoul of Emerson, the Unknowable of Spencer, the Mephistopheles of Goethe. He is All—omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal creator, eternal playboy, eternal incarnation; the great dramaturge.

Arriving at this truth, I was released. I, with the rest of the species, am part of the music, drama, farce and mathematics of the Supreme Artist. And when I utter sadly "Such is life!" because of my disillusions, defeats and strangled desires I say, "But such is God, too!" For God is Life.

But Why? my brain still asks at times; and then again I am Lucifer organizing the revolting angels against Heaven, Prometheus launching curses at Zeus, and a King David raining death and destruction on Life. Why? Is the tragic farce, the music, the artistry worth while?

And a veiled sigh comes to me from the depths of myself; a veiled sigh, or is it a veiled laugh?—and I hear a voice:

"I have assigned to man the sublime rôle of Why? for an Eternity. Why? is the master-key to my art. That word Why? is the name of all My dreams, tragedies and farces on all the stars. It is the real name of every being I have ever made. It is the name of every sun I have ever created. It is the name of every picture I have ever painted. In the Legend of Life Why? is my eternal Hamlet."

So I am thus, like all living things, identified with God in all His manifestations, in all forms and on all planes—a Tantalus of Eternity.

OLD TUCK

BY MERRITT WIMBERLY

Old Tuck lived in an isolated section of the Southern Colorado Rockies. The locality was enclosed upon all sides by mountains, which dipped down to form what was known as the Basin. Here the old man had seen his glory rise and ebb, and through the years had become an integral part of the scene, like the weather. The weather in the Basin was purely a local affair. Like Old Tuck, it had few moods, though very definite ones. The Basin's storm clouds gathered in the La Plata range to the northward. When they appeared in that neighborhood, the women of the countryside would begin to gather in the little chickens, for rain was inevitable. And the rain fell decisively, straight down like pellets of lead. But for the most part, the weather was fair, and the sun shone in a caressing way. On such days the trees were motionless. They stood out like carved images against the fair blue background of the sky.

Thus the Basin was not a moody country. Its people were of the same spirit. A perennial calmness made them gentle in their attitude and slow and deliberate in their way of living. They were neither wranglers nor shouters. But if there is a silence you can almost hear, there is also a temperament so even that it verges on instability. Temperamentally, Old Tuck was like that.

The San Juan river was the only maker of noise in the Basin. Boiling and fuming and lashing itself into a white fury, it poured turbulently down through the center of the depression, as if in revolt against the pall of quiet. It reminded one of the turmoil latent in the people of the Basin. But then, as if sorry for its obstreperousness, it sneaked out of the Bas through a precipitous canyon whic looked, in Winter, like a break in a chi bowl. Except by a few fishermen, the S Juan was left to its own pleasure.

Nestling between two mesas was S Ignacio. It was Old Tuck's town. It h never been of much effect in the world, a now even its local prestige had vanishe Once it had been a prosperous cow-tow boasting its painted ladies, its honk tonks and its saloons. The old building once pretentious according to the stan ards of cow-towns, still lined the windi main street. There was a time when th were gay with light and merry wi drunken laughter, and echoed to the cho of many a maudlin song. Now they we used, if at all, to store potatoes and grai One of the most spacious had been rebu into a garage. But the majority were o ugly monuments to a glorious and drunk past. Since that time farmers had come and tilled the soil of the Basin. Wheat a potatoes grew where only buck-brush gre before. The farmers were religious. Th had, or pretended to have, no use for t old life of the town. A church, a garage general merchandise store, and, for th reckless offspring, a combined pool a lunch-room, met all their requirements.

Very few of the older inhabitants mained. Those who did had long si succumbed to the onward march of religi and the family. Old Tuck made the o exception; he would not capitulate. It m have been that he was a natural recusa More probably, he could never quite f get that he had once been a king. Eve steer on the San Juan range at one ti

onged to him. His hand had been prof-
ite. People had been obsequious. He
l owned the little hotel where he now
ed. He had found women too easy to
r think of marrying. Home had never
ant to him what it means to an older
l more settled people. Every house had
lcomed him. Every saloon had sought
good will. His regular bartender, an
ratiating, subservient fellow, who knew
v to treat a king, had watched for him
ry morning, ready with his whisky. On
ndup days he made everything free to
boys. The bills consumed many of his
est steers, but if such munificence left
a less affluent, it also left him all the
re the lord and monarch of the Basin.

II

t it was now a far cry to that elegant
t. Old Tuck's misfortune had come
h the farmers. He never held them di-
tly accountable for his losses, but
ked on them rather as ill omens, like an
ny of black cats. No one ever knew ex-
ly how it happened. But Old Tuck
oke one day to find himself dethroned,
money and cattle gone. He swallowed
calamity without a gulp. He was calm
the face of misfortune. Possibly the
nquillity of the country served him as
alliative. For a while his renown as a
tle king stayed with him. He was re-
ed to as Mr. Tucker. Occasionally
ple still showed him deference. But
er a while he was known simply as a
n who had once owned a great many
tle. Finally he became Old Tuck.

o himself, however, he never became
l Tuck. He held on to his dignity as he
d on to his habits. He supported the
er meagerly but religiously. Through
sufferance of the owner he was able to
p his room at the hotel. He became the
e occupant of a building otherwise
en over to cobwebs and mice. House-
ves about their early morning work
en saw him come out of the hotel lobby.
would be exactly seven o'clock. He
would look bravely about as if inquiring for someone to ask after his health. Nobody ever did. The Longhorn Saloon being now only a memory, he would go to the pool-room, where the pudgy and ill-kempt proprietor would draw off a cup of sloppy coffee for him. This was followed by a brown paper cigarette.

Old Tuck never changed his style of dress. It was reminiscent of the open range. It was all there,—the tall-crowned, wide-brimmed hat, the corduroy trousers stuffed into fancy-topped, high-heeled boots, and the buckskin jacket with the varicolored beadwork over its pockets. The makeup and the man blended perfectly. Old Tuck was not playing a part. Sometimes, when he walked out the trail along Silver creek to the San Juan, he would buckle on his gun. Although he gave the impression that he was going out for target practice, actually he simply liked to feel the weight of gun and holster against his hip. These trips into the woods along the river furnished him an excuse to enjoy it.

Old Tuck was not a homely man. He was of medium height and slender. Such stoop as age had brought to him was there in spite of a brave and not altogether unsuccessful attempt to carry himself erect. Age showed more in his face than in his form. His hair was snow white. The ends of his mustache, white like his hair, fell across the corners of his mouth. But the mustache itself was cut square over lips much unalike and yet strangely matched, the upper one that of an obdurate Scotchman, the lower one sensuous and expressive, with an unquestionable droop to it. Old Tuck's eyebrows were young, and of the same shade of dark brown that his hair had been. His eyes were grey and somewhat blear with age, but to observant people they talked. There seemed to be a menace about them. Age had released the muscles which had held the lids to the eyeballs and the lids drooped, showing a red, gummy membrane inside.

Few people, however, gave Old Tuck a

second glance. Very few, if any, scrutinized him closely. A natural respect, or perhaps pity, kept them from calling him Old Tuck to his face. Usually, when they talked with him, which was not often, they called him Mr. Tucker. Others began the conversation without any formal address at all. His dignity and neatness no doubt gave them the impression that he was sensitive about his age. But there was one man who liked to refer to him openly as Old Tuck.That was Thad Morrison, by nature a nasty and witless devil. He was a fisherman by vocation and a loafer by avocation, and being offensive occupied his odd moments. He was a pigmy intellectually and a giant physically. His personality was blank. His shirt, always open at the neck, exposed a bulging, powerful neck and a chest heavy-haired like a black shepherd dog's. In Summer he was seldom seen. Each Spring, with his pack on his back, he would take the Silver creek trail to the San Juan, only coming in at intervals to buy tobacco. In the Fall, between hunting and fishing seasons, the loafers in the garage office were victimized by his presence. It was there that Old Tuck also whiled away his hours.

There was a huge maple tree in front of the garage. When it shed its leaves the sidewalk was covered ankle deep. For ten consecutive years Thad Morrison had offered to bet that Old Tuck would be buried before the maple tree leafed again. Each year the old man sat on a bench in front of the garage and watched the leaves come back. Each Fall Morrison was there to renew his wager. He was in earnest about it. It was an obsession with him that the old man must be buried before Spring.

He used to lean forward from his seat on the counter, point a meaty finger at Old Tuck, and bellow, "Now see here, Old Tuck, I'm offerin' you this bet once more. Last year or the year before or the year before that you have took my money. And still I'm willin' to bet you'll be in a box before that there maple tree leafs out again."

The old man in all the years had nev
answered. Always he had just grunt
like a Ute Indian who has lost at thre
card monte.

It was during the last year I was in t
Basin that the people of San Ignacio car
to the conclusion that they owed Old Tu
a debt. Remembering the glory in whi
the old man had once lived, a sense
responsibility for his losses fastened its
on them. They felt that their plows a
irrigation ditches had ruined his kingdo

So when old man Akers died they ga
Old Tuck the job of looking after the tov
dam on Silver creek. The pay was sma
but it would serve to add an egg and sor
rolls to his breakfast. The preacher sa
it was a Christian act to give him the jo
Anyhow it gave him something to do.
Winter and early Spring he would have
walk the mile up the trail to the da
Some day the town planned to build
water-tower. But in the meantime som
one must go each morning and clear t
slush ice away from the screen whi
covered the lead pipe into town.

The old man proved a faithful commu
ity servant. He took great pride in
work. The tools of his trade, a lon
handled spade and a mattock, he alwa
carried with him. He guarded them as
they had been his own.

It was in early Spring, before the bu
appeared, that Old Tuck first seemed to
having difficulty with his work. Duri
a whole week he stayed away every d
until noon. Every morning he carri
boards with him up the trail toward t
dam. He told the proprietor of the lun
room that he was making a box for t
screen. He was boxing it in so that enou
water would seep through to supply t
town. Next Winter he would only have
run up each morning and look things ov
The proprietor argued, logically enoug
that the box would get plugged up t
same as the screen. But Old Tuck seem
to be satisfied with his scheme and pass
the remark as of no consequence.

Shortly afterward, Old Tuck failed

v up for breakfast one morning. The gy proprietor found him dead in bed. ody was startled by the news. The ers at the garage remarked that it too bad but "you can't expect a man ve forever."

he morning Old Tuck died was a warm The maple tree put out its buds. Had d Morrison been there, he would have sted of his ability as a guesser. But he n't at the funeral. Fishing was always d in the San Juan in the early Spring. had taken the Silver creek trail to the r.

III

avation work for the new water-er began in a few days. The tower was be built on the site of the old dam. As the first scraper ate its way into the ground, the blade encountered something so solid that the man at the handles was thrown up between the horses. They dug round it and lifted it out. It was Old Tuck's box, buried in an upright position. Thad Morrison was standing up in it. He lunged forward a little when the face of the box was removed. He would have fallen out save that the sleeves of his leather jacket had been pinched close to the arms and nailed to the sides of his coffin. As his body lurched against the restraining nails, the shirt was pulled open over the hairy chest. The hair over the chest was matted with foamy blood. There was an ugly black wound in the center.

The maple tree shed its leaves that Fall, and they covered the sidewalk in front of the garage ankle deep.

NOCTURNE AT NOON—1605

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

WALK quietly, Coyote,
The practical people are coming now
Into the juniper, into the sage arroyos,
Where the smoke is sweeter than anywhere
And the mud is ready for building
The city of Santa Fé.

While the Puritans over in England
Are getting ready to whisper,
There is a way and we will build a ship,
People in motion are looking at the sage
And seeing where the yellow goes in August
In all the violet sage and silver sage
Along the Rio Grande,
Not that they need the yellow on a faring,
But knowing where it is
And what hills are behind it,
As gulls know where an ochre billow beats
On something that is rock.

Coyote, on the silver road of Spain,
Stalk in the noon, the little mice are dozing,
While you are panting, evening comes to Spain,
Darkens the sculptured rats in Tarragona,
Closes the last Sevillian marigold,
Blackens the windows in Our Lady of the Sea,
And the sailors' sheds grow dim in Barcelona.

Be soft, Coyote of the noon,
Far to the east here is an evening that
Is more than many nights:
This evening, for the first time in the world,
Will Shakespeare leads a madman to his heath
Against the wisdom of a patient fool;
This evening, for the first time in the world,
The little hoofs of Don Quixote's nag
Start striking fire from flinty roads of Spain,
A little trot today, some salty grass,
The first star and the last pale cloud are set.
The cloud is over England, Lear is ebbing

Into the northern lightning of the air;
Somewhere there is a storm, my Sancho Panza;
The star is sinking in the Rio Grande,
Where Cradle Flower with teeth white as a beaver's
Laughs at her lover, Medicine of Corn,
Weaving his body through a hoop of osier.

Be still, Coyote in the noon,
You cannot see the sinking of the star
Into the burnt slit of the Rio Grande,
At noon, Coyote, stars are frail as pollen,
But Lope de Vega's gone to bed,
Philip the Third has gone to bed,
And the child Velasquez sucks his thumb
In the blackness of Madrid,
But Will Shakespeare hasn't gone to bed
And over England lightning flashes,
Soft, Coyote, Lear is mumbling
Into the northern wind.

Quick! To the south, Coyote, look!
Is it a rabbit in the noon?

No hare, Coyote, those are ears
Of a mule that comes up the deep arroyo,
Ears in the grass on the edge of the mesa,
Up comes the head, it's the head of a mule;
O soft, Coyote in the noon,
Onate comes up the deep arroyo,
Rides up the silver road of Spain,
Juan de Onate's over the edge now,
Stare, Coyote, at Onate,
Have you seen a peacock plume before?
Or a spur as heavy as two young turkeys?

Still, Coyote, see his face,
For the mud is ready for building now
The palace of Santa Fé,
See the faces red and black behind him,
The practical people are coming now,
The Mother of Christ rides up the mud,
There's another friar on the left,
They're up on the silver sage again,
They see where the yellow is again,
The mud is ready for making walls
Where the smoke is sweeter than anywhere.
Be still, Coyote in the noon,
The practical people come.

THE LAND OF LAUGHS

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

The illustrious Dr. Michael Pupin tells in his inspiring autobiography that on reaching these shores as a young boy he congratulated America on her new acquisition . . . "and I was somewhat surprised," he adds, "that the people made no fuss over me when I landed." Young Michael had in him the stuff of which eminence is made, and knew it. He believed that the United States was just the place for a lad of his make-up, for wasn't it the country wherein Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln had attained to glory?

Unluckily, on my own arrival from the same wilds that had held Dr. Pupin I had no such lofty notions of myself, nor of the United States. As a boy in the Old Country I had heard and read that it was a fantastic place wherein things happened daily that were elsewhere inconceivable. In America two and two made five. It was a bedlam of lunatics, of hurry and turmoil. One doubted gravely that it had a soul. It was full of devils in human form who preyed upon honest, innocent, God-fearing immigrants.

But I had also heard that, while all this was true enough, in America one could make a great deal of money, wear a white collar and have polish on one's boots, and eat meat and white bread every day, even if one were an ordinary workman. In some mystical way, in America one was considered the equal of the next man, and allowed to say whatever one felt, and walk up to the President and pump his hand. There were no beggars in America. It was the Golden Country, the Land of Promise. I had seen pictures of Manhattan Island, of the Woolworth Building, of Niagara Falls, of the Statue of Liberty, and c Pennsylvania towns with tall chimney emitting horrible clouds of smoke. I Slovene translations I had read "Uncl Tom's Cabin" and "The Last of the Mo hicans" and a number of dime nove dealing with the brilliant adventures c bold Yankees among the Indians.

From all these sources I had gathere that America must be a vast, wild, exciting place, certainly preferable to th tame and pious Jesuit school wherein m parents, apprehensive for my immorta soul, wanted to send me, that I might b shielded from evil and study for Hol Orders.

Professor Pupin further tells of the exquisite deference with which he wa treated by the immigration authorities Castle Garden. No doubt he had it writte all over him that he would become a grea personage some day. Alas! I bore no suc marks. On the contrary, the eagle-eye Uncle Sam figured me out as a bad o almost as soon as I set foot on America ground, and saw fit to administer to m an official reprimand and warning.

A kind relative of our family living New York called for me on Ellis Islan but before I was released to him the i spector asked me who he was, and I r plied that he was my uncle. A momen later they called him into the examinin room and asked him to state his relatio ship to me. He said that he was a dista cousin of my mother's, whereupon one the officials, sitting behind a great des on a high platform, with Old Glory his back, fairly burst with righteo wrath. What did I mean by lying? Spea

g a bewildering mixture of all the
avic languages, he threatened to de-
rt me, for it appeared that America
d no room for liars: it was only for
od, honest, truthful people. He was
ginning to tell me the story of George
ashington and the cherry-tree when my
ative begged to be allowed to explain
at the children of our family had been
ed to calling him uncle. But it was too
e: I had been bawled out by a high
gnitary of the United States before a
omful of people, and when, with a
sture of disdain and a scowl, he finally
dered me released, I was very weak in
e knees.

I had expected to find excitement, and
nad found it. But the weakness in my
ees soon passed. In a few hours I dis-
rded my old-country garb for American
othes and was assured by my relative
d his friends that I looked a typical
nerican.

It was New Year's Eve, and New York
as in a roar. In the street firecrackers
ploded under my step. Motor vehicles
oted their horns. Overhead the elevated
undered. Someone knocked off my new
t with a snowball. In an L car window-
ne I noticed a neat little hole, and my
cle explained that it probably was a
llet-hole. He hinted that the wild
ople living along the elevated lines
nused themselves by shooting into the
ssing trains.

Then he took me on a tour of the Bohunk
loons in Manhattan and Brooklyn. A
w of them were gorgeous palaces, lighted
e cathedrals, only much livelier, and
ll of friendliness and hearty conversa-
on, most of which I could not under-
and. Courteous men in spotless white
oved briskly behind the bars; music-
xes operated full tilt; the brass cuspi-
rs and footrails seemed almost too nice
r their purposes; bottles of all shapes
d colors were symmetrically arranged
ainst huge mirrors, in which all this
ory was reflected. I was tall for my
nder years and my uncle's friends and
acquaintances (whom we encountered in nearly every saloon) accepted me as a grown-up, almost an equal, and allowed me to shake dice with them and pay for some rounds of drinks.

To carry my initiation into American ways, or rather into the life of my countrymen here, a little further, toward midnight we wound up at a lively Bohunk party on the outskirts of Brooklyn, where, as the clock struck twelve and the New Year began, I was required, with the other young bucks, to kiss every girl in the house.

II

My uncle, who had been in the United States for a number of years, said I would do well in America only if I severed all contact with our countrymen as soon as possible and went among the Americans and learned their language and their ways. But having almost immediately on my arrival come into a very charming Slovene-American family circle, which included an untellably lovely girl, I spent my first three years in a Yugoslav-American environment in New York.

America continued to be exciting. New York was a stupendous place, with its awesome towers downtown, its hustle and noise, its amazing bridges and transportation systems, its austere mansions in Fifth Avenue, and its narrow streets of huddled-in dwellings and stores, with ragged clothes and dirty bedding hanging out of their windows and over their fire-escapes, and pale-faced children playing among the ash-cans and swill-barrels. A city of hard brick, stone and steel: here clean and splendid, there heavy with the musty, garlicky odors of crowded poverty. For a moment, now and then, I recalled the picturesque, or odoriferous steerage crowd as our ship had approached New York harbor: people of all nationalities milling among the capstans and winches on deck, pushing toward the rails, straining and stretching to catch a glimpse of the new country, lifting children on their shoulders, women weeping, men falling on their knees, children screaming and dancing. They had come to this! Among them had been Slovene and Croat peasants whose fields and thatch-roofed houses I had known in the Old Country.

But I had little time for sad reflections. My uncle helped me to a job on a Yugoslav newspaper in New York, and I was soon hard at work. Most of the American news that we printed was of violent doings: murder, rape, robbery, labor troubles, fraud, graft, gang feuds, catastrophes. For the first few months I was a bewildered young Bohunk, and I had but the vaguest notions of the real significance of anything.

It was obviously necessary that I learn the American language, and so I enrolled in a night-school, but on the fourth or fifth evening it occurred to me that sitting in that stuffy room ten hours a week was not a profitable way to spend my time. Our teacher was a hungry-, unhealthy-looking, undersized Nordic who, I felt, was terribly ill at ease before this assembly of thirty-odd Dagoes, Dutchmen, Jews, Bohunks and Turks of all ages, many of them doubtless better educated in their native tongues than he was in English. In the daytime he taught children their abc's; in the evening he became a stirrer of the Melting Pot, an Americanizer. At the beginning of each session he required us to rise, salute the flag, and with outstretched hands pledge allegiance to the country for which it stood. Then he delivered a speech, prepared for him by a patriotic society, on the Constitution or the American form of Government, or tried to make us sing "America" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," while in the adjoining room other Americanizers were similarly engaged. If he took up grammar or spelling, some would-be Americano made his life miserable with questions, foolish or profound; and to keep such disturbers quiet he distributed among us a pile of third-grade histories and made us copy chapters on the voyage of the *Mayflower*, the Boston tea-party, Paul Revere's ride, or Abe Lincoln the railsplitter.

I stuck it out for two months—after the first few nights mainly to please my friends, who believed that it was good for me. Then the girl of whom I was very fond lost her dog, and for a week or so, instead of going to school evenings, I roamed the streets from the fifties to the nineties between Central Park and the river looking for the mut—without success, but incidentally picking up many new words from the shop signs and billboards, and catching many an enlightening glimpse of American life. I had a fair acquaintance with German and a smattering of Latin and Greek, and so I had no difficulty in getting at the meaning of English terms, while my fair friend and her brother took a sympathetic interest in my pronunciation.

America remained a great, fascinating puzzle. Things were happening at a terrific rate. I now began to read American newspapers and magazines, but my knowledge of the country and its language was yet too scant for me to understand anything thoroughly. My closest and most sympathetic friends were American-born youths of my own age whose knowledge of America, aside from sports, was no greater than mine. I read the books they read: novels by Horatio Alger and othe writers whose names I never knew: book that told me nothing.

One day I picked up a copy of the old *Metropolitan Magazine* and read an articl about a bloody labor disturbance in Bayonne, N. J. It was written by the lat John Reed and illustrated by Boardma Robinson, and it gave me a flash of understanding I had not received as I followe the same events in the newspapers. suddenly perceived that America was battleground of tremendous forces.

Some time later I strolled along th shelves of a branch library in Bronx, nc knowing what I wanted. On a table la a solitary book and I decided to take out, no matter what it was. On the wa

ome I saw that it was "The Jungle" by
pton Sinclair—an adventure story, no
oubt, full of lions and tigers: no wonder
e bespectacled lady librarian at the desk
ad given me a fishy look. But I had no
version to jungle stories and began read-
g it that evening. I finished it the next
orning in the subway on my way to
ork. I was young and suddenly grown
ery serious, and the book made a tre-
endous impression on me. So this was
merica! For a time I felt a sort of sharp
atred for the whole country. I did not
now that America was not yet a land in
hich one could afford to be serious, nor
et one which one could sensibly either
ove or hate. It was much later before it
ccurred to me that "The Jungle," while
true enough book from the author's
iewpoint, was not the whole truth.

At the same time I became keenly in-
erested in the European war. The inci-
ent that was immediately responsible for
he hostilities had occurred not far from
y birthplace. Moreover, as a young stu-
ent in Carniola two years before, I had
ngaged in anti-Austrian revolutionary
oings; a young relative and namesake
f mine had been shot by the Austrian
avalry in a Slavic demonstration in which
participated; I had been a Yugoslav
ationalist, a Panslavist, and what-not.
Vith such a past, it was, I think, inevi-
able that I should succumb to Dr. Wilson's
eriodic bursts of rhetoric. Besides, all my
ountrymen with whom I came into con-
act in New York believed that he was
second Jesus Christ or Guatama Buddha,
nly much more practical.

III

oward the end of my third year in Amer-
a I somewhat reluctantly severed all con-
act with my countrymen and presently
ealized that I was still very much of a
reenhorn, although perhaps my igno-
ance of America was no greater than that
f the majority of natives who were twice
nd three times my age. For a few months
I bumped against the harsh actualities of American industrial life. Work was not very plentiful, and, beside, a foreigner whose English was none too fluent could get only the worst kind—the kind that to me was artless, colorless, toneless. By working ten or twelve hours a day I achieved for myself practically nothing but a daily weariness, physical and mental, against which I instinctively rebelled. I was fairly strong for my years and not inactive, but I was palpably not cut out to develop into an heroic toiler such as James Stevens describes in "Brawnyman."

One day a trim-looking, ruddy-faced recruiting sergeant stopped me. The United States had severed relations with the Kaiser and it was expected, said the sergeant, that before long the country would be in the fight for fair. Now was the time to join: a bright young man, even with my imperfect English, would be a corporal, maybe even a sergeant, in two shakes of a lamb's tail. My English would improve; indeed, in the army I would have all sorts of opportunities for self-improvement. The sergeant noted the magazine in my coat pocket and remarked that as a soldier I would have time to read and study; many young foreigners joined the army, he said, on that account. He was a most friendly fellow and for nearly a week after my first interview with him I came by his post daily, and we talked. He told me that he had taken to soldiering because he had developed a distaste for work.

Then Dr. Wilson made his immortal speech before Congress urging a declaration of war for the sake of democracy, the rights of small nations, and other such ideals, and immediately upon reading it I enlisted in a highly idealistic mood, although the fact that I had but two dollars left to my name no doubt played a rôle in my doing so.

But I was no sooner assigned to a regiment than I was called before my company commander and questioned sharply, for I was a native of Austria, a country with which America was at war. I tried to tell the captain that more than half of the Austrians were Austrians only in name, but my English was awkward and he was suspicious and impatient, with the result that next day I was ordered to appear before the colonel. As I learned later, he had been a military observer in the last Balkan war and so knew the nationalistic aspirations of the various peoples within the Hapsburg dominion. He handed me a line of lofty Wilsonian prattle about America's traditional habit of helping downtrodden nations and assured me that he liked my spirit. Nevertheless, word got about in the squad-rooms that I was an Austrian, and before my comrades-in-arms accepted me as a loyal soldier of democracy I had to let one of them beat me in a fist fight and a week later to lick another one who was more my size and less deft with his mitts.

The rest of my soldiering days were anything but dull, but the thrills that I experienced were more peculiar to the war than to America. I learned the American language, and one nice day toward the last of the war I found myself, with about five thousand other foreign-born soldiers, on a great drill-field where an officer declared us citizens of the United States and then congratulated us on our good fortune.

I was an American, but had just begun to discover America. I followed closely the peace treaty fight between Woodrow Wilson and the Senate. I read Frank Harris' scathing editorials in *Pearson's Magazine* about the "arch-betrayer," and heartily agreed with him until late in the Summer of 1919, when I happened to be in a crowd on a sidewalk in St. Louis when Dr. Wilson stepped from an automobile. He was on his ill-fated tour of the country to appeal to Caesar for the League of Nations. I stood perhaps not ten feet from him. He looked old and sick; a few days later he broke down completely. Catching sight of him, the crowd applauded and cheered; then, suddenly, the applause and the cheers ceased. Wilson had brushed aside one of his aides who wanted to assist him out of the car and then for an interminable moment he stood on the running-board, his frame bent, his haggard face suddenly tensed by what seemed a fierce hatred, and his eyes flashing like two coals in an ash heap. They swept over the crowd, and I thought that in that moment he blamed it for all his troubles. Innately an aristocrat, he had been forced into the rôle of a mob-stirrer, a demagogue. A few months before, the mob of the world had acclaimed him wildly; now his own mob at home, seeing him breaking down against stubborn odds, only clapped its hands futilely, with a feeble cheer only here and there. And he, Woodrow Wilson, with his League of Nations, was offering salvation to the world! He seemed on the verge of bursting out and calling us bad names. Then someone touched his elbow, and he regained himself, and forced a wan, twisted smile.

I had caught an intimate glimpse of democratic America's political soul. It taught me that an even vastly better man than Wilson could not have been President of the United States without being or becoming a charlatan.

IV

But I still did not know that one could ill afford to be serious in America. Early one Winter morning, fifteen months after the world had been made safe for democracy, I returned to New York intending to renew some of my old contacts and possibly stay there. A light rain had fallen during the night and the streets were frozen. Turning a corner somewhere in the Twenties near Third avenue, I came to a rather steep incline where a teamster in charge of a loaded coal-wagon beat and cursed his horses for all he was worth in an attempt to make them pull up the slippery grade. Sparks flew from under the hooves; straining themselves and unable to hold ground, the animals were falling on their knees, making scarcely y progress; and as the wagon shook ver the cobbles, little pieces of coal ropped on to the streets. They were im- ediately picked up by two small girls ad, so far as I could see, in nothing but readbare, torn dresses that did not reach their knees—and the temperature was ear to zero! They obviously were rivals, r a piece of coal no sooner struck the reet than they both dived for it like two mished animals after a bit of food, fre- uently endangering their lives by crawl- g under the wagon.

I decided I did not want to stay in New ork, and left at once.

The next picture of America that will lways stand out in my memory is a cene in the United States Senate chamber, here I spent an hour one afternoon while assing through Washington two or three onths later. From the visitors' gallery looked upon the nation's highest legis- tive body and listened to a beefy gentle- an speak with a voice of great volume nd solemnity on a subject which, after stening to him for an hour, I was unable determine, while his colleagues dozed their chairs, stood about chatting, or t staring blankly. It was an intimate eek into the mechanism of American emocracy. After an hour the scene struck e as so funny that, for fear I would urst out laughing, I left. Looking back, think that it was then and there that y youthful seriousness took its first good mble.

But even after that I was still subject long grave spells, for, working on con- ruction gangs and moving about from ne place to another as often as the impulse necessity bade me, my circumstances ere frequently melancholy. Besides, I ntinued to explore the underside of the merican scene and discovered things hich at first dismayed me, but which bviously could not be changed or removed nmediately if at all. While adjusting yself to them, I was considerably per- lexed and bewildered.

I read practically everything that I could reach. I discovered Theodore Dreiser's novels and from them I gained in a few weeks a clearer perception of life in general and of America in particular than I could have acquired any other way, except perhaps by reading "The Education of Henry Adams," which came my way soon after. The Adams-Dreiser conception of life and nature as a chaos within which man dreams and strives for law and order, longs and labors for "normalcy," and simultaneously, in his blundering human way, does everything in his power—particularly in America—to prevent their realization, appealed powerfully to my sense of the ridiculous; whereupon (praise God!) my serious spells began to grow less frequent and lighter. Now I enjoy living in this matchless Republic perhaps more than anyone else I know and while I am not exactly proud of my citizenship I would not surrender it to become the Shah of Persia.

Seen with the proper perspective, and with both an objective and a subjective sense of reality, the American Scene today is unquestionably the most vitally interesting and amusing under the sun. As a show, life here is beyond improvement: an endless comedy of futility and chaos in which whole hordes of meddlers, busybodies, snoopers, inspirationalists, idealists, crusaders, reformers, rogues, uplifters and nuts of all denominations try with various degrees of subtlety and all too meager success to abolish one another, in their efforts (some of them honest and serious enough) to establish law and order, usher in an era of peace and bliss, make life more worth living, and induce the race to hoist itself to a higher level by its own bootstraps. Each labors frantically according to his own ideas or lack of them, thereby achieving nothing except revealing his petty individual ego and increasing the excitement, which calls from year to year for more and more wowsers to propagate this or the other swell notion. The show is flavored with enough pathos and dignity to keep it from degenerating into a farce. And if it is not against one's grain to play an occasional bit in it, thus getting behind the scenes and mingling with the actors, one's sense of humor is bound to get plenty of exercise.

V

I could return to my native Balkans tomorrow and in time possibly become a two-gun member of the Yugoslav Skuptshtina, a general in the Albanian Army, a *komitadji* chief on the Serbo-Bulgarian border, mayor of Sarajevo, or a successful distiller of *slivovitsa* in Croatia; but, instead, I stay here, an humble citizen of the greatest Republic in existence, and the Lord willing, I hope to die here, even if I must die in deep obscurity.

I hear of thousands of American-born *illuminati* forsaking these shores in disgust for European scenes, and I feel a little sorry for them. Their capacity for the enjoyment of life's realities and illusions, I fear, is sorely limited: their tastes are too refined for their own good. They lack the gusto of a gentleman I know, an intelligent, life-enjoying cynic, foreign-born and Catholic, but outwardly indistinguishable from a native Protestant Babbitt until he takes you in his confidence, who six years ago successfully organized and headed the Ku Klux Klan in a large Western city for the sheer fun of it (although incidentally he cashed in on the joke), just to see how it would work; and a year later, when he tired of it and could see no good in its continuance, created dissension within the organization and wrecked it. Now, in another city on the coast, he is active in all sorts of civic and church affairs, in service clubs and fraternal lodges—a real American joiner, to some extent for business reasons, but chiefly for the fun of it, to keep in close touch with American life. He is a popular luncheon orator, goes through all the motions of a regular Rotarian and Elk, but only the more intelligent of his fellows suspect that he is fooling. He is as well-informed as anyone I know, reads the best books and periodicals, American and foreign, and is perfectly at ease among the so-called *intelligentzia*, who, he believes, are cheating themselves by their avoidance of Babbitt and of common life in general, and for whom he has less regard than for those they disparage, however deservedly.

I like to think that a lot of such fooling is going on all over the country. During the I. W. W. longshoremen's strike in San Pedro, Calif., in 1923, one of the wobbly leaders, an exceptionally intelligent fellow whom I know, declared to a mutual friend of ours that they, the organizers, were under no illusion as to the outcome of the strike: they expected to lose it, and it probably would harm the movement as a whole; they were making certain demands on the bosses as a mere matter of form; the strike really had been started "just for the hell of it," *i.e.*, to show off the wobbly power, to scare the ship-owners, put a hole in their pockets, create excitement. It was a grim and childish jest, and as a result of it the harbor was tied up for over two weeks, several hundred men, including Upton Sinclair, were harassed by the police and a number of them were railroaded to San Quentin.

Thus it is an astonishing place, this vast, crude, chaotic young America. As I have said, one cannot love, nor hate it. It is best to laugh at it, though that is not always possible. But one must never take it too seriously. It is futile to try to change or influence it deeply: it is immune to reform, and within it operate tremendous economic and other forces that seem to have got out of human control. Certain aspects of the scene incontestably are depressing beyond words; but then again, one is apt to stumble, in the most unlikely places, upon things that cause the depression to vanish instantly.

Liberty has fallen into an inferior place in the American's habitual thinking, but occasionally one is privileged to see that the will-to-freedom is not entirely dead, even among the yokels. Not long since I tended a large community party in a alifornia town. There was dancing and oderate drinking, and except for a few d maids, male and female, the townfolk d their guests were having a gay time. ut in the middle of a dance the party as raided by four Federal Prohibition gents from Los Angeles, who said that ey came to arrest the committee in arge, which included the mayor, the ief of police, the county's sheriff and a w other leading citizens. The mayor ied to reason with the boys, but they ere unwilling to deviate a whit from eir duty. Then a mob of husky ranchers d railroad men surrounded them and hen the sheriff yelled, "Up an' at 'em, oys!" seized them, unpinned their badges, stened the badges on their backsides, d, after propelling them into the street, ent on with the dance.

Later the same evening, returning home, happened to drive through another town high speed and was stopped by a cop, ho proceeded to write me a ticket; but I gave him my name, he remembered ading something I had published in a agazine that had pleased him, wherepon he apologized, tore up the ticket, d asked me would I not come to his ome for a while and examine some poems e had written! What is more, the poetry as not bad.

I could tell of other experiences equally xciting, amusing and provocative. They erhaps are not typical of America, but ey are peculiar to it, and I think not holly without significance. Hardly anyning so tangible is typical of America. here is no typical American; not even ill Rogers. America is a land of conasts and swift changes, not of types or pical things or events. The first impreson it makes, perhaps, is that of a vast abness, but out of it there is apt to spring lmost anything at any moment, even eauty and courage. It produces such dismilar characters as Calvin Coolidge, Al mith, Henry Ford, Hearst, Aimée McPherson, Lindbergh, Jimmie Walker, Sherwood Anderson and Mother Jones, and allows them to come to the fore. Europe doubtless can boast of a finer quality of genius and talent, but to my notion her outstanding characters do not personify or reflect an intenser, bolder—I might even say, more ecstatic quality of mass-life. There is a fascinating, mocking illusiveness about American life that appeals to my sense of the dramatic. There is in America, especially in her tragic phases as they float up to one, in her drive and rush, in her lost sense of values and her resultant discontent, a high promise—maybe a false one, but nevertheless it catches and fires one's fancy, and one begins to think and feel in terms of the vast, virile, varied, painful, effervescent life of the country.

True, the border of prosperity and other influences seem to have reduced the greater part of the American mass to a piggish indifference to everything that is not safely commonplace; but there is slight doubt in the mind of at least one observer that underneath the deadness moves a tide of dissatisfaction with the more obvious characters of American life, a blind will to overcome the blight (or whatever one may be inclined to call the awful joint power of Big Business and organized Christianity) that is responsible for the mediocre quality of American civilization. The tide may never effect the surface very much; none the less, it is interesting to watch its course. At any moment it may start heaving. A friend writes to me from New York:

> Yesterday I made a trip on a Staten Island ferry. The Statue of Liberty really looked beautiful from the distance, with the sea-gulls flying about the goddess in the clean, sunshot air. Then I glimpsed an immense dollar sign on the black funnel of a passing Dollar Line steamer right beneath the figure. The smoke from the ship temporarily obscured part of Liberty, but above her the gulls wheeled freely in pure beauty. I was struck by the irony of it. Then I thought: here is America, and the aspirations of our people are perfectly symbolized: Dollars, Liberty, and Beauty! Hurrah!

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAMAS

BY MARGARET COBB

> Our name is Parent-Teacher and our home's the
> U. S. A.
> We're getting pretty husky and we're growing
> every day.
>
> —*PTA song*

BEFORE Parent-Teacher Associations began what a writer in the *Pictorial Review* terms "introducing the mother element in the schools," the American houses of public instruction were pretty drab socially. Such charming customs as serving tea in the afternoon, or bringing together the town fathers, and their wives, and the teachers (some of them young and comely) for a romp in the school auditorium were simply unheard of. Indeed, sociability seldom existed between the schoolma'ms and the parents of their pupils. Generally, they were complete strangers, except on occasion when an obstreperous youngster got beyond control, and the ma'm sought penalogical co-operation from the woodshed at home. As for holding cake sales, community dances, bazaars, carnivals, circuses or oyster suppers—nowadays regular occurrences at almost every school-house—, it just wasn't done. In those primitive days the people of America believed that the public schools had one simple function: to provide education for the young, and nothing else. What quaint notions the old-timers had!

The visionaries of the PTA, now in action everywhere, are far more progressive. They have discovered that the schools offer vast possibilities for Bigger and Better Service. As one leader puts it:

> When a community has the school-house as its social center, with fathers, mothers and teachers and children uniting there for their good times as well as study, we shall find less trouble with the children in school and less danger of wrong-doing and misbehavior outside. Children like to play with their parents, and the community get-togethers for song and good times form an important part of Parent-Teacher Association work.

With each succeeding year, the high-powered PTA organizers find more and more ways and means for widening the field of Service of the public schools. Already their efforts show marvelous results. Consider, for example, what they have accomplished in the up-and-coming State of North Carolina. In one town down there they "helped to purchase the municipal incinerator." In another they aided in putting on a clean-up week and "established, promoted and aided the health crusade." In a third they "backed and sponsored lyceum, chautauqua and entertainment courses for adults," and "worked with the theatre managers for better pictures." In a fourth, "by concerted action," they "helped to do away with night joy-riding, petting parties, and gatherings or being out school nights on the part of high-school pupils." All this was done by co-operation between ma'ms and parents, with the PTA bossing the job.

Originally, this wonderful movement had no connection with the schools. Indeed, the venerable ladies who inspired it occupied themselves with loftier things than education, or even than Service. What they had in mind was to Exalt Motherhood—to lift this ancient and honorable chore from obscurity into a blazing spotlight. More specifically, they proposed to organize a National Congress of Mothers—an A. F. of L., as it were, of American mamas—maybe even a Soviet. The time was ripe, for this was during the eighteen eties, when women's clubs were cropg up all over the States like mushrooms cow pasture. The distinguished League American Penwomen was already in full ng, and the Daughters of the American volution were almost ready to form their ps of 100% American shock troops. re not the mothers of Americans ened to a union of their own? Surely, they had their peculiar claims on God and ntry, and suffered their peculiar inices.

Describing the initial gathering on Febry 17, 1897, in Washington, D. C., a y reporter for the *Arena* naïvely exined:

> quor dealers organize. Why? Because they can ll more whisky. Doctors organize. Why? Beuse they can fight disease and ignorance when nited better than they can single-handed. . . . omen organize for becoming Better Mothers d to shed a new glory on Motherhood.

n the same issue of the *Arena* was an exition of the mothers' plans, written by entleman if you please, that said: "In t assemblage hundreds caught their t vision of a Better Way leading up to a lier Maternity." Then, recalling his cole Latin, the author, Mr. Frederick Reed, oted Horace's famous phrase: "O mater chra, pulchior filia!"

Jnluckily for Mr. Reed and the lady rnalist, this mother movement also had essimistic slant, which their inspiranal messages utterly ignored. The nder, Mrs. Theodore Birney, a native of orgia, and referred to by the PTA's of ay as "a mother and a student of childod," while heartily approving the hona business, also was bent on reforming whole trade of parenthood. She called reform "a crusade against the ignoce and indifference" of parents. Even in se remote days, it appears, the Ameri- Home was already going to the dogs. mas and papas were shirking their rensibilities as usual, and as usual, someng had to be done about it. Mrs. Birney s determined that it could and would done. Said she: "With an unutterable viction that in the home lies the only solution of the problems which confront the world today, we must strive to reach the parents of the land." Rally the mothers first; make them believe that rocking the cradle is a divine calling: raise them on a pedestal: the rest will come easy. So she started her Mothers Congress.

Unfortunately, her subsequent proposal to open a National Training School for Mothers, although enthusiastically endorsed by the Congress, never materialized. However, she had the joy of seeing her suggestion to boycott papers "which do not educate or inspire to noble thought and deed" put into practice. Today the PTA's, the successors to her organization, are almost as zealous about censorship as the Women's Christian Temperance Union ladies. Witness a resolution passed at their 1927 congress.

> The congress urges its members to work with publishers of magazines for home use and demonstrate the pernicious results of advertisements which seek to make the use of tobacco attractive, and deplores the practice of men and women selling their names to forward the cigarette advertisements.

Ever since Prohibition, the ladies have fought "any change in the Volstead Act which would readmit wine or beer." As for gin, they abhor it.

Inseparably linked with Mrs. Birney's name as founder of the PTA is that of Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst, the mother of the celebrated publicist. Mrs. Hearst is designated "the fairy godmother" of the Mothers' Crusade. Early accounts of the movement read: "She has given it not only the sanction of her name, but a substantial backing." Again, "She met all expenses of the first two congresses." But aside from financing it, there are no records to show Mrs. Hearst took much active interest. Her real hobby, in fact, was archeology. In 1903, she founded the University of California Museum, in recognition of which the *Overland Monthly* printed this posthumous tribute:

> Our great University stands the first,
> Because of a woman—Phoebe Hearst.

Within a few years after Mrs. Birney's great order of cradle-rockers got into action, they became, for some unknown reason, very lonesome. So they called on the unfecund schoolma'ms to join their happy company. Thus was formed a new alliance—the home and the school. In time the beautiful name, Congress of Mothers, was changed to the prosaic National Congress of Parents and Teachers. What became of Mrs. Birney's crusade then? And of the lovely Mothers' Hymn that goes, "Come, let us live with our children, lives that are noble and true"? We shall see.

II

> Oh, teachers, if you only knew the things that
> we can do,
> You'd ask us in to organize and work along with
> you.
>
> —*PTA song*

Although today parent-teacher clubs are everywhere docilely accepted, like domestic science or fire drills, as part of the great American public school system, bringing the schoolma'ms and principals into the fold was for years a difficult job. Teachers can be so snooty, you know. But even at the start a considerable number of ma'ms succumbed to the mamas' appeals. How could they resist? "Ours is a sacred calling, whether it be teacher or parent," sobbed the mothers. "Make America safe for children!" "Educate the parents!" "Rescue the child!"

But despite all this, the more stubborn ma'ms saucily thumbed their noses, as much as to say: "Mothers, get off our territory. You're poaching." Even now, after thirty years, what do we hear? A ma'm belonging to a school whose staff cold-shouldered the parent-teacher clubs for fifteen years, lately told me: "The teachers didn't want PTA. It meant just one more darned thing to do, when the work already was breaking the backs of us camels."

It is doubtful, indeed, whether the first teachers enlisted in the crusade foresaw their share of the PTA burden. Under the system that now rages they must be actively interested in everything that eve remotely has to do with a pupil's welfare from his prenatal months on down to th time he (or she) begins to read hot novel and indulge in petting parties. By thu letting the teacher share the job of raisin their boys and girls, the mothers feel tha they have bestowed a real privilege upo her. "The teacher places Service to yout above all things material," declares a contributor to the PTA official periodical, th *Child Welfare Magazine.* Here are som samples of her cares and duties, as outline in the Parent-Teacher Handbook for Nort Carolina:

> Hot lunches for school children—how to have them in school; clean-up programme for community—the harms of an unclean community; the moving picture show—censoring movies, regulating attendance of school children; social problems—the home, divorce, poverty, race; sex education—obtaining sex information, responsibility of social institutions; infant welfare—prenatal care of the mother, diseases common to infants; the school building and grounds—beautifying the school grounds; school sanitaries, school equipment.

In addition, of course, she is supposed t teach.

Students of modern educational scien will point out that this heavy working the schoolma'm is not entirely a PTA i spiration, and they are quite correct. As friend of mine succinctly put it: "Publ school work is really work, really publi and if you can't stand it, get out." Th sponsors of the mother movement a hardly to blame if the poor schoolma' (provided she wants to continue in her pr fession) must be proficient in somethin like 134 "abilities." (An eminent educ tional expert is authority for this estimate Nor for the fact that she is required spend all of her Summer vacations studyin for advanced credits. Certainly, it wou be unfair to say the mamas are responsib for scads of ma'ms becoming nervo wrecks in an attempt to keep step with th manifold "project" methods (flippant dubbed fads and fol-de-rols by the old generation) which now fill the grab bag the New Pedagogy.

ut, blameless or not, the PTA big-wigs
ertheless whoop aplenty for every proj-
no matter how fantastic, that is thrust
n the poor public school menials. The
newness of the latest one fills their
listic souls with delight. Witness an
ount describing an up-to-the-minute de-
ture, tried out in progressive Denver,
ich appeared in the November, 1927,
e of the *Child Welfare Magazine*. En-
ed, "Peter Rabbit Goes to School," the
cle narrates how dogs, cats, burros,
s, "and as many more animals as the
dren could find," were brought to
ool.

'It is part of the elementary course
oduced in the Denver public schools.
Animal studies from life are to be regu-
features of the curriculum. Fond parents
sent them [their children] with puppies,
ens, or bunnies . . . and then too fre-
ntly fail to instruct their offspring in
ir care. . . . Now children will learn
per care in feeding and tending their
s. . . . Peter Rabbit and his friends are
ng to school. And they will return to
ir homes happier, more contented ani-
s."

tip on another new fad drew forth
effusion: "Every time a bulletin comes
n the Playground and Recreation
ociation we wish we were children
in. Just think of a Jack Knife baseball
test! Doesn't it sound thrilling? . . .
gine tiddly-wink golf! Doesn't it sound
inating?"

low back-woodsy appear the com-
ints of certain archaic pedagogues who
balk at the establishment of parent-
cher clubs in their communities! Balk-
, indeed, at an organization that has
support of the National Education
ociation; and is endorsed by the former
ional Commissioner of Education, Dr.
n J. Tigert, lauded by Kiwanis, Rotary
the American Legion, and heartily
k-slapped by the highest educational
ialists the country over! When an im-
ent high-school teacher in my presence
out, "Oh, PTA is just one of those
things," I could only gasp at her arrogance. She was at liberty, perhaps, to treat Motherhood disdainfully, but had she no respect for the mighty N. E. A.?

PTA and N. E. A., in fact, are very close buddies. Their national headquarters are under the same roof at the capitol. Officers of one frequently serve on committees of the other. Really, it is a very chummy affair, and one which the parent-teacher crowd finds most advantageous. Boosted by N. E. A., the PTA's have gained considerable prestige—one may safely say, practically all they possess—, not to mention valuable educational fodder with which to feed their own congregation. Although they proudly boast, "We are the largest body of organized educators" (this from Mrs. S. M. N. Marrs, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers), they always are humbly receptive whenever the real experts offer new stuff. Small wonder, then, that the N. E. A. boys harbor kindly feelings toward the mothers' outfit. The *Child Welfare Magazine* absorbs their stuff like a sponge.

Consider, for an instant, a contributor named Professor Joy Elmer Morgan, A. B., B. L. S., editor of the *N. E. A. Journal* and member of the PTA national bureau of managers. To say the mamas admire him puts it mildly. They idolize him for his wisdom in matters educational. Whatever he says is law, and he says it once each month in the pages of the *Welfare Magazine*. Those cherishing a sentimental attachment for readin', writin', and 'rithmetic should read his diatribes against those antiquated subjects. Once he wrote, "Mastery of the tools and technics of learning has often been thought of in terms of the three R's, but that is far too narrow for even the elementary schools." (A fellow contributor improved upon this by advocating less emphasis on the three R's and more on space for school gardens, the raising and care of small livestock, carpentry shops, clay modeling and—don't tell the Methodists!—the dance, "the very apex of school life".)

Needless to say, Dr. Morgan expounds other topics of pedagogical importance. He preaches that he and his colleagues won't be happy until President Hoover makes room in his Cabinet for a Secretary of Education. And of course he is hot for all national legislation that will bring the Federal feed trough directly to the public schools' door.

The celebrated Sterling-Reed bill—up in Congress since 1918,—he appears to believe, will cure all pains and aches now plaguing the country's educational system. With its passage, the 1,000,000 illiterates supposed to exist in this incomparable land will magically turn literate almost overnight. "Write your Representatives or Senator. . . . Remember that it is one of the biggest battles on behalf of Better Education that has ever been waged." In the same vein he invokes the marvelous results consequent upon the passage of the George-Reed bill providing increased Federal appropriations for home economics and agricultural education. "Have you done your part to get for the schools funds which will enable them to do well the heavier tasks that have inevitably come to them?" he asks in the ever hospitable *Welfare Magazine*.

Altogether, the mother movement sponsors are well coached in the tactics which loosen the Federal purse strings. For evidence, let us turn to the national PTA programme. Incorporated therein we find:

> *Protection of Children*—A national child labor law to be secured by constitutional amendment.
>
> *Physical Education*—Federal aid to the States for the promotion of physical education, following general lines laid down in the Fess-Capper physical education bill.
>
> *Protection of Home*—The Fess home economics bill.
>
> *Public School*—The principles embodied in the Sterling-Reed educational bill, a department of education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet. Federal aid to States for the removal of illiteracy.

Schoolma'ms who hesitate to join the PTA will do well to notice this particular activity. If the association makes its full haul, teachers will get another raise.

III

P. T. A.
See how it grows,
It stands for everything that's *right*,
For children's needs it's here to *fight*,
It grows each year in *power* and *might*
The P. T. A. —*PTA song*

Ten years ago this sprightly ditty wou
have been a false alarm. The mother mov
ment then wasn't growing at all. In fac
the organization during its first twen
years was practically at a standstill.
1920 the membership was but 200,000
surely nothing to boast of, considering th
immense territory it professed to cove
But of late, like an old maid who decid
suddenly to take her fling, the associatio
has been expanding in almost startlin
fashion. Last April an enrollment of 1,275
401 members was announced at nation
headquarters, more than double the 19
roll call. Naturally, the fond sisters (an
brothers) were as proud as peacocks.

How did they do it? The official hi
torian, Mrs. John E. Hayes, who shou
know the answer, says that a part of th
credit goes to a peppy publicity staff. B
she refuses to let it hog all. "The remar
able growth of the National Congress
Parents and Teachers," she adds, "may
attributed to the development of a polic
of widespread coöperation and of stron
national support of State branches." Sh
omitted something else, namely, the uniq
membership-boosting methods employ
by the local clubs. Membership campaign
with the PTA's, go on all the year roun
Their aim is "a parent-teacher associatio
in every school and every parent an
teacher a member." They have got the
drives down to such a science that even th
Odd Fellows might profit by imitatin
them.

For ordinary member grabbing, as di
tinct from "intensive campaigning," th
National Congress has instituted a standa
method, guaranteed never to fail, know
as the Grade Mother System. As practic
at Asheville, N. C., it is complicated b
interesting:

> m each grade, two or more mothers are se-
> ed to visit and keep in touch with the other
> thers of their grade. Before each monthly
> ent-teacher meeting each grade mother is ex-
> ted to call up or visit the mothers on her list,
> write them to attend . . . By [this] division
> abor each home should be reached.

it the most effective membership
ters are probably the school kids. Pro-
r Harold D. Meyer, of the University
North Carolina, thinks so. He says:

> p the children interested. Having them write
> ers about the meetings and programme . . .
> l help. Remind them constantly of what the
> ciation is attempting to do for them. . . .
> er prizes to the grade in the school obtaining
> largest number of members.

is advice is echoed in other PTA
ngholds. As witness:

> t the children feel they are the most important
> sonages in the community. Have them on the
> gramme.

nd:

> range a programme for the first meeting. As a
> ggestion, have the children give a short pro-
> mme of songs, recitations or a play. The pres-
> e of children will assure the attendance of most
> the parents.

hat such theories work we see in a re-
t which comes from the Grandview,
o, parent-teacher club. The school-
dren there, it appears, were responsible
Grandview's PTA "retaining for the
d consecutive year the title, 'Ohio's
est PTA'." This achievement was due
he following procedure: a large chart
tacked up in each classroom of the
ndview emporiums of learning. While
drive was in progress, pupils each
ning brought in their parents' applica-
s and membership fees, and in reward
brilliant red stars placed after the
es of their mas and pas. To add zest to
drive the local organization gave
es to the schoolroom drawing the fat-
membership. Competition was keen,
are told, and the Grandview kids en-
d a week's holiday.

Obtain the interest of the men. Men
parents too." With these trenchant
ds to spur them on, organizers of local
nches are sent on a man-hunt. A delicate task, if there ever was one, think the PTA ladies. For enticing *pater familias* to join still remains their big, baffling and exasperating problem. A statistician has recently figured out that only 23.7% of the national PTA enrollment is masculine, and of the men enlisted, the majority are eligible, not because they are fathers, but because they are pedagogues. The timidity with which pa habitually receives the loving overtures of our PTA campaigners is inexplicable. One might suppose he were another Daniel being dragged into the lion's den. A testimonial from Olive, Miss., reveals a method successfully used there.

"Get them [the fathers] to playing," reports the chairman. "Play breaks down formality and unmasks the fun-loving boy who lurks in every man." In Olive, she says, the school house was opened for a Fathers' Night. After introducing the fathers to the ma'ms, "everyone was invited to the recreation rooms in the basement, where fruit nectar was served amid a setting aglow with goldenrod and the school colors." Then came the big treat: "an extensive recreation programme followed." This included such thrilling games and ceremonials as a grand march, the Virginia Reel, "I see you," "bucket brigade," "mulberry bush," "jump the shot," "poison snake," "cock fight" and "dodge ball." These frolics, the chairman confides, "broke the ice for community parties."

How to "develop and maintain interest," once members are safely roped in, is the PTA leader's next problem. "Arrange a preliminary meeting of the community with a good snappy programme," comes the advice from the higher-ups to the local clubs. "Let all meetings fairly ooze good fellowship, courtesy, friendliness and cordiality." To help the cause, hospitality committees are urged to "have a hearty welcome for the backward and help secure the big 'we', 'family' result." A tip frequently passed on is: "A good way to make folks feel at home . . . is to start with community singing. Sing some of the favorite songs and insist that all sing."

And if these suggestions flop, "a get-together with refreshments" is bound to turn the trick.

"We hated the damned PTA meetings simply because they were long and tiresome and silly," a teacher, addicted to profanity, once told me. "The mothers were usually so dumb that a few aggressive ones ran it all; and their best stunt was to start a lot of stuff that the teachers and children had to put across. The teachers," she added, "were always asked to scatter around and sit among the mothers, but they always clung together in glum rows on the back seats, with one eye on the clock and the other on the door." Here we have a fine example of the shocking and thoroughly mean attitude some ma'ms still assume. It is hopeful to note that the same ma'm I have quoted admits that "on the whole, the PTA is winning out. Teachers have been bumped out of their ivory towers and made to coöperate." She further adds: "The new generation—of the last four years—did so much social contact stuff in grammar school and junior high that they miss the rah-rah part in the frigid and hard routine of the high-schools."

Considering the fact that the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, in 1927, inaugurated National Teachers Day, it seems reasonable that the ma'ms should have nothing but praise for the movement. Until the mothers made this beautiful gesture the Sunday closing the annual National Education Week was just another day on the calendar. This year and in years to come, however, one Sunday every November will be dedicated to the teachers. Flowers will be worn in their honor. Up-and-coming clergymen will preach sermons suitable for the event, and the most lavish hospitality—including Sunday dinner and auto picnics—will be heaped upon her (or his) highness, the teacher. PTA officials go so far as to predict that Teachers' Day will soon be as generally observed as Mothers' Day or the opening of the World's Series.

IV

Now, if you want a school-house new,
And money can't be found,
And people groan of taxes and statistics deep
pound,
Just call the Parent-Teachers out to canvas
through the town,
They'll hunt the main objectors up,
And talk objection down.

—*PTA song*

The altruistic activities of the pare
teacher associations, for some years no
have been heralded in song and st
throughout the United States. What a r
shock, then, it is to read a treatise recen
published by a learned educator—hims
a member of PTA—which insinuates th
the movement is not all it is cracked up
be. To be sure, he doesn't use such pl
words. But what he does say, I fear,
probably giving the PTA grandees wh
hairs and crowsfeet aplenty.

This iconoclast is Professor Julian
Butterworth, Ph.D., who teaches ru
education at Cornell, and his book is cal
"The Parent-Teacher Association and
Work." He concedes, of course, that
PTA ladies mean well, but in a very kind
very paternal, and most scientific manne
that is, with charts, graphs and tables
statistics,—he endeavors to persuade th
to watch their step. I doubt that the P
bosses will ever approve his book, for
wishes them to tone down the very acti
ties which have been their pride and j
He argues, for example, that they dev
entirely too much time to raising funds
stead of "studying the educational ne
of the community," and on top of that
blames them for "too much emphasis
entertainment."

Professor Butterworth figures that 50.
of the labors of rural PTA's and 41.1%
the labors of urban units involve the r
ing of funds. He deplores this as being
side the province of an organization w
so worthy a mission. "The energy of
association," he writes, "is taken fr
problems that might yield a larger edu
tional return." Offhand, you may th
he is justified in his criticism, but let us

oo hasty. The ladies have a perfectly l excuse for spending so much time ing up coin. They need lots of it. sn't Dr. Butterworth himself present mposing array of the good deeds they performed? Behold the following:

> rchasing a phonograph for the school, or uni- ms for the school band; helping to persuade community to vote for a bond issue; holding art exhibit; studying the influence of moving tures; providing hot lunches for school chil- n; giving parties or dinners for the football m or other school organizations; aiding the motion of a Boy Scout troop.

e also notes:

> nds are in a few cases given for teachers' sal- es . . . Money is raised for such extra-curricular ivities as glee clubs; prizes to stimulate olarship; gifts to teachers, especially when ill; ing the principals' rent; cleaning, insurance, ht, and janitor service.

stead of razzing the PTA ladies for ding so much of their time bringing in shekels, Dr. Butterworth ought to e praised them for their versatile nic in the business. They follow much same methods employed by ladies' aid eties and college sororities, but far e successfully. Their main idea is to g the townsfolk together for a jolly ic, and their theory is that "the com- ity at large will not hesitate to give n it feels that in return it is doing d, having a good time, and enjoying owship." Here is a typical list of the ey-raising shindigs which clubs have ed, taken from current PTA literature:

> stivals—Holiday celebrations, such as May y. Have programme and charge small fee.
>
> In September, when vegetables are easily ob- ned, a Brunswick stew is a big money-maker.
>
> October lends itself to a Hallowe'en party, and tle side-shows with different tricks to be tried five or ten cents apiece bring in a goodly sum d afford lots of enjoyment.
>
> A good sum can be realized just before Thanks- ving. If you have some extra good cooks, home- de mince meat, pies, cakes and cookies can be d to advantage.
>
> In December . . . a sale of fancy work, aprons, e, and candies nets a good amount.
>
> In January try a box party, lunch being sold in xes, or an oyster stew, or chicken supper. A amatic entertainment got up by parents is al- ys a drawing card.
>
> In February a George Washington party is successful. Refreshments carrying out the red and white are attractive, and hatchets and cherries make decorating easy.
>
> If your school is equipped for picture shows a good picture once a week brings in a good sum of money and insures the children seeing a clean picture.
>
> Another chance for good profit is to have a fiddlers' convention.

"Many associations," the North Carolina handbook informs us, "sell soaps, extracts, cleaning preparations, knives and magazines to their members and others."

Nevertheless, in the introduction to Dr. Butterworth's book, backward-minded school principals are quoted as saying:

> All they [the members of PTA] have thought of and sponsored is dances, parties and good times. . . . Instead of being a help they have hindered school work . . . Summing up parent-teacher work for the last four years, I believe that, as far as influencing the school and public opinion goes, it has had more harmful influence than helpful.

On top of which Dr. Butterworth cruelly adds:

> It is not the responsibility of the PTA to finance schools. Apparently the basic principles of public school financing are not fully understood by PTA's . . . Obviously, if PTA undertakes too much responsibility for raising funds directly, public support of schools might be endangered.

His warning comes too late. In Atlanta, Ga., one thoroughly familiar with the situation there reports that the generous parent-teacher organization has spoiled the City Hall bosses to a fare-ye-well—with all good intentions, of course. "Grammar school PTA's raise thousands of dollars yearly for stuff which, on principle, the city should provide." Down there, also, his red-flagging the ladies "to keep out of politics" is blithely ignored. "They are a power in the city politics," an Atlanta informant says of the local mother clubs. "School affairs here are designated 'a battle between the North Side mothers and South Side fathers.' "

But in other cities there is a different tale to tell. In Baltimore, for instance, the mothers are having a hard time carrying on their altruistic job. Their generosity and spirit of helpfulness, one is grieved to note, have been spurned by rulings recently laid down by the Board of School Commissioners. It is true that internal differences have helped: the doings of the PTA associations of the Monumental City have been not altogether harmonious during the past few years. There have been perennial fusses over financing the State delegate's trip to the national conventions. Some members contended that paying her railroad fare—some times as far as California—was sufficient. Others insisted that the organization meet her hotel bills, too, and in the end they had their way. A third group had the nerve to propose that the lady delegate, usually in comfortable circumstances, pay all her own expenses, but, of course, that motion was always defeated.

The Baltimore PTA bosses got a severe blow when the School Board passed a rule limiting their activity in the public schools as follows:

> Entertainments, bazaars and other enterprises in elementary schools, to which an admission charge is made, shall be limited to not more than one during each school year by the parent-teacher association, and not more than one during th
> same school year by the school itself.

And another, which suppressed an i portant source of money:

> Sales of candy or other merchandise in schools t
> or by pupils is prohibited. Parent-teacher associations are requested to avoid calling on pupil
> to participate in the sale of tickets for the promotion of enterprises in which these association
> are interested.

The organization which set the Sch
Board upon the poor PTA's is the Bal
more Public School Association. Indee
that organization actually boasts of its
tion as if it were an accomplishment. Ask
what prompted it to tackle the mam
Mrs. William Bauernschmidt, its secretar
answered:

> Anything that concerns the public schools concerns us. We conducted an investigation an
> found parent-teacher activities in the school
> went so far as the sale of candy by the teachers t
> the school children. On several occasions w
> found the teachers actually selling candy to th
> children on credit. In presenting these facts to th
> school board we explained that parent-teache
> activities were taking too much of the teachers
> time. *We want to see teachers relieved of all responsibilities but teaching.*

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Sliver Criticism.—There is a type of critic, rently promiscuous amongst us, whose ef delight lies in the isolation of various servations from their context, with the nsequent natural implication that the thor thereof is by way of being a doodle. e has only to pick up the nearest news- ber or literary review to see to what ent this species of criticism flourishes. narks, of course, the pinnacle of critical nsense, for there probably never lived author who couldn't easily be made out impleton by the chicane. One can no re arbitrarily smouch a statement from setting than one can genealogically ouch an egg from its hen. The critic who es so only proves himself a fool. Any kass can suggest that the man, say, who ote "Human All-Too-Human" was a nce by isolating from their respective ntexts such statements as "Struggle inst truth as long as you can" or "I get tiff neck in trying to discover whether I buld start reading from this or that int."

Table Manners.—Perhaps in no other de- tment of American life is so great an provement observable as in the national ble manners. There was a time, and not very long ago, when the manners at the erage American food-trough were the spair at once of the relatively few local icatos and of all foreign visitors, but t era seems now to be definitely rele- ted to the past. It does not take an over- werful memory to recall the day when native board witnessed a series of gus- ory phenomena more usually associated th Armenians and porkers and when an itation to dinner promised all the æs- etic discomposures of an invitation to a museum of anatomical horrors. I do not allude to such platitudes as knife-swallowings, toothpickery, soup dissonances and the like, all too familiar to call for comment, but to the hundred and one other idiosyncrasies that, in sum, made the American table the butt of all civilized nations.

There was, for example, the well-known napkin-ring period, extending from approximately 1840 to 1900, during which it was the American custom to employ the napkin, after it had been rolled tightly into its circlet at the end of the meal, much after the manner of a shaving-brush. The napkin would invariably be grasped by the lower end and the mouth and face flicked, dusted off and mopped with vigorous sweepings of the upper end, the displaced crumbs, dried egg and other facial débris being brought to fly gayly to right and left, most often either into the drinking glasses or coffee or into the eyes of the white-wings' *vis-à-vis*. During the meal itself, the aforesaid napkin—usually the size of a Munich bath-towel—was either tucked under the collar or, in more modish households, under the top waistcoat button, or was tonily fastened across the bosom by a pair of small nickel or silver coat-lapel clips. The finger-bowl was still a thing unheard of and in its stead the family used the water glasses, the hands being dried—though often, true enough, covertly—on the bottom of the table-cloth by way of keeping the napkin in the ring tidy. There were china crescent dishes in which the family deposited its elaborately sucked wishbones and other fowl bones, to say nothing of such fishbones as were dislodged from the roof of the mouth and the teeth with the thumb and forefinger;

there were mounds of salt all over the table-cloth for use with radishes and celery—no one used plates for the purpose; there were moustache-cups, and small contrivances on the meat forks to keep the knives from sliding up abruptly and cutting off the eater's nose; there was oil-cloth necessarily under every table-cloth to keep the coffee-cup rings from soaking through and spoiling the table while saucers were being lapped of their contents.

I name only a few of the eccentricities; others will immediately occur to any American over forty. Now they are no more. What has brought about the new and happier dispensation, I do not know. Maybe it is worldly experience that has come with the American's gradual increased prosperity and his consequent tutelage in hotels, restaurants, Pullman cars and the like. Maybe the manifold books of etiquette have helped. Maybe it is the increase in travel, with its attendant instruction and sophistication. Whatever it is, the fact remains that the national table manners have so improved that today they are at least the equal, in gentility and *bienséance*, of those of the average New York Alsatian waiter.

Again, Exercise.—In this place during the last few years I have periodically lectured on the imbecility of physical exercise—that is, beyond the inevitable, normal amount of it that a person naturally and in the usual course of the day gets—and on the readily observed evil effects of it as it is currently negotiated by blockheads. It is, accordingly, with the pleasure that is always experienced when one's conceivably dubious animadversions are supported by authority that I peruse the statistics recently compiled by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, Prof. F. W. Nicolson, of Wesleyan, secretary, demonstrating conclusively that college athletes kick the bucket much sooner than men who were non-athletes and that college men who take no exercise at all—or at best very little—to wit, the so-called scholastic honor men, live longer and fe more the fighting-cock than any of the fellows. At nearly every college studied b the association—which, incidentally, i view of its athletic character might easil have permitted itself to be prejudiced i the other direction—honor students, *i.e* men who, as every college man know spend most of their time bending over book in tobacco-filled rooms and who are prett generally hardly football, baseball or an other sports material, have shown the low est mortality and, by implication, the bes honest physical condition. They have no true enough, displayed the spectacula muscles, the superficially glistening cheek and the hoochie-coochie elasticity of th pole-vaulters, half-backs and ball pitchers but they have been in the infirmary a hea less and out of the cemetery a heap more

The athletic association in point did no conduct its investigations singlehanded Summoned to its aid in collaborative in quiry were the American Student Healt Association and the statistical departmen of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Com pany. Three solid years were spent in th study, which represents the subsequen vital history of something like 40,00 graduates of eight representative college of the classes ranging from 1870 to 190 of approximately 5,000 athletes of ten un versities and of nearly 6,500 honor student of half a dozen institutions during the sam period, from the time of graduation t 1925. Surely the deduced figures do not li Surely they prove, as no other investiga tion has proved so illuminatingly, th foolishness and danger—even in youth of the unnatural physical strain that prettified by sports titles and gaudy co tumes and put over on the susceptibl with such baits as medals, ribbons an silver trophy cups. A man gets all th exercise God and Nature meant him to g in the natural course of a day. Walkin pushing open doors, climbing steps, ope ing and closing windows, getting in an out of taxicabs, waving one's arm friends across the street—that is enoug

ercise for anyone. To add to it by run-
ng around sandlots, chasing balls, kick-
g inflated pigskins, hopping over hurdles
d pulling at rubber appliances for several
urs is simply to boom the undertaker
siness. Rex Beach spoke the truth when
said not long ago that men who go in
extensive exercise are not half so greatly
ncerned with their health as with their
oks. In two words, vain donkeys.

The Vice-President.—The long-held, fa-
tious notion that the Vice-President of
e United States takes his place as an
scurity with the husband of an actress
an artist in the American Institute of
ts and Letters is surely unsupported by
e facts. Among the Vice-Presidents since
e establishment of the Republic we find
hn Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Martin
an Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore,
ndrew Johnson, Chester A. Arthur, The-
dore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge—all
bsequently occupants of the Dais. Aaron
urr, General George Clinton, Elbridge
erry, John C. Calhoun, John C. Breckin-
dge, James S. Sherman and Charles G.
awes were others—none of them certainly
ppressed violets. Daniel D. Tompkins,
ho served two terms and had been Gov-
nor of the State of New York for ten
ears, created a stir after his election by
s vigorous fight for the abolition of
avery in New York. Senator Richard M.
hnson, true enough, did not amount to
uch, nor did Senator William Rufus
ing, who had been minister to France.
ut George M. Dallas was a figure in
ternational diplomacy—he subsequently
came the representative of the United
ates at the Court of St. James's, and
annibal Hamlin, quondam Governor of
aine and a conspicuous Senator, loomed
rge in Congress, in State politics and
subsequently in the diplomatic service. Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the House of Representatives from 1863 to 1869, when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency, at least was much heard of toward the conclusion of his term of office in connection with the Crédit Mobilier scandal. Henry Wilson was one of the organizers of the Republican party, was long a stormy petrel in politics as a leader of the Free Soil party, and came into fame as the author of the three-volume work, "History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," to say nothing of such treatises as "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses" and "History of the Reconstruction Measures of the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses." Such men as William Almon Wheeler, Thomas A. Hendricks and Garrett A. Hobart cut little ice, but Levi P. Morton made himself heard and felt in financial matters and Thomas R. Marshall at least kept himself in the public eye by a prolific discharge of very snappy nifties.

If the Vice-Presidency has had its obscure Adlai E. Stevensons and Charles W. Fairbankses, let's not overlook the fact that the Presidency itself has had its relatively no less obscure Polks and Pierces.

Hedonism.—"Regarding hedonism, of which you have written in a recent Clinical Note," observes a correspondent, Mr. E. T. Vinson, "I would remark that the saint is a glutton and the sinner comparatively temperate. The sinner seeks only a small and transient pleasure—a bottle, a girl, revenge, or the like—but the saint wants infinite pleasure for infinite time. Develop this idea some time."

A good idea. It doesn't need any further development.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Living Corpse

One hears on all sides that the theatre is in a dreadful way. Its death rattle, according to various observers, vies in reverberation with Brahms' Intermezzo in E flat minor. The end is in sight and the undertaker is already shuffling his feet in the vestibule. Florists' boys are waiting, wreaths in hand, for the ultimate gurgle; the obituary is in type; and the first and second gravediggers are spitting on their hands. All the legitimate theatres will soon be turned over to the talking movies. The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is putting on a large addition to take care of Hauptmann, Galsworthy, Shaw, Pirandello, O'Neill and all the other dramatists who, starving, will be driven to Hollywood. Otis Skinner, Ethel Barrymore, George Arliss and Mrs. Fiske, sensing the impending débâcle, are spending many hours daily practising the making of faces in order to be able to compete with Lew Cody, Lya de Putti, Hoot Gibson and Laura La Plante. Arthur Hopkins, Walter Hampden, Belasco, Jed Harris and the Theatre Guild are holding midnight conferences with Louis B. Mayer, Joe Schenck, Sam Goldfish and Adolph Zukor in an attempt to find out what is essentially wrong with the drama and just where Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ibsen and Gorki are going to get off.

Things, in short, are pretty terrible. The road is already dead and the New York theatre's last lingering breath registers hardly a trace on the mirror. Everybody who isn't at the talkies is staying at home hugging the radio or motoring out to the roadside inns which, peculiarly enough in view of the reputed stampede, nevertheless say that they are not taking in enough money to pay the rent on their electric pianos. The ticket speculators are largely responsible for the sad state of affairs—the same ticket speculators who, oddly enough, were just as active eight and ten years ago when the show business was at the height of its prosperity. Intelligent audiences are so fed up with bad plays that they are through with the theatre and are apparently going to even worse movies instead. And where, a couple of years ago, every one of the fifty-nine legitimate theatres in New York was occupied and running full blast, today no less than the twelve or thirteen that have been built since are empty and only the fifty-nine—as opposed to London's total of thirty-one, Berlin's of thirty and Paris' of twenty-nine—are active. It is all very depressing and ominous.

Under the hapless circumstances it may not be a bad idea casually to scrutinize the situation and to determine exactly where the moribund theatre is at. In pursuit of enlightening facts, I first glance at the Stock Exchange bond prices in the newspapers and learn that Shubert-Theatres 6's are selling at 88 in a week described as the worst that the American theatre has ever known. The price of American Writing Paper 6's, in the same week and of nearly the same maturity date, is 84; of Botany mills 6½'s, of much shorter maturity date, 71½; of Cuba Cane Sugar convertible 8's, due next year, 77⅛; of National Radiator 6½'s, 80; and of Seaboard Airline 6's, 76—which would seem to indicate, at least to such persons as are in the habit of drawing comparisons from esoteric phenomena, that even more people have given up letter writing, wearing-apparel, sugar in their coffee, heat in their houses and railroad travel than playgoing. I happen observe, too, that Greek Government s are 85⅝; Peru 6's, 88; Berlin 6's, 90; udapest 6's, 80⅝; Bulgaria 7's, 88; Co- mbia 6's, 88¾; German Central Agri- ltural Bank 6's, 86½; Poland 6's, 82½; rbian 7's, 79⅝; Silesian 6's, 82½; and ienna 6's, 87½—which would imply that uch of Europe and part of South America also suffering badly from the radio, affic problems and the talkies.

Turning, somewhat more appropriately erhaps, to the theatrical pages them- lves, I find fifty-nine theatres in full peration. "Strange Interlude" has been aying to capacity for more than a whole ear. "Show Boat" has been running gayly r the same length of time. "Little Acci- ent" has been playing to excellent trade r many months. The Civic Repertory ompany and the Theatre Guild's enter- ises show to consistently profitable and metimes remarkable business. "Black- rds" has been running a full year. The Age of Innocence" is doing big busi- ess at the Empire. "Follow Thru" and Whoopee" have been playing to standing om only for months. "Three Cheers" as been something of a gold-mine. Hamp- en's revival of "Cyrano" plays to full ouses. "The Perfect Alibi" is selling out eadily. Even claptrap like "A Most Im- oral Lady," "Congai," "Mima," "The arriage Bed," "Brothers," "Courage" d "Zeppelin" draws a heavy trade. Holiday" and "Street Scene" have been perating to capacity audiences. "The New oon" has already run for five months. he Marx Brothers are packing them in. he Actors' Theatre's production of "The ild Duck" played to pretty good busi- ess. "Serena Blandish" has been doing a ost satisfactory box-office trade. "Paris" as been going for five months, as I write, d you can still hardly fight your way to "The Front Page." Even the Province- wners down in Macdougal street have rprised themselves at making money on 'Neill's "S. S. Glencairn." "This Year Grace" has been a tremendous success d "Fioretta" and "Lady Fingers," it begins to look, will run for long months. The subway circuit has been enjoying excellent business, and I read an announcement of a new theatre to meet the trade's demand in Flatbush. Across the river in Hoboken, the Morley-Gribble-Throckmorton group can't handle the crowds at their theatre and have had to take over still another to deal with the overflow. The trade at "Wings Over Europe" jumped so at the last moment that when the Guild needed the theatre for O'Neill's "Dynamo" they had to move the play into another house. Ethel Barrymore's venture in West Forty-seventh street has attracted paying customers in large numbers, and "Hold Everything" has been going strong for many months. "Jealousy," the two-character play, enjoyed a long run and, because of low expenses, turned a profit, and Arthur Hammerstein's bank balance has been tickled by "Good Boy." "The High Road" had a highly prosperous run, in New York alone, of more than four months; "This Thing Called Love" certainly didn't fare badly, nor did "Night Hostess"; "Jarnegan" ran for five months, and "Young Love" for three. The "Vanities" turned an honest penny for Earl Carroll and "Diamond Lil" made a lot of money for the Mlle. West. A number of plays of last season were such big successes that they had to be held over into the present season. "Diamond Lil" was one of these, so was "Strange Interlude" —showing among other things that it is difference of opinion that makes horse and dramatic races and this kind of article on the present state of the show business. Other held-over plays and shows were "Show Boat," "Good News," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Scandals," "Dracula" (playing the subway circuit as I write), "Porgy," "The Royal Family," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Coquette," "Rosalie," "Rain or Shine," "The Three Musketeers," and "The Bachelor Father."

With two exceptions, every really better-grade new play produced in New York this season has attracted large audiences and made money: "The Front Page," "The High Road," "Little Accident," "Holiday," "Wings Over Europe," "The Kingdom of God," "Caprice," "Street Scene," "Harlem," "Serena Blandish." The two exceptions—and opinions differ as to the merits of the plays—were Richman's "Heavy Traffic," that ran for only six or seven weeks, and Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," which was vigorously denounced by every New York newspaper save one and ran only a week. Almost all the revivals have done very good business: "The Cherry Orchard," "Macbeth," "Major Barbara," "The Wild Duck," "Cyrano de Bergerac," the Chauve-Souris programme, "John Gabriel Borkman" and "Hedda Gabler"—the two last named, like "The Cherry Orchard," in Fourteenth street, and "Othello," also in Fourteenth street at Maurice Schwartz's synagogue. Every even passable musical show, without exception, has enjoyed an uncommon prosperity: "The New Moon," "Whoopee," "Oh, Daddy," "Follow Thru," the "Vanities," "Paris," "Hold Everything," "Three Cheers," "Animal Crackers," "Good Boy," "Lady Fingers," "The Red Robe" and "Fioretta." "Rainbow," that had merit, failed because it deserved to; its production was miserably mismanaged. In the way of revue, "This Year of Grace," as already noted, has been an immense draw. And every theatre in Harlem and on the Bowery—to say nothing of the Irving Place house—is packed to the doors.

Where then is this great theatrical collapse that we hear about? I'll tell you. It is the great collapse—for which everyone should be properly thankful—of bad plays: "The Song Writer," "He Understood Women," "The Big Pond," "The Money Lender," "Ringside," "Caravan," "Trapped," "The Great Power," "Adventure," "The Light of Asia," "The Common Sin," "Mr. Moneypenny," "Crashing Through," "On Call," "Back Here," "Sign of the Leopard," "Potiphar's Wife," "Sakura," "The Skyrocket," "Judas," "Be Your Age"—out-and-out balderdash characteristic of every season since the American theatre began. Even so, business has been so good that exhibits almost as worthless have profited by the season's rush of playgoing, to wit, "Diamond Lil," "Night Hostess," "This Thing Called Love," "Courage," "Jarnegan," "Young Love," "A Most Immoral Lady," "The Age of Innocence," "Congai," "Mima," "Poppa," "Brothers," "The Marriage Bed" and "Zeppelin." But the encouraging fact, above all other facts, is that never before in the history of the American theatre have audiences, as indicated, apparently been so willing and eager to patronize really reputable drama.

II

We hear that the theatre is on its last legs and going broke because of the number of bad plays that have been produced in the last two seasons particularly. Let's for the moment dismiss the truth or untruth of the statement and look into the essential nature of the argument. The theatre was at the top of its prosperity in the two years directly preceding the outbreak of the late war, or at least as prosperous as anyone might have wished it to be. I look at the species of plays produced in those two seasons. They were, the records show, even worse than the bad plays we have been dosed up with recently, and there were comparatively as many of them. In the first theatrical year in point the only even relatively reputable new plays put on were "General John Regan," which failed to draw audiences, Bennett's "The Great Adventure," also a failure, Haddon Chambers' "Tante," also a failure, Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," also a failure, Anne Flexner's "The Marriage Game," also a comparative failure, Masefield's "Nan," also a failure, Lennox Robinson's "Patriots," also a failure, Eleanor Gates' "A Poor Little Rich Girl" and the Housman-Barker "Prunella," moderate successes, Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son," a failure, Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a big success, Molnar's "Where Ignorance Is iss" ("The Guardsman"), a failure, ughton's "The Younger Generation," failure, and the répertoire of the Irish ayers, also a failure. In other words, just irteen variably reputable new plays—clusive of the Irish Players' programme out of a total production of one hundred d sixty-nine new plays. And ten distrous failures in the thirteen! The charter of the general run of offerings in the ason under discussion may be indicated a quotation of the following samples: seph Byron Totten's "Alibi Bill," Clara pman's "Children of Today," William urlbut's "Are You a Crook?", Robert W. hambers' "The Common Law," Owen avis' "The Family Cupboard," Rida hnson Young's "The Isle o' Dreams," ilip Bartholomae's "Kiss Me Quick," aniel D. Carter's "The Master Mind," lice Ives' "September Morn," and Edwin ilton Royle's "The Unwritten Law." ccesses of the year were masterpieces like eorge Scarborough's "The Lure," Charles lein's "Maggie Pepper," Edgar Selwyn's Nearly Married," Carlyle Moore's "Stop ief," George Broadhurst's "Today," and Grumpy," together with Sheldon's "Roance," regarding which there is still an telligibly wide divergence of critical inion.

We come now to the second of the seans in question. Out of a grand total of e hundred and fifty-five new plays prouced, the only ones worth serious critical nsideration were these: J. O. Francis' Change," a failure, Barrie's "The Legend Leonora," a failure, Chesterton's Magic," a failure, de Caillavet's and de ers' "The Beautiful Adventure," a faile, Guiméra's "Maria Rosa," a failure, avies' "Outcast," that did a moderate siness, Molnar's "The Phantom Rival," failure, Shaw's "Pygmalion," a success, eldon's dramatization of "The Song of ngs," a failure, and Craven's "Too Many ooks," a success—in other words, ten t of one hundred and fifty-five. The genal character of productions will be illusated by the following: "The Battle Cry," a combination of play and movie; Owen Davis' "Big Jim Garrity"; Paul Armstrong's "The Bludgeon"; "Eliza Comes To Stay"; Hartley Manners' "Happiness"; "The Heart of Paddy Whack"; "He Comes Up Smiling"; George V. Hobart's "Experience"; George Broadhurst's "The Law of the Land"; "Marrying Money," "A Pair of Sixes," "The Salamander," "The Story of the Rosary," "What Is Love?"; "Yosemite" and "A Modern Girl"—all tripe. Successes of the season were these nonesuches: "On Trial," "Daddy Longlegs," "Mr. Wu," "A Pair of Sixes," "Twin Beds" and "Under Cover"—all also tripe, together with one or two better things like "It Pays To Advertise."

I ask you to compare the records of these two opulent years, so far as the quality of plays went, with the recent two allegedly lean years.

III

I doubt seriously that the road is intrinsically in as bad condition as we are given to understand. Business, true enough, may not be up to previous standards, but why should it be expected of the theatrical business that it alone, of all businesses, never suffer ups and downs? The presently most prosperous businesses in America have at times gone through similar periods of depression and have duly emerged from them. If the financial returns, poor patronage and diversion of the public's interest into other channels at the moment indicate the permanent death of the road theatre, the financial returns, poor patronage and diversion of the public's interest into other channels might just as aptly have been taken in different past years to indicate the permanent death of the railroads, woolen mills and other such institutions. The simple trouble with the provinces is that, as in New York, the cities have been overbuilt with theatres. The circumstance that a lot of the extra theatres are either empty or starving to death no more implies that people have stopped going to the theatre than the circumstance that a lot of surplus New York speakeasies have been forced to close down for lack of trade implies that New Yorkers have given up boozing and become teetotalers.

IV

That the talkies will do any damage to the theatre is ridiculous. At the moment, they are a novelty and are attracting the crowds that a novelty habitually attracts. In these crowds there are naturally some theatregoers who, drawn by curiosity, want to see what all the shootin's for. But the announced notion that these theatregoers will abandon the theatre in favor of the talkies, simply because the talkies cost less to see, is cousin to the notion that the same theatregoers are in the habit of abandoning plays like "Strange Interlude" or "Holiday" in favor of "Potiphar's Wife" or "Back Seat Drivers" simply because one can get into them at cut rates. The talkies will in the long run appeal only to that more ignorant public which has taken the movies to its bosom. And I have grave doubts that even that public will not get tired of them. This, of course, is merely a personal opinion, but it might be filed for future reference.

We hear that the talkies have already made such great inroads upon the dramatic theatre that the New York managers are rushing to turn their houses over to them in order to keep from going to the poorhouse. What are the facts? As I write, three and only three theatres—one of these a girl-show house—have been rented out temporarily to the movie impresarios. The Gaiety is showing a silent movie; the Harris is presently due to go movie for a brief spell; and the Winter Garden, rented out by the Shuberts at a very fancy figure, is showing an Al Jolson singie—the movie people desiring to profit from displaying the singie on Jolson's own revue stage. The Astor has been given over to the movies for a long time, half a dozen more modern legitimate theatres having been put up in other locations to take its place. The Criterion was bought by the Paramount company four or five years ago and it, in turn, has been supplanted by something like a dozen cleaner and more desirable legitimate theatres in the nearby streets. During the late Spring and Summer months some other theatres—the Globe, for example—will doubtless be leased to the movie people for short terms, but during these months, before the advent of the movies, they were always closed anyway. In other words, exactly three legitimate dramatic theatres have gone over to the movies since the movies have come into high prominence and in place of the three exactly twenty-four new houses have been built to take their places. And just how the presence of an Al Jolson singing picture in Al Jolson's former singing theatre is an omen of the demise of the dramatic theatre I leave to your personal sense of jocosity.

The talkies, to return to that dismal subject, are doing nothing so far but cuckooing stale plays, some of them twelve and thirteen years old, or are showing original stuff so bad that a theatregoer caught in one of the tripe-traps is suffocated by the stupidity. But, it is said, though this be admitted, there will yet develop in time playwrights who will write original plays for the talkies that will convert them into something worthwhile. The same thing, let us remember, was said about the silent movies—and look at the damned things! The talkies, it is reasonable to assume, will go along exactly as the silent movies did. One out of every five hundred talkies, like one out of every five hundred movies, may conceivably have some fairly intelligent stuff in it. But if it does it will fail as surely as the fairly intelligent movie has failed in the past. What will happen in the case of the talkies is a lot of fancy rhetoric on the part of the entrepreneurs for a year or so, and then good old Hollywood will again loosen its pants, undo its collar, get back to nature and open up the old slop sluice-gates.

The talkies are confronted with a much harder problem than the silent movies.

latter, for all the censors, could get y with murder in a dozen directions ere the talkies will be able to do nothing of the kind. The censors now permit number of things to be shown where y will refuse to permit them to be ken of. Clara Bow is currently allowed display her anatomy for the incalesce of sailors, to the great profit of the ssrs. Zukor and Lasky, but the moment a opens her mouth and says "Come boys, get a load of this!" the censors l hop on her and the Messrs. Zukor and ky will be out money. In the silent vies, Charles Farrell is permitted to m up to Mary Duncan without any hes on, Alice White is permitted to ear stark naked and be chased by Jack lhall, Greta Garbo is allowed to be ared with the amorous saliva of John bert and Vilma Banky is allowed a sant seduction by Walter Byron, but second the boys articulate what is in ir minds or the second the girls answer rascals the one way or the other, such sorship boards as will not permit even picture of a woman sewing on baby hes may surely not be expected to do enthusiastic applauding.

he silent movies, with very few exceps in the last three or four years, have spered most greatly from the display ex garbage. The talkies, without this garbage, after their novelty has worn will have a difficult time of it. The istics show clearly that the movie pub- save for an occasional airplane or zer-siphon picture, wants to spend its ney on stories dealing with fornication er contemplated or achieved. You hear, n the counsel for the defence, that this ntrue: that Charlie Chaplin, Douglas rbanks, Mary Pickford and other such s turn out non-anatomical pictures and ke fortunes. But Charlie Chaplin turns only one picture a year at the very st; Fairbanks' last picture to be counted "The Gaucho," was not a success; and ry Pickford, after a long period of innot pouting, has now been driven to do a picture the story of which dallies with a seduction. You've got to give them sex or nothing. The biggest laugh in even "The Big Parade" was got by a dirty crack; "Variety," for all the gabble about Jannings' miming, had a hot rape scene; "Sunrise" and "Four Devils" also had their full share of anatomical arson; and you'll have a job finding even a Western without its scene in which the actor with the black moustache lasciviously grabs the blonde. The movies, as a matter of fact, have since the very beginning cultivated the jivaros' half dollars and dollars with sex fireworks. Go back to the old Griffith pictures and you will discover them to have been seldom without attempted rape or illegitimate babies. "The Birth of a Nation's" big climax had nothing to do with Abe Lincoln or the Civil War but consisted in the villain's locking the door on a young girl and attempting an assault upon her.

There will, of course, be dramatic talkies that will make an heroically discreet stab at eliminating the sex stuff but, after the fad of the talkie has passed, they will, save in isolated instances, undoubtedly lose their shirts. No talkie will ever dare or be permitted to go one-hundredth so far as the theatre is freely permitted to go. And a movie public that for thirteen years has consistently made the purveyors of screen sex rich will hardly be converted suddenly into a public that craves Y.M.C.A. films. For a while, as I have said, that public will get a kick from hearing its favorite dummies speak, but it will not be long before it will yearn again for the days when, censorship or no censorship, it could work itself up over the French post-card insinuations of Hungarian, Mexican and Scandinavian houris stretched out languorously on sofas, of Brooklyn and Flatbush ex-stenographers coyly showing their backsides and of side-burned former counter-jumpers lighting the incense in their Louvre bachelor apartments and licking their chops over the imminent prospect of bolting the door on one of the Talmadges.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Escape and Return

DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 377 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

This somewhat sombre work, I daresay, will give a great deal of comfort to Lewis's enemies, who seem to be extremely numerous, especially among rival novelists. It has faults so obvious that they stand out like sore thumbs, and so gross that they must cause even the most faithful partisan to cough sadly behind his hand. In brief, what Lewis attempts to do is to depict the disintegration of a marriage. It begins in the safe harbor of Zenith City, flourishes there for nearly twenty years, and then goes swiftly to wreck amid the decadent carnalities of Europe. The lady crosses the Atlantic eastward a virtuous wife; she comes back an incorrigible antinomian, with three lovers behind her and a long series of others looming ahead. Her husband, all the while, trails along. Her first slip shocks him and her second enrages him, but after that he learns to bear it. When we part from them at last, he has given her up as hopeless, and his eyes flicker toward a sweetie of his own.

Two defects mar the story, and both of them are of capital importance. The first lies in the fact that the woman is never rationally accounted for—that her adulteries, like the social pushing that inspires them, seem gratuitous and senseless. The second has to do with her husband. Lewis first shows that he is intelligent, and then pictures him playing the complete fool. I am not arguing here that real people do not do things irrationally or that intelligent men are above folly: all I am arguing is that the novelist gets into dangerous waters when he puts such folks into his book. We somehow expect him to show us something beyond their bald external their overt acts. We assume unconscious that he must know a great deal about the that is not on the surface, else he wou not write about them at all. We look f him to organize their acts into a cohere drama. It seems to me that, in the prese case, Lewis has not done this as persu sively as he ought to have done it. H Fran Dodsworth plainly puzzles him. H Sam Dodsworth is alive one moment, an a stuffed shirt the next.

The worst holes in the book are whe the two come together. Some of the di logues between them are simply impossibl They harangue each other in the mann of actors in a bad play. Nothing com out of these harangues. When one of the is over there is no more light upon th underlying motives of the parties—n even, indeed, upon their feelings—tha there was when it began. Fran has mere made a disingenuous and improbab speech, and Sam has replied to it in corre but hollow phrases. If these dialogues we missing altogether the story would better than it is. Lewis would still fail account logically for Fran's follies an Sam's complacence, but he would at lea avoid disconcerting the reader by accoun ing for them in unplausible ways. Stril out all the connubial gabble, and try it f yourself. It seems to me that the stor gains momentum instantly, and loses th air of false philosophizing which no damages it.

So much for its defects. Its merits a many and should not be overlooked. The are passages which show Lewis at h best—unctuous, ingenious, penetrating an devastating. No novelist in practice amo us observes so accurately, or has so vast talent for putting what he sees into pu t phrases. He is, by long odds, the best rter ever heard of—not, as incompetent ics so often allege, because he is only a rter, but because he is so much more a reporter. Babbitt shaving, Dr. nicott operating, Gantry drunk—these little masterpieces that no rival has matched. The quality of complete ity is in them, but they are also in- ed by imagination. There are plenty ings of the same kind in "Dodsworth" e ante-nuptial dinner at the grandiose, ddeutscher-Lloyd home of old Herman lker; the encounter between Sam and Kynance, boss of the great Unit omotive Company; the grand drunk Tub Pearson in Paris; the palaver with ey Pearson in the bathroom. There is ly more than good reporting in such odes; one senses in them, also, some- g that is a kind of poetry.

ewis's observation is always fresh, chant and full of the color of his liarly biting and charming personal- Whatever his defects as an explorer of soul of man, he is at least a master essor of man's behavior. Somewhere in dsworth" there is a passage on the rors of travel—the lonely evenings in by hotels, the dismaying struggles with matical languages, the vain effort to rge from the tourist's harness and live he people live. It is short, but it is well- perfect. The whole folly of gadding ut is made obvious and appalling. ryone who has done any travelling will gnize the truth of every word. But it ained for Lewis to fetch those words of the reservoir of common knowledge, arrange them consummately, just as it ained for him to make visible the in Street that all of us knew, and to a habitation and a name to the Babbitt was everywhere. He is, in such mat- , *facile princeps*. No other contemporary elist, not even the early Wells, has lged more memorable stuff out of the mitable stock of what-everyone-knows. joy of recognition is not the only joy t a work of art can engender, but it is surely one of the most agreeable and satisfying, and Lewis is unsurpassed at evoking it. Put beside him, most other novelists seem to be incarcerated in ivory towers, with the actual world far away.

It is my belief, frequently set forth at length, to the ire alike of sturdy 100% Americans and tender æsthetes, that his work will probably endure, at all events as long as any other fiction of the Coolidge *Aufklärung* endures. As everyone knows, it is irritatingly uneven. From the best scenes of "Babbitt" to the worst of "Mantrap" there is a drop as dizzy as that from a string quartette to a movie. Within the limits of a single book he can manage to be both incomparably good and unbelieveably bad. I point to "Arrowsmith." I point to "Dodsworth." The chief defect of "Elmer Gantry" is that very variability. "Gantry," to be sure, is never quite as false as the critics who dislike it say it is, but certainly it is sometimes false enough. But equally certainly it is basically and prevailingly true. Elmer Gantrys not only exist; they are as common, almost, as George F. Babbitts. I have known personally at least a dozen of them. There is a touch of Gantry, indeed, in every evangelical pastor, and not a few of them are far worse than Elmer at his worst.

The opposition to his history, as Lewis sets it forth so magnificently, is psychological, and lies within the cortices of those who voice it so raucously. The trouble with them is that, despite the spread of atheism and antinomianism, they are still authentic Americanoes, and hence born with a reverence for theologians. It takes at least two generations, and usually three or four, to breed out that folly. The leaders of the anti-Lewis camorra are simply unable to throw it off. "Elmer Gantry" outrages them, not in proportion as it is false, but in proportion as it is true. They would not dislike it so much if it were actually as flimsy that they pretend to think it is. I do not denounce these gentlemen for their weakness; I merely point it out. After all, every man must be something, and in

America it is quite natural for many men to be Americans. But I do not share their apparent belief that being Americans makes them trustworthy critics of works of art. The national talent lies in other directions. It is the special gift of our people, not to differentiate swiftly and certainly between the false and the true, whether in art or in philosophy, but to love and venerate the sweet. The ideal, to them, is always a shade more convincing than the real. If they lacked their gift, then life in the Republic, to most of them, would be unendurable.

Lewis has been bathed in more bad criticism than any other novelist of his time and country. His books, beginning with "Main Street," have always encountered the subjective hostility that I have just described, and so they have been exposed to a great deal of mauling. He himself has aided the business, for he is a dreadful ham as a critic, and yet he insists, ever and anon, upon putting on the critical chasuble. It is sad. It is deplorable. Once, if my agents do not lie, he concocted the preposterous theory that he was himself a Babbitt. I can imagine nothing less true. Lewis's lingering Americanism, such as it is, actually belongs to Main Street, not to the Zenith City Club. One might fancy him going back to Gopher Prairie and settling down behind the pumps of a quiet service station, but he could no more turn himself into a big town realtor than he could turn himself into an archbishop. His essential rusticity shows itself in his humor, which is as far from Broadway wise-cracking as it is from the Greek anthology. The actual Babbitts know better. They rank him, being numskulls, with Trotsky and Karl Marx, Ingersoll and Tom Paine. If they were subtler they would put him with Sockless Jerry Simpson—and Mark Twain.

But here I wander into an autopsy on the man, whereas the sole business of a reviewer, if what I hear is true, is with his books. The Lewis books, it seems to me, are sufficiently excellent to make their weaknesses more than tolerable. "Dodsworth," to be sure, is mainly flabby, b
what of "Babbitt"? The more I aband
myself to prayer and meditation, the mo
I am convinced that it is a genuinely fir
rate piece of work. There is in it the lus
reality of things actually seen, and the
is in it, too, something else—the vague
poetical quality that I was mentioning
little while back. Lewis is anything but
mere caricaturist; he is, indeed, the preci
opposite of a caricaturist. He is too huma
and romantic a man to make his peop
worse than they are, or even as bad as th
are; he always manages to make them a b
better. In "Dodsworth" that habit hel
to bring him to grief. He is so obvious
eager to make his wretched Fran Dod
worth a victim, not of her own inhere
rascality, but of forces beyond her, that
succeeds only in making her false. His Sa
Dodsworth is better, but still not qui
plausible. Let him spit on his hands
once and begin another book. If he ca
produce a "Babbitt," a "Main Street"
an "Elmer Gantry" now and then, he
entitled to his intervening "Dodsworths.

The Story of a Saint

THE WHITE ROBE, by James Branch Cabell. $
11¼ x 7½; 91 pp. New York: *Robert M. McBride*
Company.

"The White Robe" is very short, but
manages nevertheless to be two storie
joined together deftly but not necessaril
The first relates the sinister transactio
between young Odo le Noir and the da
Master of the Forest, with Odo's ensuin
conversion to the True Faith and his ri
to the high eminence of Abbott of
Hoprig. The second deals with his tran
lation to the see of Valnères, his exempla
life and death, and his staggering discove
post mortem that the hopes of Heaven
held out to his flock were sound, and th
he is bound there himself. This secon
story, under the style of "Between Worlds
appeared in The American Mercury f
September, 1926. Few tales as wicked an
as charming have ever adorned these

able pages. Retold in "The White ," and hooked to what goes before it, tains all its pristine piquancy. The rlying anecdote is a capital one; the is perfect; the writing is full of the otuous impudence that is Cabell's hall- . He has never done a better piece of .

t the first part, it seems to me, rather ges the gorgeous story of the Bishop's sion. That is not because it is not good elf, but because it pumps some of the out of the dénouement. After we be- His Grace, as a youth, being turned "an animal somewhat shorter and er than a wolf," and going hunting Druid wood, and then widening his tory to take in the whole Val-Ardray ict, and finally devouring the Countess asarda's baby—after all this, it seems how unlikely that he should fall into ticism in his old age, and harbor ts about the plain guarantees of Holy and Holy Church. It would have been r, I suspect, to have begun with him Bishop, for from the moment of his ecration his story has a highly plaus- ring. The world, no doubt, has seen y such Bishops—and maybe they have amazed and flabbergasted after death e precise fashion of Monsignor le Noir. , indeed; quite possible. Thomas Henry ley himself, at this very moment, may gaseous vertebrate, seasick on an "in- l automatic cloud." Stranger things happened. We can only hope for the .

bell's writing was never more adroit delightful than in this little book. It the bell-like clang of Mozart's music. notion that it is laborious and artificial ll of error; it is actually very simple. for a few archaisms, always used with skill, it is grounded on the words of yday. Consider a specimen:

> this time also, on an April afternoon, in open light, a wolf attacked the peasant girl Ettarre ile she was watching the cow and the four ep, but she defended herself boldly with the en branch of an oak tree. After that the stout lish-colored animal drew back and sat down like a dog upon his haunches, at a more comfortably remote distance of about twelve paces, and thence looked at her for a longish while. A thrush chirped and twittered overhead. The wolf presently yawned; he trotted away; and Ettarre at supper mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that the beast's tail was pronged.

Here there is surely no heave of effort. The words, with few exceptions, are plain Anglo-Saxon. Of the 105, 67 are of one syllable, and 15 more are inflexions or combinations of monosyllables. If Cabell has an affectation, it is not for the glitter of ornament; it is for a somewhat self-conscious austerity. He writes, at times, so simply that one longs for the swish and sough of compensatory Johnsonisms. But his monotony, so to speak, is not actually monotonous: he almost always manages to relieve it by one device or another. No man writing in America today has a more strongly individualized, or, on the whole, a more charming style.

The Riddle of the Universe

THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD, by A. S. Eddington. $3.75. 8½ x 5¼; 361 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

MAN A MACHINE, by Joseph Needham. $1. 6½ x 4⅛; 103 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company*

The historian of science, writing a century hence, will probably treat our present age of marvels with a considerable jocosity. It is marked by researches and discoveries hitherto unparalleled in the world, but it is also marked by a vast groping and uncertainty. The physicists, baffled by the wonders unfolded before them, wobble all over the lot, and the biologists perform scarcely less comically. The easy certainties of a Huxley are no more. Millikan, in physics, attempts a grotesque compromise with theology, and Driesch, in biology, concocts a metaphysics that even many theologians would balk at. The two authors here under review show the sad effects of this demoralization. Dr. Eddington, an astronomer, leaps so far into interstellar space that, at the end of his book, he is forced to admit gloomily that, even to himself, much of what he has written bears the aspect of "a well-meaning kind of nonsense." And Dr. Needham, who is a biochemist, closes a brilliant demonstration that the living organism is a machine, and responsive to natural laws like any other, with the amazing confession that the mechanistic theory, in the last analysis, is only "a methodological fiction."

What ails both of these learned men, and their brethren with them, is their constant assumption that what is known today is the sum total of possible knowledge. They protest endlessly that they assume nothing of the sort, but nevertheless they do so unconsciously, and the fact leads them into endless absurdities. For example, consider Dr. Eddington's dealing with the Planck quantum theory. Starting out by showing that it knocks out the laws of causality, as those laws have been understood in the past, he proceeds gaily to the postulate that they do not exist at all, and from that postulate he goes on to speculations which lead him, in the end, to the borders of supernaturalism. But why assume that the quantum theory disposes of causation? All that it actually does is to confront us with a variety of causation which, at the moment, we are unable to account for. But it may be accounted for very plausibly tomorrow or next day. Meanwhile, it is certainly just as rational to assume that it will be as to assume that it won't be. In the past man has solved far tougher problems. Why should it be set down as a fact that this one will forever baffle him?

Dr. Needham's error is of the same order. He proves conclusively that, from the biologist's standpoint, it is a sheer intellectual impossibility to think of the living organism as anything save a machine, and then he goes on to show that, from some other standpoint (say the theologian it must be thought of as something mo or, at all events, something different. why waste any time thinking of it in t way? Is there anything in the gene thinking of theologians which ma their opinion on the point of any inte or value? What have they ever done other fields to match the fact-finding of biologists? I can find nothing in the reco Their processes of thought, taking one with another, are so defective as to be posterous. True enough, they are mas of logic, but they always start out fr palpably false premises. I see no rea why anyone should bother about th nonsensical caveats. Whether or not m is a machine is a fact to be established an examination of the evidence. If the swer turns out to be yes, then it w plainly be far from "a methodologi fiction." And if it is no, then the theolo ans will still have to prove their case. the virtue of A cannot be demonstrated showing that B is a rogue.

There is a vast need, in the physi sciences, for a new Huxley. The discover of Einstein, Planck and company ha brought in a reign of intellectual cha The Millikans, Eddingtons and Driesch though they are worthy men otherwi seem to be unable to grapple successfu with the unrolling facts. In their disc sions of the huge problems confronting scientific fraternity there is comfort New Thoughters, university pedagog and Methodist bishops, but not much the rest of us. What is called for is a mast mind capable of grappling with the co fusion now prevailing and getting so order into it. I herewith issue a summo for candidates. Whoever fills the bill is su of great fame.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ouis Adamic *was born in what is now*
hoslovakia, and during the war served in
United States Army. He lives in San
o, Calif.

mes M. Cain *is a New York newspaper*
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argaret Haeseker Cobb (Mrs. Wil-
Cobb) *is a former newspaper woman.*

enjamin DeCasseres *was born in Phila-*
hia, and is the author of numerous books.

terling E. Edmunds, LL.D., *was lec-*
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e Lawless Law of Nations." He was
erly editor of the St. Louis Chronicle.

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igh Passage," a volume of verse, published
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lifton Joseph Furness *was graduated*
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ent he is in the Harvard Graduate School
rts and Sciences, preparing for a Ph.D.
nglish. He is the author of "Walt Whit-
's Workshop: A Collection of Unpublished
nuscripts."

saac Goldberg, Ph.D., *is the leading*
ority in the United States on Central and
h American literature, and has written
al books on the subject. He is also the
or of three critical biographies, and of
e Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," which
published recently.

Albon L. Holsey *is well known as a Negro leader. He is secretary to Dr. R. R. Moton, the principal of Tuskegee Institute. In addition he is secretary of the board of trustees of Tuskegee and of the National Negro Business League, and director of the Tuskegee Press Service. He was born at Athens, Ga., and was educated there and at Atlanta University.*

Lewis Mumford *is the author of numerous books, the latest of which is "Herman Melville."*

Edward Sapir *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

R. E. Sherwood *was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., and educated at Harvard. He was formerly editor and motion picture critic of* Life. *He is the author of two plays, "The Road to Rome" and "The Queen's Husband."*

Ruth Suckow *is the author of "Country People," "Iowa Interiors," "The Odyssey of a Nice Girl" and "The Bonney Family."*

Raymond S. Tompkins *is a former newspaper man. He is now assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore.*

Jim Tully's *latest book is "Shanty Irish." He is also the author of "Beggars of Life," "Emmett Lawler," "Circus Parade" and "Jarnegan."*

The Rev. Merritt Wimberly *was born in Nebraska, and is now pastor of the Community Church at Chassell, Mich.*

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"Quick! Angela! My smelling salts!"
LIONEL REISS

The April issue of The American Mercury containing an article praising talking pictures reaches Hollywood.

'Renaissance in Hollywood"

issue of The American Mercury carries a story by Robert E.
wood on the talking motion pictures. If you want to discover
yourself what an adult art and what interesting entertain-
t the see-and-hear cinema can be, go to a theatre showing
AMOUNT QUALITY TALKING PICTURES. See and hear, for
nple, Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter", "The Doctor's Secret"
Sir James M. Barrie), Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of
s". You will be surprised, edified and converted. ▲ ▲ ▲

"Days we wish would never end..."

THE SARAJO* docks in the beautiful inlet at Mamaroneck, a hundred yards or so from the summer home of its owners.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrence are enthusiastic in their conviction that this handsome Forty-Two represents not an extravagance, but a sound investment in health and happiness. No taxes, no expensive repairs, surprisingly low running cost. And during the long boating season endless opportunity for outdoor sports, for the most delightful kind of entertaining, for travel in the economical comfort of a compact home on the water . . .

Almost any still summer night finds the Sarajo slipping quietly out into the Sound . . . Probably a gay, informal supper aboard with five or six friends. Perhaps, on moonlight nights, a swim, or swift careening on an aquaplane in the Sarajo's lively wake . . .

Cruising is a hobby with this young couple, who make frequent short trips—through the Sound—up the Essex River—around the Long Island shore. Last August, with four friends, they made a ten-day cruise to Nantucket, with shore stops at New London and New Bedford. As delightful a short vacation trip as they ever took, Mrs. Torrence says. And already plans are under way for next summer's cruising. Plans which fortunately need consider neither time tables nor accommodations, but only the whim of the Sarajo's happy owners . . .

• • •

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**Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.*

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

Editorial NOTES

The time limit for entering articles for
two College Prizes announced last mo
is herewith extended to August 1. T
will give contestants time to write th
after graduation in June. One prize,
$500, is offered for the best article recei
from a male graduate of this year;
other, of the same amount, is offered
the best received from a woman gradua
The aim of the contest is to show how
four years of college life appear to act
graduates. In the treatment of the subj
a wide margin will be allowed. But it
hoped that contestants will confine the
selves as much as possible to personal
periences. In every case the name of
college discussed must be given, and s
where good taste and decency forbid
the names of instructors mentioned m
be given likewise. The MSS. sent in w
be judged by the honesty and intellige
they show, by the freshness of their poi
of view, and by their interest and va
as human documents. Good writing w
also count, and very heavily. The comp
tion is open to the seniors of 1929 in
American colleges of good repute. M
may be sent in at any time up to Augus
and need not be deferred until commen
ment, though the prize-winners must gr
uate this year. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 word
long, or more than 8000.

2. Each must be a wholly original work b
a student graduating from an American colleg
with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. o
its equivalent.

3. Each must bear the full name and addres
of the author, the name of the college fre
quented, and a statement of the course followe
and the degree to be taken.

Continued on page xxxvi

Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

LL was well on the telephone front
n April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a
pring sky, rain began to fall over
entral Pennsylvania. As night came on this
urned into a furious storm of sleet, snow
nd wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone
oles were down. Seven thousand miles of
ire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges
olated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and
ent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews
ame. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13.
ew Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Mary-
nd and West Virginia, 12. In record time,
00 men were stringing insulated wire and
emporary cables along the highways, on
nces and on the ground.

Within 72 hours the isolated exchanges were connected and the 11,000 telephones back in service. Then, while the temporary construction carried on, neighboring Bell System warehouses poured out all needed equipment, new poles were set, new crossarms placed and new wire and cable run.

In any crisis there are no state lines in the Bell System. In all emergencies of flood or storm, as well as in the daily tasks of extending and maintaining the nation-wide network, is seen the wisdom of One Policy, One System, Universal Service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal of the Bell System. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

Why do you *brush* your teeth?

THERE is good reason why so much stress is laid on the importance of using the right dentifrice! For on its effectiveness depend the soundness of your gums, and often the general condition of your health.

Apart from mere cleanliness, the reason why you should brush your teeth and gums is that you must guard against the acids which cause decay and gum irritation. These acids form particularly in pits of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. To prevent trouble it is necessary to use a dentifrice which can neutralize these dangerous acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, brings this protection. Tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices where your tooth-brush cannot reach and neutralize the acids there.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully. It is also extraordinarily soothing to sensitive teeth and gums. Only 40 cents a tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

Guard The Danger Line

Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S
Dental
Cream
Contains over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia
Neutralizes Mouth Acidity
E.R.SQUIBB & SONS
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858
NEW YORK

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

4. Each must be accompanied by a stamp and addressed envelope for its return in ca it is not accepted.

5. THE AMERICAN MERCURY may make offe for a few MSS. other than those award prizes, but their authors are free to decline suc offers.

6. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCUR will be the sole judge of the competition.

The honoraria will be paid on Augu and the two prize-winning articles wil printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY October.

Dr. Edward Sapir, author of "The cipline of Sex" in this issue, is one o leading anthropologists of America. was born January 26, 1884, in Lauenb a small German town near the Baltic the Prussian province of Pomerania. his parents were Lithuanian Jews who emigrated to Germany. He was brough the United States when about five y of age, and received his earliest schoo in Richmond, Va., where for three y he attended the old Marshall Sch housed in the former home of Jeffe Davis. The remainder of his elemen schooling, and his high-school trai and college and university education obtained in New York City. He was g uated from DeWitt Clinton High-sc in 1901, and received his A.B. from lumbia three years later. He also won Ph.D. at the latter university in 1

He began field work in American In linguistics in 1905 with a series of in tigations on the Wishram Indians, located on the Yakima Reservation, W ington, for the Bureau of American nology. In 1907–1908 he was research sistant in anthropology at the Univer of California. In 1908–1910 he was inst tor in anthropology at the Universit Pennsylvania. From 1910 to 1925 he chief of the division of anthropolog the National Museum of Canada at Otta

Continued on page xxxviii

A *memory* *your* Dear Ones *that will never* *fade*

HISTLER painted a picture of his mother. He painted her so cleverly that unnumbered people races hung copies of his picture on their walls. inded them of their own mothers.

to Whistler it was not merely a reminder . . . *it 's mother*, and since then many have envied him e of this. Although they, too, formed mental s of their mothers, these images remained mental. uld put his on canvas. His memory might fail; other might change; but that painted image of the mood that he loved best could neither r change.

Your Mother on the Silver Screen

, however, the Ciné-Kodak can do more for you Whistler's brush could do for him. In movies ou take yourself, it records your mother as she nd breathes. It preserves her for you in a thou- attitudes. It captures her mannerisms; each g facial expression; each familiar gesture.

en the films are projected by your Kodascope on wn screen, you realize that no painting or series ntings could compare with them. They show her as an active human being, with all the evidences charm and personality and character. Her lips she smiles, her eyes twinkle; a wisp of her hair out of place . . . and you know that you'll always ber her as she actually is today.

Astonishing Simplicity

usands of safe deposit vaults duplicates of such re stored away and each day the number grows. crease in popularity of home movies has been ng and is largely due to the ease with which né-Kodak works.

as simple as taking snapshots. You press the nd you're taking pictures. You send the film to we develop and return it to you immediately. st of this service is included in the price of the film.

Movies in Color!

ow, another Eastman development—Kodacolor les you to make home movies in full natural With the Ciné-Kodak *f*.1.9., a filter and Kodacolor Film, you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

How wonderful to be able to see your mother's smile at any moment you wish and as long as you live!

Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons, are available at your dealer's. They cost only $7.50 per 100 feet.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
Dept. 196, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. 29

French Cuisine that is...
FRENCH!

Down the Grand Staircase on the *"Paris"* they come...to show the smartest frocks... to make the most amusing conversation... to enjoy a dinner that isn't French in name alone, but French in fact. -:- Anybody can sprinkle a few phrases on a menu card... but French Line chefs can *cook.* -:- Yet if madame is on a diet, if monsieur prefers the dishes suggested by his gym instructor ...these will appear to order, so lovingly and artfully prepared that restrictions are glorified and self-denial becomes a pleasure as well as a virtue. -:- Weekly Express Liners... the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* and the *"Ile de France"*... call at Plymouth for London and form the quickest route to Paris, via Le Havre. -:- A covered pier, a 3-hour boat-train, then Paris itself... but one has been in Paris ever since crossing "the longest gangplank in the world" at the New York end. -:- Slightly more leisurely and a lot less expensive are those charming cabin steamers, the *"De Grasse"* and the *"Rochambeau"*, manned by the same staunch breed of Breton Sailors who have carried the tricoleur for centuries across the Seven Seas!

French Line

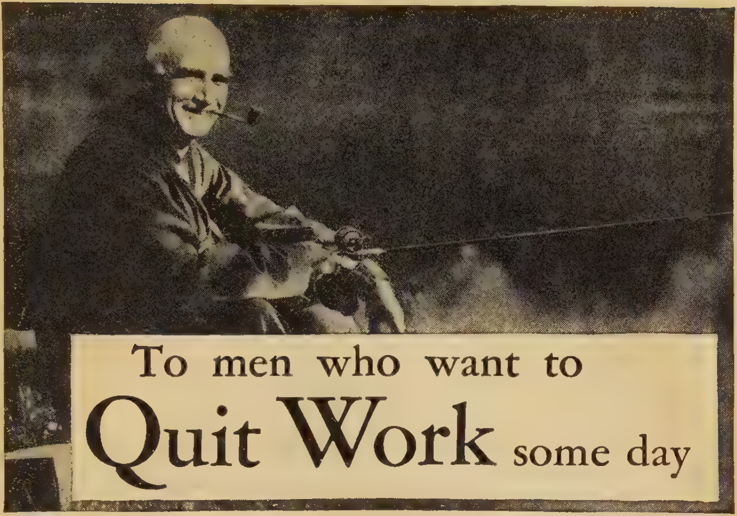
Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

Ontario, and carried on many resear
among the Canadian Indians. In 192
was appointed associate professor of
thropology at the University of Chic
and in 1927 was made professor of ant
pology and general linguistics at the s
university, which position he now ho
He is the author of "Language: An In
duction to the Study of Speech," "T
Perspective in Aboriginal American
ture: A Study in Method," "The Take
Language of Southwestern Orego
"Wishram Texts," "Takelma Tex
"Yana Texts" and "Folk Songs of Fr
Canada," the latter in collaboration w
C. M. Barbeau. His latest work, "The
chology of Culture," will be publishe
the near future.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY welcomes
first issue of *Human Biology*, a quart
published at Baltimore by Warwick
York. The editor, Dr. Raymond Pearl
the Johns Hopkins, has been a frequ
and valued contributor to this magaz
and so has the head of the publishing f
Mr. H. E. Buchholz. The purposes of
new journal are sufficiently explained
its name. It will seek to coördinate
work that is now being done in a do
separate fields, all to the end of detern
ing the laws governing the life of mar
earth. The high competence of the ed
is obvious. His own writings in the f
of human biology are various and r
His associates include Dr. E. M. I
of Harvard, Dr. Eugen Fischer of Ber
Dr. Aleš Hrdlička of the Smithson
Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski and Dr. Cl
Wissler. The new journal is addressed
marily to scientific men, but the educa
layman will find much of interest in
programme. Like the *Quarterly Revie*
Biology, also edited by Dr. Pearl, i
well printed and substantially bound.
subscription price is $5 a year.



To men who want to Quit Work some day

S PAGE is addressed to those thousands of
rnest, hard-working men who want to take
easier some day.
ells how these men, by following a simple,
e plan, can provide
mselves in later years
*ranteed income they
outlive.*

w the Plan Works

n't matter whether your
t income is large or mere-
age. It doesn't matter
r you are making fifty
a week or five hundred.
follow this plan you
me day have an income
hich to retire.
plan calls for the deposit
a few dollars each month
xact amount depending
r age. The minute you
your first deposit, your
money worries begin to
ear. Even if you should
totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be made by us out of a special fund provided for that purpose.

And not only that. We would mail you a check every month during the entire time of your disability, even if that disability should continue for many, many years—the remainder of your natural life.

New Retirement Income Plan

Here is what a dividend-paying $10,000 policy will do for you:

It guarantees when you are 65

A Monthly Income for life of $100 which assures a return of at least $10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live.
or, if you prefer, A Cash Settlement of $12,000.

It guarantees upon death from any natural cause before age 65

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $10,000. Or $50 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months. Total $14,823

It guarantees upon death resulting from accident before age 60

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of $20,000. Or $100 a month for at least 24 years and 8 months. Total $29,646

It guarantees throughout permanent total disability which begins before age 60

A Monthly Disability Income of $100 and payment for you of all premiums. Plans for women or for retirement at ages 55 or 60 are also available.

Get this free book

An illustrated, 36-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" tells you how you can become financially independent — how you can retire on an income — how you can provide money for emergencies — money to leave your home free of debt—money for other needs.

This financial plan is simple, reasonable, and logical. The minute you read about it you will realize why it accomplishes such desirable results. No obligation. Get your copy of the book now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

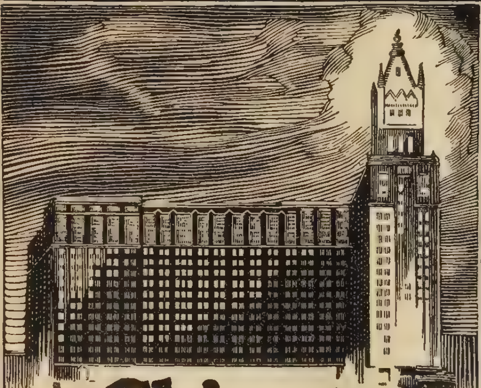
PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 427 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail without obligation, your new book, "How to Get the Things You Want."

Name________________ Date of Birth________________
Business Address ________________ City ________________
Home Address ________________ State ________________

CHARLES
OF
LONDON

OLD
PANELLED
ROOMS

NEW YORK: 2 West 56th St.
LONDON: 56 New Bond St.



Chicago
is proud of its Furniture Mart—the largest centralized furniture exhibit in the world. Over 75% of the entire furniture industry is represented by the 763 exhibitors, conveniently grouped over 2,000,000 square feet of floor area found in the 34 stories. Edison Service provides the ever-dependable electric light and power supply.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 157 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. Stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

The INVESTOR

BOOK VALUE

By Rudolph L. Weissman

THE book value tradition dies hard. ' book value per share of a common st is obtained from the balance sheet. ' process is simple. From the total assets, cluding goodwill and deferred items, funded debt, preferred stock, current bilities and reserves are deducted, and remainder is divided by the numbe shares outstanding. This is the book v per share, or, as it is sometimes referred the net tangible assets per share.

The belief is held widely that t should be some relation between the b value of a common stock and its ma price. In a syndicated analysis of var common stocks, it is pointed out that stock reviewed sells for "——— times actual property value back of it." Ap ently, it is a point of recommendation a stock may be purchased for less tha book value, and a matter of concern sells at several times its book value.

The term itself is sufficient proof th is of no significance as applied to the st of a manufacturing or merchandising poration. The assumption is that corporation were called upon to liqui its current debt, and redeem its fixed gations and preferred stock from the of its resources, the remainder woul left for distribution among the shareh ers. In other words, the resources and bilities are taken at their book figures. a matter of experience, it is com knowledge that the monetary worth resources shrinks when offered at a fo sale. As a rule, the weak enterprise keep

Continued on page xlii

No. 4 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

More than Spain...

SPAIN, realm of romance and enchantment, is rapidly growing in industrial and commercial importance.

But last year the electrical properties of American Water Works and Electric Company, in a territory of twenty-two thousand square miles, delivered more electricity to homes and industries than was used in all the wide kingdom of Spain.

The growing use of electric light and power by progressive American homes and industries is one source of the strength of the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company and those of its subsidiaries.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K1

©1929

what a whale of a difference
just a few drops make

YES

and what a whale of a difference just a few cents *make*

A definite extra price
for a definite extra
tobacco-goodness

Fatima

CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

books in such a manner that the assets far above their liquidating value, wher the stronger enterprise, through heavy preciation charges and reserves, wri down its assets to only a fraction of th sales value. The book value theory, the fore, puts a premium on slipshod accou ing. The discrepancy between book figu and the prices at which assets are sala may be illustrated by a few examples.

The National Conduit & Cable Compa was purchased by the American Brass Co pany in 1923, at a receiver's sale, $3,000,000. The last balance sheet of company showed plant and equipm worth in excess of $6,000,000.

The Locomobile Company's balance sh as of June 30, 1921, showed real estate, chinery and plants of $3,639,000, inven ries at $4,091,000, accounts receivable $665,000, cash of $279,000 and total ass excluding deferred items, of $8,723,0 against which was a funded debt of $1,500,000. In October 1923 the comp was sold for $1,750,000. The creditors ceived 35%.

The last balance sheet prior to the ceivership of the Lincoln Motor Comp showed total assets, aside from defer charges and other asset items, which such purely by courtesy, of approximat $18,500,000 and indebtedness of less t $7,000,000. The book value for 160, shares of Class A stock was thus appr mately $70. The property was bought receiver's sale for $8,000,000, and noth remained for the shareholders.

Revision of plant values is a favo method in consolidations, for in this w the inflated capital structures are made appear reasonable and conservative. report of the receiver in the United St Shipbuilding Company case, a fiasco former generation, showed that the di tors paid approximately $68,000,000

Continued on page xliv

TOWN AND COUNTRY

The little towns of America, founded as the farmer's trade centers, are assuming still a further function, a greater destiny. Industry is distributing itself, breaking the bands of congestion and concentration. The widespread distribution of electric power *wherever it is needed* enables industry to ocate wherever it is most advantageous from the standpoints of transportation, markets, raw material and labor. And o factories turn more and more to the mall community.

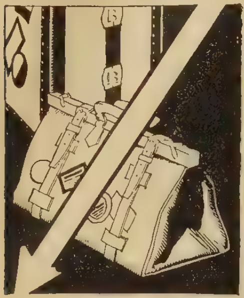
This—a profitable course for indus-ry—is strengthening the small town nd giving it an important status in America's industrial scheme. The farmer profits, too—in the strengthening of his local markets, in the increased money available for public works and education without increasing the farmer's taxes, in the stable and well-rounded economic development which results.

There is, as a result, a closer union of factory and farm, of land and industry, of men with the soil from which their sustenance comes. In the small town, industry and agriculture are joined.

The Middle West Utilities System, serving town and countryside, supplies electric power to three thousand small and medium-sized communities and more than forty thousand farms. It has pioneered in the widespread diffusion of power upon which industry and agriculture are basing their new relationship.

IDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

What's your baggage worth?



Maybe you have been lucky—so far. But somebody's baggage IS lost or damaged or stolen *every day*. A North America Personal Effects policy gives you broad protection and its cost is trivial. Ask your insurance agent or broker.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"
Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon—

Insurance Company of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. AM-4
Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State* ....
wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

property previously carried on the bo at $12,441,000. The fictitious values se the plants permitted the vendors of constituent companies to receive la blocks of bonus stock. There was no di culty in issuing $46,000,000 of bonds preferred stock. Book value for the co mon stock was $100 a share.

The short-lived period of prosperity the textile industry in 1919–1920 was u to form a number of consolidations. In instance the invaluable listing applicat filed with the New York Stock Excha revealed that the plants of the individ mills were carried at $690,009, after dep ciation. The balance sheet of the consoli tion, on the other hand, showed that same mills and properties were now carr at $2,200,000! Conservatism was then lustrated by carrying goodwill, brands trade marks at a nominal figure. The sto was offered to the public slightly under indicated book value per share, which based on a momentary boom in an ov built, economically sick industry. At pr ent, the stocks of New England mills often available on a ring spindle basis less than half of the reproduction cost

In a recent consolidation in a branch the building supply trades, the bala sheets of the individual corporatio showed fixed assets of approximately 000,000; the consolidation's fixed ass which were identical with those of constituent units, showed an upward vision of more than $2,000,000, an exc of 33⅓%. One may well ask whether th was not an intimate relation between change and the securities issued, since bonded indebtedness and the prefer stock were covered at par by the reval tion. Perhaps the appraisal was more curate than the original balance sh figures, but such policies always sugg jockeying.

Continued on page xlvi

Non, Non - sweets are not or me - *I smoke a Lucky* o keep petite"

ene Bordoni,
cinating Star of
usical Comedy

Irene Bordoni

ion—sweets are not for me—I smoke a Lucky petite. I cannot afford to eat the French that my countrymen know so well how to What would my public think if La Bordoni longer slim and petite? So, I smoke my fa- ucky Strike, with its delightful flavor. It rests l nerves after the play—it never irritates my -and, it always makes me so happy."

IRENE BORDONI

modern common sense way—reach a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. ne is doing it—men keep healthy and nen retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, est tobaccos, skilfully blended, then to develop a flavor which is a de- l alternative for that craving for fat- sweets.

g frees Lucky Strike from impuri- ,679 physicians recognize this when Luckies are less irritating than other es. That's why folks say: "It's good ke Luckies."

Authorities attribute the enor- mous increase in Cigarette smoking mprovement in the process of Ciga- anufacture by the application of is true that during the year 1928, Strike Cigarettes showed a greater than all other Cigarettes combined. onfirms in no uncertain terms the confidence in the superiority of Strike.

t's toasted"

lo Throat Irritation-No Cough.

The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

England

the gateway to Europe

Away in the east where the sun rises—a little more than five days from New York—lies England—America's gateway to Europe...By virtue of her eventful history, because of common ties of history and language dating from the days when the two were one, England is the best vacation land in Europe for Americans.

Think of the England of the Washingtons, Franklins and Penns; of Raleigh, Frobisher and Rainier in the west; of Tintagel, with King Arthur and his knights in council; Glastonbury founded by Joseph of Arimathea. Then roam through romantic Somerset, Hampshire, Dorset and Kent to wondrous old Canterbury, see of every Primate since Augustine, where the Black Prince rests.

Follow the dawn to England and land at Plymouth or Southampton and feel as if you were stepping into a landscape of Turner or Gainsborough. England, the natural door to Europe, is as dainty as a madrigal and really welcomes Americans.

Guide No. 69, containing full information, sent on request

K. W. C. GRAND, *Gen. Agt.*, 505 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

GREAT WESTERN
and
SOUTHERN
Railways of England

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xliv

It would be a novel policy if the capit assets were varied each year, in accordan with trade conditions. Every advance copper or iron ore prices would be reflect by changes aggregating millions of dolla for the large corporations in these indu tries. Real estate sites would be written and down as the real estate market change Book values are, at best, arbitrary. Th established practice is not to write u land, machinery or equipment. If the orig nal cost prices are reasonable, the capit assets remain at these figures, plus add tions, and less accrued depreciation. errors are to be made, they should be the side of conservatism. No one accep the book figures of the Standard Oil Com pany of New Jersey, the United States Ste Corporation or the International Harvest Company as indications of their curren value.

The General Electric Company, for e ample, in the thirty-seven years of its e istence, has made additions to its pro erties of more than $300,000,000, yet, th net plant valuation is now (1927 balanc sheet) only $52,835,000. It is known th the plants of the International Harvest Company in Chicago, erected in a part the city where land values were the small, may be worth many times the original cost, purely as real property.

The balance sheet of a corporation existence for many years does not preten to show the liquidating value. Large sum may have been spent in capital improv ments. Depreciation charges, or reserve where proper repairs and replacemen have been made, are probably, to a larg extent, bookkeeping items. Moreover, th investor rarely purchases the securities a corporation with the idea that it wi liquidate. So far as the equity is concerne it is hoped to profit by increased earning

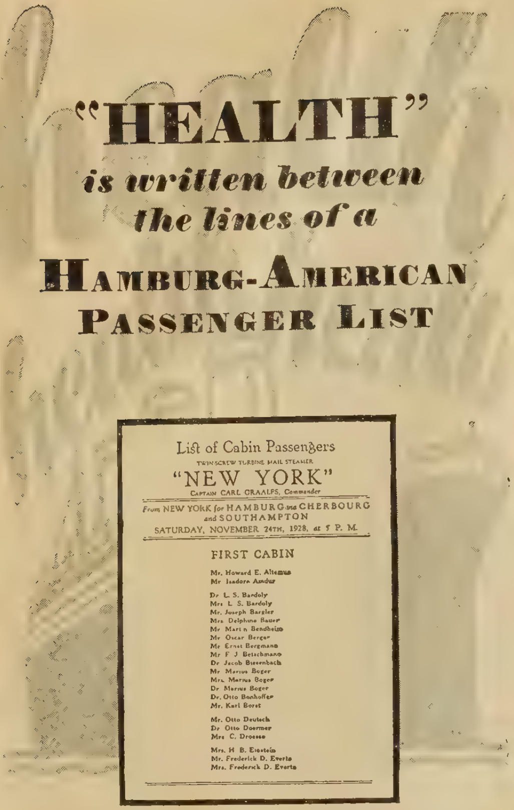
A recent exchange of the securities

Continued on page xlviii

WEATHER changes and sudden exposure bring aching muscles. Rub in Absorbine, Jr. at once. Almost instantly you will appreciate its soothing and comforting action. Stubborn attacks will respond to frequent applications of Absorbine, Jr. rubbed in vigorously.

Absorbine, Jr. keeps the muscles in wonderful condition. It is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. There are many other uses, for all the family. Read "Timely Suggestions."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, $1.25
Send for Free Trial Bottle
W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.



List of Cabin Passengers
TWIN-SCREW TURBINE MAIL STEAMER
"NEW YORK"
CAPTAIN CARL GRAALFS, Commander
From NEW YORK for HAMBURG via CHERBOURG and SOUTHAMPTON
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH, 1928, at 5 P. M.

FIRST CABIN

Mr. Howard E. Altemus
Mr Isadore Amdur

Dr L. S. Bardoly
Mrs L. S. Bardoly
Mr. Joseph Bargler
Mrs. Delphine Bauer
Mr Martin Bendheim
Mr Oscar Berger
Mr Ernst Bergmann
Mr F J Betschmann
Dr Jacob Bieeenbach
Mr Marius Boger
Mrs. Marius Boger
Dr Marius Boger
Dr. Otto Bonhoffer
Mr. Karl Borst

Mr. Otto Deutsch
Dr Otto Doermer
Mrs C. Droesse

Mrs. H B. Eiestein
Mr. Frederick D. Everts
Mrs. Frederick D. Everts

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINERS have carried the elite of the world "Across the Atlantic." The worlds of society, business, art, music — the prominent in every walk of life, have added their names to Hamburg-American passenger lists. And there is still another passenger whose name is never listed though he is always there— "Health." "Health" crosses with every one via the Hamburg-American Line.

PLEASURE CRUISES

To Northern Wonderlands
S. S. RELIANCE From New York
June 29 — 36 days to Iceland, Spitzbergen, Norway and the North Cape.

Around the World
S.S. RESOLUTE — 140 Days
From New York Jan. 6, 1930

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway, New York
Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton.
Or Local Steamship Agents.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlvi

two meat packing corporations illustra forcibly the dominant factor in the val of a security. The larger had nominal r assets of $14,434,076, but its securities we selling in the market at approximat $4,864,276, or about 33% of the indicat book value. Its bonds were selling at le than 50% of their par value. The seco with net assets of only $3,228,000 was se ing in the market at about $8,557,000. T committee in its letter stated the practic rule:

> While the book value of the assets of ...... largely exceeds the book value of the assets of the .... and the volume of business of the former greatly exceeds that of the latter, the ability of a corporation to make net earnings is the ultimate criterion which largely determines the value of an investment in a going concern.

The following is a list of representati common stocks and the book value p share, according to the last available ba ance sheet.

Air Reduction Company Inc.	$ 31.39
Allied Chemical & Dye Corporation .	81.23
American Can Company	47.21
American Locomotive Company . . .	91.36
American Smelting & Refining Company	58.43
American Tobacco Company	42.43
American Woolen Company	126.95
American Sugar Refining Company .	138.14
Anaconda Copper Mining Company .	74.16
Atlantic Refining Company	50.08
Bethlehem Steel Corporation	173.11
Chrysler Corporation	20.34
Corn Products Refining Company . .	31.03
Endicott Johnson Corporation . . .	65.26
General Motors Corporation	40.54
General Electric Company	45.84
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company .	20.21
Kennecott Copper Corporation . . .	31.00
Standard Oil Company of New Jersey	41.78
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company	74.86
F. W. Woolworth Company	37.57

The low book value per share of comm stocks of the highest grade is striking, a nothing more than comparison with t

Continued on page l

nion Pacific

THE NEW WAY TO SEE GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

COME linger on this sunlit brink of immensity

Lose yourself in the contemplation of these glorious heights and vast, mysterious depths drenched in rainbow colors. See it all from luxurious Grand Canyon Lodge overhanging its highest brink!

Now Union Pacific makes it possible. The new Grand Canyon Lodge clings to the very edge of famous Bright Angel Point! Here you will get an unparalleled view of this measureless chasm!

eneral Passenger Agent, Dept. 322
nion Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
lease send me complete information includ-
ng cost, and booklet:
☐ Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National
arks ☐ Western Wonderlands (tells about *all*
he West) ☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest
nd Alaska ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches ☐ Ha-
vaii ☐ Colorado ☐ Escorted All Expense Tours

ame ____________________

treet ____________________

ity ____________ State ____________

But Grand Canyon is only one attraction on the Union Pacific Utah-Arizona tour.

See the prismatic labyrinths of Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks as well. Colossal forests palpitating with wild life; strange Mormon villages and forts, extinct volcanoes, ruins of incalculable age.

You may go independently, or on an Escorted All-Expense Tour. The trip is exclusive with the Union Pacific, and takes only five days after leaving your Pullman in Cedar City, the gateway. Shorter tours to individual attractions. The low cost will astonish you. No other vacation gives so much for so little.

The season is from June 1 to October 1. Send the coupon at once for richly illustrated booklets and full details.

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlviii

average market prices of these shares i needed to establish that there is no direc relation between the book values and eithe market prices or financial strength.

New Financial Books

A SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO INVESTMEN MANAGEMENT.

By Dwight C. Rose *Harper & Brother*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 480 pp. *New Yor*

Mr. Rose supports, with a wealth of statistica material, the ideas associated with Dr. Dewing an Mr. E. L. Smith, *i.e.*, that investing is not successfu unless it brings a larger return than the riskless renta value of money, and that well selected common stock in leading American corporations prove more profitable over a period of years than bonds. An exhaustiv study was made of the underwriting and investmen accomplishments in the period 1905–1927 of twenty five large fire insurance companies. The results ar somewhat startling. The annual average underwritin return was less than 2%; the return from investmen operations was 4.29%. Several companies got a muc higher return from their investments. Success wa almost in exact proportion to the relative investmen in common stocks. The company that made the bes showing had holdings in common stocks averagin 38.8% of the total; the poorest company, 11.2%. Mr Rose declares that "even without skillful supervision if reasonable intelligence is employed to maintai wide diversification of the leading companies in leading industries, the inexperienced investor can, fron the long term viewpoint, do a very creditable job." He might have considered seriously the small investor's tendency to grasp such statements, and forge that later he is warned that "the investing public i the year 1928 has a dangerous immediate backgroun of optimistic history and success upon which to construct a conservative programme."

ANALYSIS OF RAILROAD SECURITIES.

By Dr. Jules I. Bogen *The Ronald Press Compan*
$6 8¾ x 6; 449 pp. *New Yo*

This is the first work dealing exclusively with rai road securities that has been published since the pa sage of the Transportation Act of 1920. It is princ pally a study of the fundamental changes in th position of the railroads and their securities, and c the interpretation of the provisions of the act. I addition to a full discussion of "the new order in th railroad industry," the book explains the elements c railroad economics and financial analysis as applie to railroad securities. It will serve as a useful tex book and an introduction to the subject. Helpfu bibliographies are appended to the chapters.

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Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

RELIGION

THE NEED OF A NEW BIBLE & A CREEDLESS CHURCH.
By Samuel H. Guggenheimer. *Greenberg*
$3.50 8⅜ x 5¼; 388 pp. *New York*

The argument of this book is that "men's salvation lies solely in themselves," that "the highest values consist in the development of applied science, health and wealth," and that the Bible, in denying both these principles, has been "a baneful influence." Mr. Guggenheimer thinks that a new Bible is needed, one that gives "in true perspective a picture of the world, men's relation to it, and its origin and history, including that of thought and morals." All this is probably true, but it has been said before and often, and with much more learning and greater effectiveness.

THE GREAT GALILEAN.
By Robert Keable. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5½; 212 pp. *New York*

"We have in Christ all the God we know, and all we need to know," avows Mr. Keable in this tract. "In saying this we do not, on the one hand, identify him with the Creator of heaven and earth, or, on the other, make two Gods, one of Him and one of this Creator, as Mr. H. G. Wells seems so curiously to have done. It is just that His spiritual genius raises Him so far above us in our spiritual life that He becomes naturally our leader, our hero, our model. It is a providence that He is so far historically unknown that He can call forth from us something of the same emotion that is called forth by the Unknown Soldier." There is an appendix containing a reconstruction of the earthly life of Jesus and a poetical description of Easter morning. The author has died since the book was written.

SOCIOLOGY

THE CHALLENGE OF THE AGED.
By Abraham Epstein. *The Vanguard Press*
$3 8½ x 5¼; 435 pp. *New York*

Mr. Epstein is an ardent advocate of old age pensions, and here argues for them with great learning and plausibility. He believes that they are made necessary by the industrial system, which wears out and rejects its workers before they have got much beyond middle age, and offers them no chance of even part-time employment thereafter. The United States, he shows, is far behind other countries in caring for them. A great many class, craft and company pension systems, most of them involving contributions by the workers, have been tried here, but practically all of

Continued on page liv

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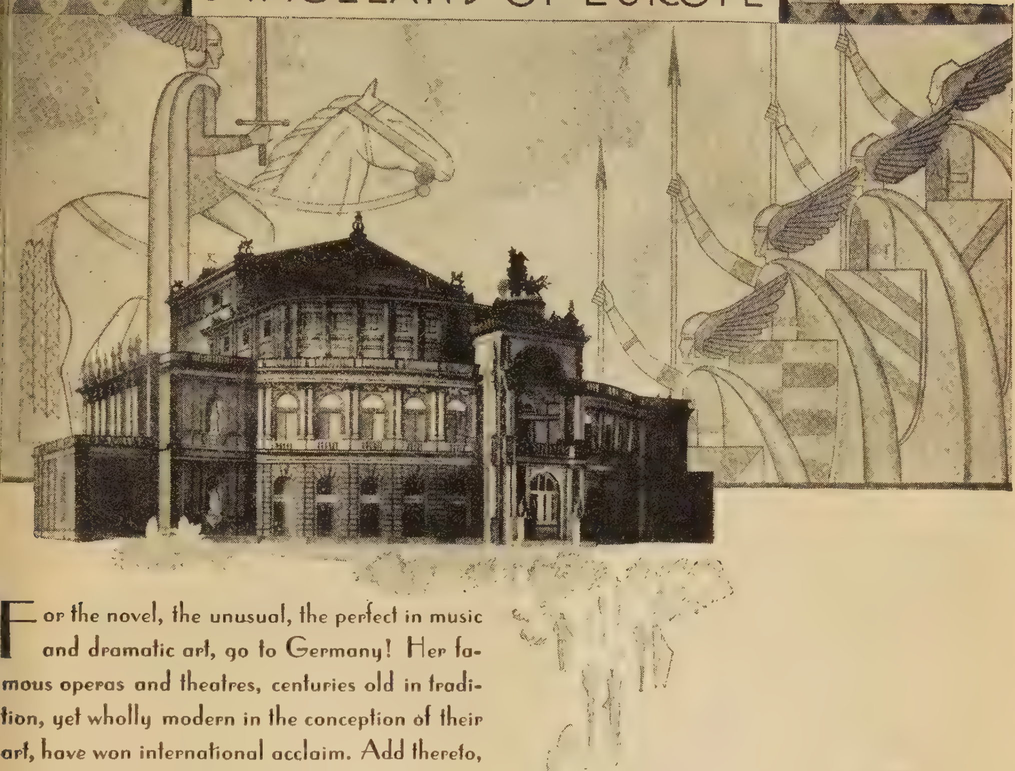

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Continued from page lii

them have failed. Mr. Epstein's criticism of these systems is well-informed and shrewd. He has an immense mass of facts at his command and he presents them very effectively. His book is heavily documented and covers its ground almost exhaustively.

EDUCATIONAL SOCIOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS.
By David Snedden. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 7¾ x 5; 636 pp. *New York*

Here are the ideas submitted by Professor Snedden as "basic assumptions or postulates towards getting a satisfactory orientation of the writer and readers of this book: 1. Every normal human being is by nature a learner. 2. Social groups or societies use these learning powers of their members, and especially of the younger ones, in fitting them for useful coöperations of many kinds. 3. Learning by children, women, and men goes on constantly. 4. Schools are created to take charge of certain kinds of teaching in all advanced societies. 5. In highly civilized societies schools multiply in kind and extent. 6. Other social agencies beside schools, however, do vast amounts of teaching in all advanced societies. 7. The results of learning and of teaching are by no means always good." There are questions at the ends of the chapters, with the view of encouraging social philosophizing, but Professor Snedden advises students not to tackle more than a few of them. The volume has an index.

POETRY

THE SET-UP.
By Joseph Moncure March. *Covici-Friede*
$2 9 x 5¾; 184 pp. *New York*

Pansy Jones is a promising young Negro candidate for the middleweight championship when a charge of bigamy sends him up for a five-year term. Ten years later, his career over, he is matched against Sailor Gray, a powerful newcomer with a deadly punch. His manager agrees to throw the fight but rather than split the sixty dollars he gets for doing so neglects to tell Pansy. In the ensuing fight, Pansy knocks Sailor out, but is set upon later by Sailor and his gang, and trapped in the subway, where he is struck by a train. A melodramatic story told in execrable verse.

MORNING MOODS *and Other Poems.*
By Lorna Greene. *The Century Company*
$1.75 8 x 5; 109 pp. *New York*

Lorna Greene, the daughter of Anne Bosworth Greene, died in September, 1927, at the age of twenty-four. This volume of her poems, collected and edited by Mrs. Greene, includes all her work, the earliest of which was begun at nineteen. Most of the poems deal with the outdoors, and though they have a certain

Continued on page lvi

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Continued from page liv

vitality of interest, they give evidence of no unusua promise. Mrs. Greene's biographical introductio comprises half the volume.

ALL ABOUT ME.
By John Drinkwater. *The Houghton Mifflin Compan*
$2 8 x 5¾; 104 pp. *Bosto*

Mr. Drinkwater shows himself to be charmingl conversant with the moods of childhood in thes poems for a child. A more penetrating description o the formation of a childish friendship could scarcel be found than that in "Friends," one of the longe poems of "Home and School," the first group. Ther is a gallery of adult eccentrics in the second group.

FICTION

POINT COUNTER POINT.
By Aldous Huxley. *Doubleday, Doran & Compan*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 432 pp. *New Yor*

The most ambitious and in many ways the mos brilliant of Mr. Huxley's novels. In it he wittil labors the persistent illusiveness of all human aspirations. He presents a picture of an infinitely sophisticated society wherein people are as intelligen as they well can be, and supplied with all the lates mechanical conveniences and the most detailed knowledge concerning the world in which they are a part Yet the fact remains that the one ambition realizabl to them is on an elementary animal plane, and according to the author it will always be thus, for all me at all times, no matter if their knowledge outstri the stars. Mr. Huxley's characters, as one of the puts it, are "made-up affairs, necessarily; for peopl who can reel off neatly formulated notions aren quite real; they're slightly monstrous. Living wit monsters becomes rather tiresome in the long run." Such is the case with Mr. Huxley's novel of over fou hundred closely-printed pages, in spite of its excellen portraiture, its humor, and its undeniable force.

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS.
By George Sylvester Viereck & Paul Eldridge.
The Macaulay Compan
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 501 pp. *New Yor*

This story is in the form of an autobiography o Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew, and in it he describe his wanderings and philanderings, particularly hi romantic passion for the Princess Salomé. The philosophic conception of reincarnation and the Freudia theme of the repetition compulsion form the basis o his observations. He presents provocative portraits o Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Nero, the Empress Faustin Heliogabalus, Appolonius of Tyana, Prester John Mohammed, Charlemagne, Attila, Don Juan, Leonardo da Vinci, Pope Alexander VI, Spinoza, Rothschild, and, among personages of the present day

Continued on page lviii

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Continued from page lvi

Shaw, Einstein, Lenin and Mussolini. The book is well written, but far too long drawn out.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE ONLY TWO WAYS TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.
By John Gallishaw. *G. P. Putnam's Son*
$5 9¼ x 6; 486 pp. *New Yor*

Mr. Gallishaw is the founder and directing geniu of the John Gallishaw School for Creative Writing and formerly was assistant dean of Harvard College He has spent many years in the study of the philosoph of the short story, and now feels ready to announc to the world his discoveries. They are the following (*a*) "Architecturally, a story must have a beginning a body and an end;" (*b*) "it must have a scene . . or a series of scenes;" (*c*) the only two types of shor stories are those where "the central actor is calle upon to accomplish some purpose" and those wher 'the central actor is called upon to make som decision or choice;" and (*d*) the only two ways "o presenting or telling a story are in chronological sequence or in anti-chronological sequence." Mr Gallishaw thinks, "beyond any question of doubt that the application of these principles can cut dow the period of apprenticeship through which ever writer must go." All this appears in the foreword The rest of the book is made up of Cases of Craftsmanship, that is, reprints of Stories of Accomplishmen and Stories of Decision. Each of them is prefaced b a brief but penetrating piece of Gallishaw analysi and also by an "architectural chart." Among the eminent writers whose stories are selected are Charle Lamb, O. Henry, Irvin S. Cobb, George W. Worts Will Payne, Mary Brecht Pulver, Mary Synon, Richard Connell, Melanie Koll and Fannie Kilbourne.

A FATALIST AT WAR.
By Rudolf Binding. *The Houghton Mifflin Compan*
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅝; 246 pp. *Bosto*

Binding was born in Basle in 1867, and educated a Leipzig. At the beginning of this century he achieve something of a reputation in Germany as a poet an novelist. In 1914 he joined one of the Jungdeutschlan divisions, and participated in some of the war's mos bloody battles. Trench fever and dysentery killed hi just before the Armistice. The present book is mad up of extracts from the diary he kept as a soldier, an also from his correspondence at the time. It is full very realistic portraits of the military life, and mak gruesome reading. Binding, every now and then, i dulges in philosophical observations; they are n very original, but in their context they take o pointedness. The poetry in the book is pretty ba The translation from the German is by Ian F. D Morrow.

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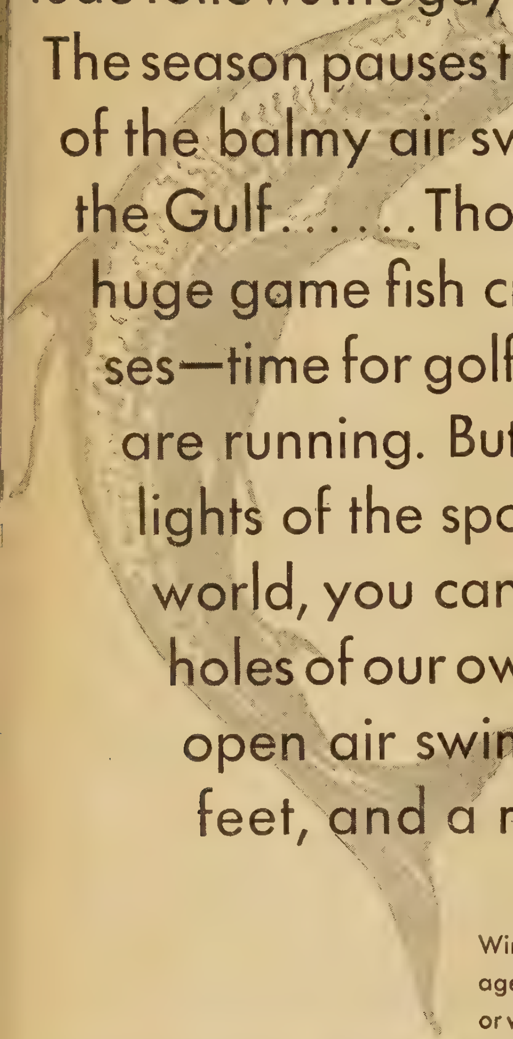

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A NOTE FOR LITERARY EPICURES

It is a pity that in all the paraphernalia of critical appraisal there is no term to label, for the benefit of the knowing few, those superior works the chief virtue of which lies in their humorous observation, deft irony, and lightness of touch: those qualities which, for wholly civilized men and women, turn reading from an habitual disappointment into a lively delight. For here are five books which will enchant all who are weary of the perfumes and profundities of most current literature, books written in that spirit, at once Olympian and human, which animates the work of Sterne and Voltaire. The brief note which follows each title is only for identification. What matters about these books is the way in which they are written. May those who look for such writing take heed! May the good faith of this notice be not in vain!

27. A ROOM WITH A VIEW, *by E. M. Forster*, a miracle of the light touch in fiction, illustrates Samuel Butler's remark that "life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as you go along."

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58. THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER, *by A. P. Herbert*, relates the extraordinary consequences which befell a well-known poet when he murdered his housemaid.

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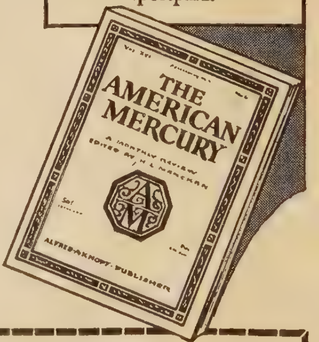

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